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THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR

IN

THE LIFE

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXILE INTO SIBERIA,

AND OF

The other extraordinary Events which happened to him

IN RUSSIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

THE REV. BENJAMIN BERESFORD,
English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

TO my noble and generous protectors, his Excellency M. DE KUSCHELEFF, Counsellor of State, and Governor of Tobolsk; his Excellency M. DE RICHTER, Counsellor of State, and Governor of Livonia; to my noble and generous friends in the hour of need, M. DE LÖWENSTERN, formerly Mademoiselle de Bayer, at Wolmershoff; M. ECKARDT, Secretary to the Regency of Riga; M. PROVOST KOCH, and his respectable Lady, at Jesse; M. DE KNORRING, Provincial of the Chamber, and his worthy Lady, at Charlottenthal; M. SECRETARY HUEK, at Re-

vel; and M. CHARLES GEORGE GRAUMANN, at Petersburg.

Nor brass nor marble bears your honour'd names;
My glowing heart the fair inscription claims.
Deep-grav'd it lies, to grateful mem'ry true,
For ever legible, for ever new!
Your gen'rous succour pierc'd Siberia's gloom,
And snatch'd the exile from the darksome tomb;
Restor'd the charm that sooths and sweetens life,
The smiling offspring, and the gladden'd wife.
A theme like this demands no lofty lays;
Let simple truth the noble deed display!
And tho' whate'er I write may ill withstand
The ruthless stroke of Time's destructive hand—
The grateful Muse shall from oblivion steal
The votive line that speaks how much I feel!

PREFACE.

IN presenting to the Public the history of the last twelve months of my life, I have not been prompted by vanity. My adventures have been of so extraordinary and wonderful a nature, that they would interest the reader even as a romance; how much more then must they interest him as a true story?

But reasons of a more important nature than the amusement of the reader have determined me to publish the history of that year. All Germany, and, I may venture to add, a considerable part of Europe, have expressed some interest in my fate, arising either from motives of curiosity, or from a prin-

ciple of benevolence. It has been every where asked, what could have been the cause of my banishment? The effect was too striking not to induce an enquiry into the cause. A thousand tales have been invented and propagated. A book entitled, according to the reports of some, *The White Bear*, according to others, *The Bear of the North*, has been ascribed to my pen. There are people too who pretend to have read it. Some maintain that this book was written by another person, whose name began with the same letter as mine, and that I was the victim of this mistake. Others there are, who lay indiscreet conversations to my charge; while others again attribute my banishment to certain satirical passages, which they have discovered in

some of my pieces composed ten years ago. Among a variety of conjectures, no one, however, imagined the real cause, which originated solely in a *momentary* impulse of suspicion. I conceive then, that, in justice to my reputation, my children, and my friends, I ought to relate frankly, and with the strictest regard to truth, every circumstance relative to the affair; and thus rectify the various conjectures of which I have been the subject.

There is still another important obligation which renders this task necessary. To the Monarch, whose conduct respecting me has been so generally and so severely censured, I owe, not indeed a justification of that conduct, but a publication of the exalted generosity

with which he acknowledged and repaired the wrongs he had done me. I do not consider as reparation the rich presents I have received from him, and which have been so much exaggerated in the newspapers; for presents cost monarchs little, and titles cost them nothing. What I deem reparation, is the manner in which he conferred those favours, and in which he sought me out, treated, and conversed with me. Such conduct would have rendered even a private individual dear and amiable in my estimation; how much more so then the Sovereign of a mighty empire? One virtue he possessed, which is seldom found in common life, and still more rarely on a throne: he was ever ready to acknowledge, voluntarily,

the wrongs he had committed, and he repaired them not as an Emperor but as a man.

Another duty, as sacred as that which commands me to honour the memory of an Emperor, who is now no more, still further prompts me to take up the pen, namely, gratitude to the reigning Monarch, whose clemency and humanity are above all praise. He it is who has restored me to an infirm and aged mother, and to the Muses. He it is who, adding to the beneficence of his father, has made me for ever his faithful subject, even beyond the limits of his empire. May his reign be happy! May every day of his life resemble that of his accession to the throne, to which I was witness! and may he long live

the joy and admiration of a people who adore him!

Such were the motives which induced me to compose the following sheets, and to offer them to the perusal of the Public.

September, 1801.

THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR OF MY LIFE.

&c. &c.

THREE years had nearly elapsed since my wife and myself quitted Russia. The flattering reception we met with there strengthened the endearing ties which held us to the North: there we had children, relations, and friends; it was also the native country of my wife. I had promised her, that in the course of three years I would conduct her there again; and I was proud to keep my word. The journey, it is true, tore me away from a mother justly beloved, from a circle of worthy friends and a little possession at Weimar: but the separation was only to be for four months; it was merely a visit necessary to the health and happiness of

my wife, who passionately desired to see her native home once more.

The free ingress into the Russian territories being interrupted, it was indispensably necessary to provide myself with a passport from the Emperor. Of this I was aware, and applied to Baron de Krudener, privy counsellor to his Imperial Majesty, and his minister at the Court of Berlin. The Baron, in answer to my letter, informed me that he would instantly lay my request before his Court, but that I should do well to make direct application at the same time myself. In consequence of this, I wrote to the Emperor, explained the object of my journey, stated that my property in Russia required my presence there, and entreated his Majesty to grant me permission to reside four months in his dominions. My letter had scarcely been sent when I received another from Ba-

ron de Krudener, which, for several reasons, I think it necessary to insert here.

" It gives me great satisfaction, Sir, to " inform you of his Majesty's favourable " answer relative to your passport. I " am directed to make out the same, " and to insert therein the exact route " you intend to take, in order to remove " all obstacles to which, without such " precaution, you might be liable. You " will therefore, Sir, have the goodness " to inform me immediately of the " above particulars, and the number of " persons who are to accompany you, " and likewise to let me know whither " I am to send the passport, in case you " do not take Berlin in your way. I " am, &c. &c."

This letter afforded great pleasure to my wife, while on the contrary it created suspicion in me. I had left Russia with the Emperor's consent, and before

the publication of the order which required all persons leaving the country to engage never to return: but I knew that Paul was no friend to authors, and it was difficult to reconcile this well-known antipathy with an answer so prompt, and apparently so full of kindness. I could not conceive what obstacles I had to encounter when provided with a regular passport; and if such obstacles were common to all travellers, it was singular that an exception should be made in my behalf. What right had I to such distinction? Nor could I at all conceive what interest the Emperor could feel in being so well informed of my route.

I imparted all my doubts to my wife, but she only laughed at them. Having accepted an invitation from a lady distinguished both by her rank and virtues, at whose house much company

usually resorted, we spoke of the contents of this letter agreeably to the different manner in which they had affected us, and every one present not only discountenanced my apprehensions, but pronounced them to be unreasonable and ill founded. To believe the Emperor capable of laying a snare for me was considered by them as an offence against the sacred faith of sovereigns.

I became more easy; and if any thing still continued to create anxiety, it was the circumstance of the term of four months being omitted in the body of the passport which I afterwards received. This omission was distressing, as it might tend to prevent my return, and I therefore had recourse to the following expedient. I had the honour to be dramatic writer to the Emperor of Germany, and in that quality I procured

a written leave of absence from the court of Vienna for the above-mentioned space of time, and I reserved this instrument to shew to the Austrian minister at St. Petersburg, in case my return should be at all impeded.

Having thus provided for my departure, my wife and myself, accompanied by three young children, left Weimar on the 10th of April 1800. We arrived at Berlin, where I found several letters which my friends in Livonia and Petersburg had written to me at the same time. They appeared to have acted in concert in advising me to consider how far I was able to encounter the severe cold of a northern climate. This concealed manner of warning me had not the effect they had reason to expect; I did not follow their advice, but considered their apprehensions as exaggerated or chimerical.

I waited on Baron de Krudener. I was already known to that estimable man, who is a friend to letters and humanity. He received me with his accustomed kindness; and I requested him, on taking my leave, to consider me as the father of a numerous family, and tell me in the sincerity of his heart, if he thought my return would be attended with any difficulties. My suspicions were confined entirely to that particular, and I must confess that M. de Krudener replied like a man who knew how to unite the rigorous obligations of duty with those of humanity. "In your place," said he, "I would write once more; you may however proceed on your journey, but wait at Konigsberg till your doubts are entirely removed."

The advice was good; and I was inclined to follow it, but my wife, whom I consulted on the occasion, and who had

solely her children and her country before her eyes, did not value it as it deserved. We both indeed treated the matter too lightly, and being furnished with a passport in the name and by the order of the Emperor of all the Russias, we ventured to proceed.

Every one who has travelled through the Prussian dominions knows that the post-horses there are very sluggish.* I frequently got out of my carriage and walked, and without any exertion was often a German mile before it. In this manner I one day arrived at a little town in Pomerania, which I think is called Zanert; I walked through it, and when I came to its extremity found several roads without knowing which to take.

* Some new regulations have taken place to the advantage of the traveller. Of this I am unable to speak from my own experience, having now left off travelling post in Prussia and Pomerania.

An old man who was near set me right; he was a tall thin figure, and probably belonged to the gate. He asked me whither I was going; and when I told him I was on my way to Russia, his voice altered. He advised me not to think of going thither, made use of the strongest reasons in support of his advice, and betrayed a solicitude so tender and paternal, that he seemed like an angel sent to counsel me. At last, finding that his advice was unavailing, he concluded with this short exclamation: "God help the man who goes into Russia!" I laughed exceedingly and continued my way; but how often have these emphatic words since struck me! how often have I been tempted to think that this man was a prophet who had foretold my destiny.

These repeated admonitions had, in spite of my reason, made some impression

on me, and I felt it still increase as I approached the confines of Russia. Such was the effect they had on me, that frequently on the road, and particularly at Memel, I seriously proposed to my wife that she should continue the journey by herself and I would return to that city and wait for her; but my fate was decreed,—she could not resolve upon this measure.

When we left Memel I took the precaution to leave my books there in order to avoid disputes with M. Tummanski of Riga, a man too well known for the ridiculous severity of his inquisitions.

The following pages were written in Siberia after my arrival at the place of my destination, at a time when the remembrance of my sufferings was still fresh and keen. I shall be obliged to rectify several passages, having since my return been furnished with further information

relative to many objects and to several personages, not always to their advantage. I reserve however the rectification for the sequel of this narrative. Not a word of what I wrote on the spot shall be suppressed; the reader will thus see, without disguise, what then were my sensations, my thoughts and my hopes.

WE came in sight of the frontiers; we passed the line, and were now on the territory of Russia. We could however have returned. No soldier stopped us; no river, no bridge, not the slightest barrier separated us from the Prussian dominions. Silent and with a heavy heart, I cast my eyes to the left: all the admonitions I had received now assailed me; I could scarcely breathe.

My wife too had her alarms, which she has since owned. She looked at me without saying a word. Still we

had time to retreat, but the wheel of fortune was turned, and we were about to undergo our destiny.

"Halt!" cried a Cossack, armed with a long pike. We were at the foot of a bridge that led over a small brook, the guard-house lay on our left; the officer made his appearance. "Your passport, Sir!"—"Here it is."—The officer opened it and examined the signature. "What name is this?— Krudener.— You are come from Berlin?—Yes.— Very well, pray go on, Sir." He made a sign, the barrier opened, the carriage rolled with a heavy sound over the bridge, the barrier shut behind us, and I heaved a deep sigh. "Here we are," said I to my wife, affecting to be gay. Heaven knows, however, that all my uneasiness was confined to the single point of my return; far was I from thinking that my personal safety was at all in danger.

We arrived in a few minutes at Polan-

gen, a small town where the custom-house is established. At the head of this department was M. Sellin, a polite and humane man, formerly lieutenant-colonel of a regiment quartered at Narva. He had resided at no great distance from my wife's patrimonial estate. When I last left Russia we had embraced on this same spot, and my wife and I were happy to find we were on the point of meeting him here again.

I alighted from my carriage, and Sellin appeared on the flight of steps before his door. I approached and embraced him, but he returned my salute with an air of gravity. I asked him if he did not recollect me; he made no reply, and strove afterwards to appear cordial.

My wife now alighted, and the evident embarrassment of Sellin made her shudder. He received her however with politeness, and handed her into the house.

Weyrauch the comedian, who had accompanied us from Memel, was likewise admitted without difficulty.

My wife assumed the easy gaiety of behaviour which takes place between old acquaintances; Sellin answered in an awkward manner, and at length, turning towards me, said, "Where is your passport?—In the hands of the Cossack officer." He was silent, and the concern he felt was visible in his countenance. The passport soon appeared; Sellin perused it, and then asked if I was the President de Kotzebue. The question on his part was singular. "Doubtless," I replied, I am that person. "In that case," continued he, (but he instantly stopped short, and I observed that his countenance was pale and his lips quivering,) then addressing himself to my wife; "be not alarmed, Madam," said he; "but I have orders to arrest your husband." The

unhappy woman gave a loud shriek, her knees tottered, she flew to me, threw herself about my neck and began to load herself with the most bitter reproaches. My children could not understand what was going forward, and I myself was petrified, but the sight of my wife who was falling into a swoon restored my presence of mind; I took her into my arms and placed her in a chair; I then strove all in my power to console her and she recovered; then attending to what related to myself, I turned instanly towards Sellin: "Tell me," said I, "what your orders imply, and above all, keep nothing from me." "I am commanded to seize your papers and to send them, together with yourself, to the Governor of Mittau.—What will happen to me there?—Your papers will be examined, and the Governor will receive further instructions upon the

business.—Nothing more?—Nothing—And my family may accompany me?—Certainly." "Well, then," said I to my dear and excellent wife, "we may make ourselves perfectly easy. We are going to Mittau, such was our original intention. We shall have to stay there a day perhaps, and that will be all. My papers are in order and can be liable to no suspicion; this arrest is nothing more than mere precaution, a measure of prudence which may be overlooked in a monarch during the revolutions which at this time convulse the world. The Emperor does not know me, he knows only that I am an author; many writers have been led astray by the system of liberty which now agitates Europe; his Majesty suspects me to be one of that number, and in truth I would rather he should frankly declare his suspicions than keep them to himself. He will now

learn what sort of a person I am, and his knowledge of me will turn to my advantage; I shall perhaps gain his confidence."

In this manner I expressed myself as I pressed my still trembling wife to my heart. Heaven knows that I spoke what I felt; for, convinced as I was of my guiltlessness, what had I to dread?—My wife soon came to herself. She had imagined we were instantly to be separated, that I should be ill-treated, thrown into a common cart; but when she saw that no violence was used, and that we were to continue our journey together, she ceased to be so much alarmed.

My baggage had been searched, my port-folio and other papers seized; nothing now remained unexamined but my person. I was obliged to turn my pockets inside out, and to lay upon the table every scrap of paper, and every

bill of travelling-expences I had about me. I was provoked at this, and could not disguise my feelings. It is my duty, said Sellin, in a low and half choaked voice; I was not angry with him, for it was evident that he was acting an involuntary and painful part.

He now requested us to take out of our trunks whatever things we might want on the road from Polangen to Mittau, for his orders obliged him to seal up our baggage. I had a small box, containing such things as were of daily use, as tobacco, razors, medicines, &c. Having begged that this box might go unsealed, he had the goodness to indulge me in my wish, but was desirous to examine it more closely. As the bottom was thick, he asked me if the box contained a vacant space for the purpose of concealing papers. "No," I replied. I had bought it at Vienna, and had

never examined its construction; but here it seems people understand better the art of discovering secrets. Sellin touched a spring which discovered a second bottom, and that bottom was found empty. "You see," said I with a smile, "the little use which I had for a false bottom; I possessed the box without being aware of this contrivance." He was himself so well convinced of this, that he told the officer, in the Russian language, that he was satisfied of my ignorance of it.

The inquisition was now over, but we had to wait for a long attestation, which was drawing up at the chancery. Our children had nothing to eat; for so eagerly had we driven on to our ruin, that, although a dinner was ready at the last post-house, we had refused to partake of it. I asked for some refreshment for them; as for ourselves, it

will be easily supposed we did not stand in need of any. Sellin immediately ordered such provisions as were at hand to be set before them.

But notwithstanding the politeness of Sellin on the occasions already mentioned, he refused to grant me a request which I conceived to be a very reasonable one. I had left my aged mother in a bad state of health, and had reason to fear that, on her hearing what had happened to me, her apprehensions would prove fatal. I begged leave to write a few lines to her, which Sellin himself might have read and sealed up. He was, however, deaf to all my entreaties; but I am sure that this refusal, which occasioned me so much affliction, was equally painful to this humane man, who made it in spite of his own feelings.

He afforded me indeed some consolation by assuring me that I might

write from Mittau. I then turned to Weyrauch, who had been present during the whole scene, and grasping his hand, entreated him not to mention a word at Memel of what had happened, lest some newspaper-writer should make it public. This he promised me in the most solemn manner.

But what shews clearly that the worthy Sellin was not master of himself in the execution of this painful duty, was, that Weyrauch, whom he had not noticed, had been allowed to be present. I was a prisoner of state, the order for my arrest was to be kept a profound secret; such instructions were inserted on the back of it, *pro secreto.* In this case, the officer who receives it is obliged, under the highest responsibility, to impart the contents to no one; and much less is he allowed to execute the warrant in the presence of

witnesses. I am perfectly convinced that the great embarrassment he was under was the sole cause of the inadvertency of which he had been guilty.

My business was now finished, my trunks sealed up, and the horses put to. The cradle of my youngest child, which had been fixed behind the carriage, now gave place to one of the servants, whose seat forward was to be occupied by a Cossack who escorted us. My portfolio was likewise sealed, and replaced in the pocket of the coach, and the keys were returned to me. I refused, however, to take them, reflecting that the string of the seals might break and create new grounds for suspicion. I therefore insisted on their being also sealed up.

Sellin having executed his painful task resumed his accustomed manner of behaviour, and urged every thing he could that might tend to console us.

In all probability I shall never see him again, but should the narrative of my sorrowful adventures, which I am now writing, be one day published, let him read therein the gratitude of a heart deeply affected with a sense of his kindness, and which will ever continue to cherish his name and his image.

We got into our carriage, and henceforth had the exhibition of a Cossack, armed with his sabre and pistols, seated directly before us. My children were much amused at this, but my wife shed tears, and as for myself, I continued to preserve my usual composure of mind. I even tried to calm her, by affecting a gaiety of disposition. The sight of the Cossack, had it not been for his arms, had nothing formidable in it. He was a tall well-built man, very civil and very officious; every time we got out of the carriage he politely took off his cap.

Seated in a kibick* behind was a captain, a Pole by birth, whose name I do not recollect. He spoke a little German, had been, during the revolution, aid-de-camp to General Mirbach, and since that time in close confinement at Mittau for a whole year. He had I know not what employment in the custom-house, and he appeared to be as ill calculated for this disagreeable commission as the worthy Sellin himself. We were during the journey upon a very civil footing together. He was not of the least inconvenience to me, and I should have intirely forgotten that he was present, had not my purse obliged me, in this expensive part of Courland, to recollect him; the expence of post-horses and provisions being entirely at my charge.

The distance from Polangen to Mittau

* A Russian cart.

is computed at thirty-six German miles. We were three days upon the road, and all the time kept up our spirits tolerably well.

My wife, indeed, seemed to be quite recovered: we had nothing further to apprehend than a delay at Mittau, which would however prove disagreeable, on account of the high price of provisions there, and because we had already informed our friends in Livonia of the day we expected to arrive. In fact, what had we to fear? I had already been in the service of Russia, and was provided with a testimonial that I had acquitted myself with probity and honour. I had been for three years, with the Emperor's leave, in the service of Austria: and as dramatic writer to that court had fulfilled every duty incumbent on a good subject. On leaving Vienna I had returned to the duchy of

Weimar, without passing through any country at war either with Austria or Russia; what then could I have to dread? It seemed highly probable that all suspicion was confined to my papers; and what did these harmless papers contain? This the reader will now see, and he may from thence judge how little cause I had to be alarmed.

The papers contained the following articles:

A certificate of the government of Revel, of my services during fifteen years.

The copy of an *ukas* of the senate, which granted my resignation with advancement.

The order of the court of Vienna relative to my resignation as manager of the theatre, and the continuance of my office as dramatic writer to the court, with a salary of one thousand florins a year.

A certificate from the theatre.

A letter written by Count Colloredo, minister to the Emperor of Germany, on the subject of an omission in the above mentioned order, in which no specification had been inserted relative to the continuance of my salary for life. On that article I had enquired whether, in case I should live to grow old and become unable to write for the theatre, I should receive a pension; and the answer was to my satisfaction.

A note from count Saurau, the Emperor of Germany's superintendant of the secret police, with another from M. de Schilling, aulic counsellor and member of the college. When I quitted Vienna, not satisfied with the honourablet estimony I had obtained relative to the administration of my office, I conceived it would be prudent, in the present circumstances, to obtain an instru-

ment certifying further, that during my residence in that capital I had conducted myself as became a good citizen, and that I had never given any cause for suspicion relative to my political opinions. With this view I had made application to Count de Saurau, intimating that although such a precaution might appear to be extraordinary, yet it was no less true that we lived in an extraordinary age. He had the goodness to make me easy on that head by furnishing me with the note and letter in question, and he closed the interview by assuring me, that should the least doubt arise relative to my way of thinking, justice should certainly be done me.

A leave of absence from the theatre of Vienna, limited to the term of four months, for my journey to Russia, with a clause requiring my return to Germany in the month of October, stating that

the business in which I had embarked would not admit of my remaining any longer at so great a distance.

M. de Krudener's letter which has been already mentioned.

A sealed letter, from the reigning Dutchess of Weimar to the grand Dutchess Elizabeth.

A letter and a book from M. Bertuch, counsellor of legation at Weimar for M. Storch, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

A letter and a book from M. Bottiger, counsellor of the upper Consistory at Weimar for—* *I forgot the direction.*

Two bonds for 10000 roubles.

A draft of thirty-two ducats for some manuscripts, payable at Dantzig in August.

Four short copies of verses in honour

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* For Mr. Kohlor, aulic counsellor at Petersburg.

of my wife's birth-day, which happened the day after my arrest. After having passed over the sandy plains of Prussia for several days together along the banks of the Curisch-Haff, and having been obliged to wait a whole day for horses at Neiden, I stole away from my family at the latter place to a sandy hillock, where, seated under a pine-tree, I wrote some lines for my children and myself, which we were to present to their mother, on the subject of that happy day, which however did not prove so happy as we had reason to expect. The stanza made for myself shews, that I already entertained a gloomy presentiment of the destiny that awaited me.

"Would heav'n, propitious to my pray'r,
"In thy dear converse let me share
"That best of bliss, domestic peace,
"Till life and all its wishes cease,—
"I'd fondly call thy distant home
"My future prison and my tomb!"

From these lines it is likewise evident, that my most painful apprehension was already that of not being able to leave Livonia, which, on account of the interruption of literary intercourse, might have turned out greatly to my prejudice.

A Swiss song, copied in pencil with my own hand; a kind of rondeau on the tree of liberty which had been cut down. I need only cite the last lines, in which, like the foregoing, the tree itself is addressed.

"And may at last thy useful timber be
"A gibbet for the whole directory!"*

Remarks on the extraordinary posts of Prussia.

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* The good natured reader will spare the translator the task of versifying the rest of this trash, which is however inserted at full length in a note in the original manuscript.

A collection of receipts obtained from a chemist at Konigsberg.

Several loose sheets containing plans of dramatic compositions, sketches of poems, and such things, but nothing that related in any respect to politics.

A couple of sheets of letter press, being part of an almanack with which M. Rhode of Berlin charged me for M. Gerber, the secretary, at Revel; a matter of no consequence whatever.

The beginning of an Opera.

A journal of the state of my health for some years past.

The Gotha almanack for every country, in which I had written some remarks on my travels.

A seal cut in stone, inclosed in a letter from one of my friends, who had given it me for the purpose of having it engraved. The seal was nothing more than a coat of arms which had been lately

sent from the herald's office of Petersburg, consequently not at all liable to suspicion.

A Weimar almanack interleaved. I had imitated the idea of Franklin's, which, if I am not mistaken, had been published in the Berlin journal. This great man had scrupulously examined, and made a kind of table of all his failings, with a firm resolution by degrees to amend them. Devoting every evening to this plan of self-examination, he became wiser and better, till at length he acquired an entire control over his passions. At whatever distance I remained from my model, I had at least endeavoured to execute his wise and good intentions, and I can declare with truth, that the expedient was attended with considerable success. I can even recommend this method from my own experience to every man who has

his moral improvement at heart. He will insensibly feel a kind of terror on examining his almanack; he will dread to find the leaves too full of self-reproaches, and often, very often will check the passion ready to obtain the mastery over him, on the recollection that at night it will be necessary to put down the particulars faithfully on the paper.

All my dramatic pieces, not yet published; Octavia, Bayard, Jane of Montfaucon, Gustavus Vasa, The Prudent Woman in the Forest, The Desire to Shine, The Preceptors (a translation of my wife's) The Abbé de l'Epée, The Reward of Virtue, The two Klingsbergs, The Prisoner, The New Century, the Devil's Villa. Not a scene in any of these pieces could render me liable to the smallest suspicion on the score of politics or morality. I brought them

with me to sell them to the theatre at Riga, as I had done on former occasions; some of them had been translated at Weimar by the Chevalier du Veau, and I intended to have offered those versions to the manager of the French play-house at Petersburgh.

Lastly, a large folio volume, the depository of all my concerns, my letters, and my little secrets for five years past. Of this book I must beg leave to speak a little at large, as it is alone sufficient to assert my innocence. He who has turned over the leaves of it, knows me perhaps better than I know myself. All my civil relations, all I wrote, thought or acted; all my projects are inserted therein; it contains as follows :—

An account of my expences and income; the latter always noted with *pro*, with *quare*, with *quid*, and with *quando*.

A journal kept at Vienna relative to

the theatre, and some further particulars of trifling import.

An annual list of all the letters I had written or received, specifying to whom, and from whom, with their respective dates. The rough copy of letters of consequence.

In this and the preceding article may be seen in an instant what persons I had corresponded with for five years past, as well as the subject of each letter, and I am convinced that not one suspected name will be found therein, nor a line of equivocal acceptation.

A journal of remarkable, though petty occurrences, which entirely related to my domestic way of life: the birth of a child, or the first cutting of its teeth; the planting of a linden on my wife's birth-day; a sickness in the family, a day spent in an agreeable spot, the visit of a friend;—things of such nature

formed the whole contents of the journal, which, however destitute of merit it may seem in the eye of another, proves at least beyond all dispute, that I felt no small delight in passing my time at home, and in the bosom of my family.

Notes relative to my garden at Friedenthal, of what I had myself sown, planted, and gathered therein.

A catalogue of my literary labours during each successive year.

Projects of literary undertakings :— these two last articles prove in the most convincing manner, that I never meddled in politics, nor ever had any inclination to do so.

A list of the books I had read to my wife, with some other particulars of no importance.

I would ask the reader, if a book of this nature, belonging to an unknown person, were to fall into his hands, and

be perused by him, what idea he would entertain of the writer?

Although I had no reason to think this journal would have fallen into the hands of strangers during my life-time, yet, as the event has turned out otherwise, I conceive I have a right to appeal to its contents. Any one who is acquainted with the human heart will confess, that he who keeps such a register cannot be thought either a bad or a dangerous man.

Such were my papers, as far as my memory allows me to recollect them. If I have forgotten any, they were most assuredly of no great importance; they could not have had any influence on my fate, nor at all affected the opinion which might be entertained of my principles. The reader may therefore see the reasons which I had to be at ease, not only on ac-

count of my innocence itself, but the proof of that innocence, which to the most superficial observer was evident, without any exertions on my part to further my justification.

Had I wished to escape, nothing would have been more easy during the route from Polangen to Mittau. The second night we passed at the post-house; I rose early and walked out into the yard; and as my officer lay in a distant room, and my Cossack was asleep in the anti-chamber, between my two servants, nothing could have hindered me from hiring a peasant's horse and instantly making towards the frontiers, to which I was still so near. But I was far from entertaining any such design.

On the 26th of April, old style, we arrived at Mittau at two o'clock in the morning; we alighted at the same inn, and occupied the same apartment as on

our last visit, but experienced very different sensations. We took a few hours rest; and even here the Captain slept in a distant room, and I was left without any guard.

After a short and not very sound sleep, I put on my clothes and hastened with my guard to pay my respects to M. de Drieser, the Governor of Mittau. I had known this worthy man at Petersburg, he had always treated me with distinction, and I was happy that he was the person charged with the examination of my conduct. Much elated with what I imagined was about to take place, I entered his hotel with confidence. I had promised my wife to send her information of what passed: it would be, as we thought, the business of a quarter of an hour. Alas! to what illusions is the man exposed who depends on innocence alone!

When I entered the first anti-chamber, the Governor's servants observed that I could not appear before their master in a frock and turned down collar. However when I represented to them that I was a stranger, and unable to change my dress, as my other clothes were sealed up in my trunks, the keys of which were not in my possession, they made no further objection.

We waited a considerable time in the second anti-chamber, and I had full leisure to contemplate the singular tapestry with which the room was hung. The furniture consisted of a few chairs and a sofa, but the walls were covered with subjects which it might be supposed had been placed there intentionally. A wolf, I observed, was tearing a deer; a hawk pouncing upon a leveret: a bear hunting its prey; and a fox caught in a trap. But what struck me the most was

a large picture, inscribed with words of the following import: "Man tames "the lion and the tyger; he puts a bridle "into the mouth of the most unruly "horse, but he cannot bridle his own "tongue." All this was represented in a way which was very common in former times, partly by words and partly by figures. Instead of the word man, the representation of a man was introduced; a horse was drawn where the name of a horse was wanted; instead of writing the word tongue, a large one was depicted, to which a bridle was fastened. It must be allowed that these pictures were not very exhilarating; and my mind became impressed with ideas very unlike those with which it had at first been occupied.

My officer was summoned into the Governor's presence, and I remained alone. In a few minutes they both made

their appearance. The Governor received me with evident embarrassment; he however complaisantly mentioned our former acquaintance, and said, he had read my works, which though sometimes written in a very sarcastic strain, had nevertheless afforded him great pleasure.

But this was not a subject which now interested me. I assured him I considered myself extremely fortunate in being able to assert my innocence before him, and begged him to examine my papers with as much expedition as possible.

"That examination, (he replied) does "not concern me. I have orders merely to forward them to Petersburg, "and you are to accompany them without delay."

At first I was distressed at this answer; but soon recovering myself, I observed,

that having never lived separately from my wife, I hoped she would be allowed to go with me. At first I thought he would have acquiesced in my desire, but upon some remark made to him by a secretary, he gave me a positive denial. I then told him, I could not answer that my wife would not come and solicit his consent herself upon her knees. "Spare me such a scene," replied he, "I am likewise a husband and "a father; I feel all the distress of your "situation, but I am not able to remedy "it. I must execute my orders in the "most exact manner: set off for Peters-"burg, justify your conduct there, "and in a fortnight you may embrace "your family again. Your wife shall "remain here; make yourself easy, "every thing shall be done for her that "humanity and my own good wishes "can suggest."

On saying this he conducted me to his chamber, and left me for a moment, to give orders which unfortunately concerned me too fatally.

There was a young lady of a sweet and interesting countenance in the room, who appeared to be the Governor's daughter. She was employed at her needle. On my entrance she saluted me kindly, did not speak, but sometimes raised her eyes from her work and fixed them upon me. I thought I could perceive more compassion than curiosity in these soft looks, and I frequently heard a sigh escape her. It will easily be conceived that the interest she took in my situation, did not contribute to allay my apprehensions. The Governor soon returned. "Things are no longer in "Russia as they used to be," said he; "justice is now administered in the "most scrupulous manner."

" I have great reason then to be easy," replied I. He expressed much surprise that I had voluntarily returned, and above all, that I had brought my family with me. Indeed a man who travels with bad designs, does not take with him his wife, three children, an elderly governess, and two servants: I, therefore, who did so, must have been conscious of my own innocence, and easy in the confidence I reposed in the safe conduct granted by his Majesty.

A person in the uniform of the civil administration of Peterſburg was now introduced. " Here," said the Governor, " is the Aulic Counsellor Schstschekati-" chin, who will accompany you on " your journey; make yourself perfect-" ly easy, Sir, you are in good hands."

" Does he underſtand German or " French?"

" Neither the one nor the other."

" I am sorry for that," said I, " for " I have forgotten my Russian."

The Governor then presented me to him, and I explained myself in his native tongue as well as I was able, making use of gesticulation when at a loss for words. I took M. Schstschekatichin by the hand, and pressing it closely, craved his benevolence, which was answered by a friendly grimace.

Before I proceed, it will be necessary to sketch the portrait of this man. Aulic Counsellor Schstschekatichin, (may I be allowed to write this barbarous name here for the laſt time, and to call him henceforth merely by his title?) the Counsellor, I say, was a very swarthy man, almost black, about forty years of age, having very much the look of a satyr. Whenever he would assume an affable mien, two oblique wrinkles divided his face to the

very corner of his eyes, and imparted to his whole countenance the expression of disdain. From the stiffness of his carriage, it was evident that he had been in the army, and from certain deficiencies of common decorum, that he was an uneducated man, and had never frequented good company. For instance, he rarely made use of a pocket handkerchief; he drank out of the bottle, though a glass stood before him, and commited many other acts of similar indecency. To the grossest ignorance he joined every outward sign of excessive devotion. He had not the least idea of the causes of the common phenomena of nature; and such a stranger was he to literature, that the names of Homer, Cicero, Voltaire, Shakespeare, or Kant, had never reached his ear. He had no desire to learn any thing; but by way of amends he could make the sign of the cross upon his fore-

head and breast with uncommon dexterity. Every time he awoke, every time he espied a church at a distance, the point of a steeple, or the image of a saint; every time he ate or drank, (which was very often) every time it thundered or when we passed by a church-yard, my Counsellor took off his hat and crossed himself in every direction. He did not, however, treat all churches alike; if they were constructed of wood, he paid them but little attention; but if they were built of ſtone, his respect considerably increased, and it became much more profound at the sight of a town with large domes and lofty steeples. This was, perhaps, to express his thanks to God that he had been enabled to bring his victim so far on his way. I do not, however, recollect that I ever saw him pray, either with his lips or eyes, but of signs of the cross,

he was extremely laviſh Though he had very little reason for it, yet he entertained a very high opinion of himself. He would never listen to any kind of explanation, nor admit any sort of reasoning, let the subject of conversation be ever so important. He always persisted in his own opinion, ornamenting his countenance at the same time with the two deep wrinkles already mentioned. If a man may be called béneficent for throwing farthings, right or wrong, out of the window, our Counsellor was of that description. No beggar solicited in vain; and although he perceived his purse to grow lighter, that was no reason with him for withholding his bounty. From the hurry he was always in to get rid of his small coin, it appeared that he considered this almsgiving in detail as a moſt sacred duty. Not unfrequently would he throw a

copek* out of the carriage, after we had passed a beggar; and it was indifferent to him whether the poor wretch had any eyes or not; whether he was maimed or lame, able or unable to see and pick up the money. He was devoid of all moral feeling; innocence and guilt were the same to him. I shall unfortunately have but too many occasions to finish his picture; at present this sketch must suffice.

Such was the worthy man into whose hands I was intrusted. I must confess, that at first I was much astonished that so benevolent a character as M. de Drieser should have made choice of this Counsellor, but I can have nothing more to say on that head, as I have learnt that the Emperor himself, when he wrote to the Minister to grant

* A Russian coin about the value of a halfpenny.

me a passport to enter unmolested into Russia, had at the same time given orders, that a Counsellor of the court and a Courier from the senate, should be dispatched to meet and take me into custody. As it was the end of January when I had requested the passport, and as I did not set off, as I have already stated, before the 10th of April following, my Counsellor had been waiting for me from the end of March till my arrival, which was nearly seven weeks. He often complained to me of the money he had spent and the *ennui* he had felt during this period. The first part of his complaint I was ready enough to credit, but how is it possible that a man like him should be liable to *ennui?* I thought, and I still think, that fools, for one reason, are as free from that malady, as wise men are for another. Having been informed that he was sent

by the Emperor, I have nothing more to say, but that, doubtless, he was not known to his Majesty; for that monarch was a well-informed man, and had he been aware what sort of person the Counsellor was, he would, on more than one account, have selected another.

"Endeavour to accommodate yourself with a convenient carriage," said the Governor, "for you must set off immediately." I begged a respite till the next day, not having closed my eyes for three nights, and having besides been one month on the road, and in fact so much agitated for the last three days, that I stood in need of twenty-four hours rest; but my prayer was not to be granted. The Governor asked me to dine with him; but this invitation I declined, on which I was accompanied to the inn by one of his secretaries. This young man, whose name was Weitbrecht, in spite of

the forbidding coldness of his countenance, seemed to partake in my distress. He condoled with me, and assured me that the Governor, with the best inclinations in the world, could not have done more for me: "For," said he, shrugging up his shoulders, "we are at present nothing more than machines." I was struck with this expression, which I afterwards heard repeatedly from others, and I have since thought that those who made use of it, did but little justice to the Emperor. In fact, how is it possible to conceive, that a man could wish to be served by mere machines? What confidence could he have in a creature that degraded himself so far as to become one?

I returned to my chamber, where my dear wife had been passing a painful hour; she flew to meet me, and the utmost disquietude was visible in her

countenance. I strove to calm her, and with all the discretion I was master of, hinted that I must go to Petersburg, and without her. This information I communicated with all the consolations and hopes of a favourable iſſue, which in that trying moment I was able to offer. The Secretary added, that the business would scarcely take up a fortnight. Our attempts to console the unhappy woman were of no avail; she strove to suppress her emotions, and threw herself on the bed in the most violent agony of mind. She determined at all events to follow me, and leave our children here; to bear me company at least as far as my house at Friedenthal, thirty German miles from Petersburg; this favour however was refused her. It will appear in the sequel, that such measures were of necessity adopted, as no report relative to her had yet been

made at Petersburg, no order had been received to molest her person.

It was expedient, I find, to make enquiry, whether a free-woman, and of noble birth, could be allowed to return home to visit her relations, and during the time necessary for the arrival of an answer (about a fortnight) she was thus to remain in a place where she had no acquaintance, at an inn remarkable for its extravagant charges, torn from her husband, and herself a solitary prey to grief. It was not, however, doubted but that the answer would allow her to proceed wherever she pleased.

Ah, why have I yet to finish the picture of the heart-rending scene which preceded my departure! My disconsolate wife had sunk from my arms upon her bed, when she fell into a state of insensibility. My daughter Emma, a child of five years old, came every mo-

ment, and threw her little arms around my neck; my second, ignorant of what was going forward, began to cry, solely because her mother no longer noticed her; (my youngest, an infant of eleven months, smiled unconcerned in the arms of its nurse, a happy stranger to the horrors of the scene.) My servants ran confusedly about the room, and knew not what they were doing; all was embarrassment and dismay.

The Counsellor arrived, the Courier placed himself in a corner, the Secretary ordered the seals which had been put on my baggage to be broken, and every thing it contained was examined with great care. As for myself, though absorbed in the horrors of my situation, I now and then broke out into violent exclamations, arising from the heavy oppression under which I laboured. Paying but little attention to what was going on,

I threw myself by the side of my wife; I pressed her in my arms, strove to console her, bade her be calm, and have proper confidence in the justice of the Emperor, and in my innocence—"We have," continued I, "enjoyed many happy moments together, let us bear with courage a moment of affliction; it will be of short duration; the Governor tells me, that having once justified myself (which will take place in a fortnight) I shall again be restored to my family. Shew me, my dearest life, that you are not a woman of ordinary stamp; tears are unavailing; courage and resolution alone can serve us: Move heaven and earth, if you will, to save your husband—such is the part, my love, you have to act, a part that well becomes a tender and faithful wife."

I mentioned to my wife some people at Petersburg to whom she might write;

and not being allowed to inform my mother of what had befallen me, I begged she would take that task upon herself, and impart the melancholy news with all suitable preparation, though Mr. Weitbrecht had already undertaken the same office.*

My affectionate discourse was not lost upon her; she grew calm, arose, saluted the Counsellor, gave him her hand, and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to take care of my health upon the way; for she had been told neither of my servants would be allowed to attend me. O that a thousand witnesses had beheld that charming woman in this agonizing moment! What grace in her entreaties! What loveliness in her sorrow! Precious tears! Ye would have softened the most flinty heart!—the Counsellor only

* He never performed his promise.

smiled. His nasal wrinkles played their accustomed part, and he promised her to pay due attention to what she requested. The Secretary then asked me if I had much gold about me. I had a hundred Frederic d'ors, about fifty ducats, and two hundred dollars in silver. He urged me to change this money for Russian notes. This appeared a very extraordinary measure, for I did not want that sum to carry me to Petersburg, and when arrived there, I should find friends; besides, I expected to go to Friedenthal, where, should I want any, I had money at command. My wife, on the contrary, had no resource where she was obliged to remain, and I therefore wished to leave the whole with her. The Secretary, however, still urged me in so extraordinary a manner to follow his advice, that I at last yielded in part. He had even the goodness to

take upon himself the trouble of transacting this business, and he changed my gold at a very fair price, considering the urgency of my situation.

Not being able to take any of our trunks with us, I made use of an old portmanteau belonging to one of my servants, in which my wife's chamber-maid packed a change of linen sufficient for several weeks. With the same earnestness which the Secretary had used to engage me to change my money, the Courier now recommended the maid to add considerably to the stock. She thought this quite superfluous, and paid no attention to his advice. Unable to succeed in this point, he urged me to take a bed with me; I was equally deaf to his entreaties; he then desisted, and shrugged up his shoulders to express his pity.

When I now coolly reflect on these

various circumstances, I am unable to conceive how it happened, that not the slightest suspicion arose in my mind that I was doomed to take a longer journey. I was in fact so bewildered with my situation, that I had no longer any clear conception of things. As for the money, I imagined it might so happen that I should not see my friends at Petersburg, but with regard to the advice about the linen, I could not comprehend what it could mean, my distracted thoughts being wholly engrossed by my wife and my dear children. I was incessantly running from one to the other; I took them all successively in my arms, I consoled, I caressed them; I mingled my tears with theirs.

The Courier's eyes were wet; the scene before him had touched his heart. I cast a friendly look at him, which he returned in like manner. "Are you

married? said I.—He made a sign in the affirmative—and I have three children —then you understand me." He sighed and shook his head. As this man has had so much influence on my fate,* I beg leave to draw his portrait.

Alexander Schulkins was about thirty years of age; a man without the least ray of cultivation, a sort of brute, but of a good kind. He had a Calmuck countenance, a round face, a turned-up nose, high cheek-bones, black hair, large chest and shoulders. On his left side he wore the escutcheon of a senate-courier, and round his waist was strapped a pocket to hold dispatches. His great delight was eating and drinking; he was not very choice in his food; he ate and drank every thing that came in his way; and from the manner in which

* I have been mistaken in that point.

he acquitted himself, it was evident that this was his principal business. When he took his soup, he threw his head back, introduced the spoon up to the handle into his mouth, and in this manner poured the contents down his throat, without allowing his palate to taste of it. During this time he looked towards the ceiling, and compressed his short forehead into a thousand little horizontal wrinkles, which set every hair in his head in motion. In like manner he devoured his meat; not chewing, but merely swallowing it down. Whenever I left a bone on my plate, he would instantly lay hold of it and gnaw it like a dog. A glass of brandy must have been uncommonly large, if he did not dispatch it at one single draught, and always in the manner his food went down, which, as I have already observed, was directly into his throat. He could drink

a great quantity of spirits without being at all intoxicated, and all mixtures were alike to him; tea, coffee, brandy and punch; upon all of which, taken in the space of a quarter of an hour, I have seen him throw down two chopins of quass.* In short, he could eat and drink, and sleep at will, and at all hours of the day or night. I may add, that the Aulic Counsellor was his equal in the exercise of these fine talents, and was but little inferior to him in his taste for ſtrong liquors.

But rude as he was, Alexander Schulkins had the advantage of the other in a moral point of view. He often betrayed a sensibility of disposition which excited the moſt violent emotions; not durable,

* An acid drink not unlike small beer, but of a more nourishing quality. It is made by pouring hot water upon a quantity of barley, and left to foment in the heat of a stove.

indeed, but very sudden. He had some little knowledge, but the Counsellor had none at all. I recollect one day, that seeing a cuckoo, he observed, that that bird always laid its eggs in the nest of another, and left the owner the care of hatching them. The Counsellor began to laugh; when Alexander asked me if the circumstance was not true? I replied it was; when the Counsellor called forth his nasal wrinkles, and cast a look of pity on us both. What I have to say further relative to Alexander will be seen in the sequel. I shall only add, in order to make his office better known to the reader, that the Senate of Petersburg has eighty such men at command, ready to carry orders to the most distant parts of the world. They are, I believe, subaltern officers; their dress resembles that of a postman, except the badge, which, though somewhat like

that of the latter, bears a different inscription.

Let us now return to my sufferings. A carriage was to be bought; several were exposed in the yard. This purchase was a great favour, though my own money was to pay for it. Commonly, when people are arrested, they are thrown, without any regard to age or rank, into a kibick, or some other vehicle still more inconvenient, and hurried on through all kinds of weather. I cannot deny but that in general I was treated with some kind of indulgence; but for this no thanks are due to my Counsellor; I owe it to superior orders, for my hard-hearted keeper was utterly incapable of deviating a single step from the line of conduct that had been marked out for him.

Persuaded that I was going no farther than Petersburg, I purchased a half-covered carriage, in other respects very

convenient; not heavy, and hung upon springs, but fit only for a short journey, for this I paid five hundred roubles.

My wife, who observed that I was treated with indulgence, became more composed. She asked the Counsellor if I might be allowed to write to her on my route, and was answered, both by him and the Secretary, in the affirmative.

At length, towards the hour of seven, every thing being ready, I bade adieu to my afflicted family. How did my heart beat at this cruel moment! My hands trembled, my knees tottered, my eyesight failed me; even at the present day I cannot recollect this separation without painful emotions. The reader will allow me to pause in this melancholy narrative. Neither my wife nor myself could weep; the source of our tears were dried up, and our hearts were wrung with in-

expressible anguiſh. I kissed my children, I blessed them; their mother threw her arms about my neck, and fainted as ſhe received my embrace.

The Secretary, who hitherto appeared unconcerned, and had had recourse to common-place motives of consolation, could no longer refrain from shedding tears. Ah! if the kind-hearted Emperor (for such I know him to be) had been present, with what promptitude would he have put an end to this scene of affliction.

My wife, who could no longer return my caresses, continued to moan in a low and inarticulate voice; her eyes were closed: I imprinted a kiss on her lips, as if it were the last, and immediately tore myself away. My servants led me to the carriage and took leave of me, deeply afflicted. A crowd of spectators, assembled under the gate-way, had been

dispersed, and the carriage was drawn up there to avoid notice. I mounted with trembling steps, and was instantly driven away.

Thus was an unoffending man torn from his family; a peaceful citizen arrested, furnished as he was with an Imperial passport, and without knowing why. No—it is impossible that the Emperor, the humane Emperor (for such in truth he is) could be at all privy to this transaction. It was not his order—Some perfidious wretch, unknown to him, has certainly abused his name. It is now the ninth week since I have been able to learn whether my wife and children are alive or dead; my destiny perhaps is fixed, and I shall hear of them no more!—My wife, from whom, during so many years, I have never been separated but twice, and that but for a week or two; my dear wife and I are

now torn asunder, perhaps for ever!— We are passing these tedious and mournful days almost without hope. O God! will she survive this? Has she survived it?

It is but a year ago, and I still recollect it with sorrow, that I went to drink the waters of Pyrmont. My wife had just borne me a boy; and she was not sufficiently recovered to accompany me. It was my intention to stay there three weeks, the shortest time specified for taking the waters with effect. Ten days however had scarcely elapsed ere her absence became insupportable, and I immediately hastened back to her. Yet now nine weeks are elapsed since I saw her: who knows if in nine years, nay, if ever, I shall see her again. One ray of hope still gleams before me. I feel some feeble consolation; if I am deluded,

my despair will be equal to my misery. I can however meet death.

Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, per agi.

The man who has studied himself, who is at all acquainted with the human heart, will believe me when I declare, that in proportion as the carriage drove on, I found my spirits rise, and my heart recover its force. I began to look into the future. What did it present? New enquiries—the examination of my papers, my conduct, my peaceable way of life. I had to deal with a just monarch who would not condemn me unheard. What then could happen to me? Some slight inconveniences, the natural consequence of my imperfect knowledge of the Russian language; but, thought I to myself, I shall have an interpreter: I may for a while be deprived of a few comforts, and must alter my usual habitudes a little. These things are un-

pleasant; but surely, they are not very great misfortunes. And, though I may be visited by the return of a chronic disorder, which has tormented me for twelve years past, yet there are good physicians at Petersburg; why then should I think myself unhappy? It is no doubt a disagreeable incident, but then it is only momentary. I am about to visit friends I was voluntarily seeking; some extra expence will be incurred; but that is merely the sacrifice of a little money, the least painful of all sacrifices. I was besides fully persuaded that the Governor of Mittau would take the greatest care of my family. He had promised me that every thing should be done for them that humanity and his own good wishes could suggest.*

* It will hereatfer appear, that my hopes unhappily were not realized.

Riga is not more than seven short German miles from Mittau, yet we did not arrive there till midnight. It was dark when we approached the banks of the Duna, which laves the walls of that hospitable city, and as the floating bridge had not been restored on account of the great floods, we were obliged to crofs the river in a common boat, which considerably retarded our journey.

When we arrived at the gate, our Courier alighted and went into the guard-house, where he staid a considerable time; but this circumstance gave me no concern. At length he appeared, and ordered that we fhould drive to the poft-house, not through the city, properly so called, but in a circuitous manner, through several long and crooked streets. We were delayed but a short time; fresh horses were quickly put to the carriage, and we proceeded.

I must here remark that the post-order *(podsroschne)* allowed three horses in the name of the Emperor, and that the post-masters frequently put four. The fourth horse was sometimes paid for, and sometimes not. In the first case, they had the post-order in their favour, and the extra horse was at my expence.

We left Riga about two o'clock in the morning. The air was extremely cold, exhausted nature called for repose, and letting down the windows I fell asleep. At the next post I awoke; I merely observed it was day-light, and again closed my eyes.

What language can describe my astoniſhment and terror, when on awaking a short time after, I perceived that the route had been changed. With difficulty was I so much master of myself as to suppress a scream of horror, just ready to escape me. A kind of instinct however prompted me to remain silent. I

am unable to describe what passed in my mind: Whither are they taking me? Where are my papers to be examined? Who is to examine them? In a word, what are they going to do with me?—All these queries rushed upon my mind at once; they distracted my brain, but remained totally unsolved. Could I indeed conceive it possible that I was to be thus dragged to the world's end, without having been either heard or examined?

Being arrived at the post-house, I asked for some coffee, more with a view of gaining time than from a want of refreshment. While it was preparing I walked about the room in much agitation of mind; the Counsellor stood near the carriage conversing with the postmaster; the Courier kept looking at him from the window, till he was sure he was not observed by him: then addressing me, according to the Russian custom, "Fe-

" dor Carlovitsch," said he, " we are " not going to Petersburg, we are go- " ing much farther." " Where?" ſaid I, in a broken voice. " To Tobolsk, my " dear Sir." " To Tobolsk !"—At this word my knees shook under me, and a tremor seized my whole frame. " Can you " read Russian ?" added he (still keeping his eyes on the Counsellor) : " A little," replied I. " Look at the post-order :" I read, " *By command of his Imperial Ma-* " *jesty, &c. from Mittau to Tobolsk, Au-* " *lic Counsellor Schstschekatichin, and a* " *person with him, accompanied by a Se-* " *nate-courier, on affairs relative to the* " *Crown, &c.*" Let the reader, if he is able, imagine my sensations at this dreadful discovery. I was completely thunderstruck.

" I would have told you this at Mittau," ſaid the Courier ; " but we were " too closely observed ; I have been ex-

" tremely sorry for you from that very " moment. I have a wife, and I have " children too ; I well know . . . ." I thanked him ; and he begged me to be careful not to let it be perceived that he had intrusted me with this secret ; for, said he, the Counsellor is a severe unfeeling man.

The Counsellor now entered the room ; fortunately he was no better versed in the science of physiognomy, than in the natural history of the cuckoo, or he would not have overlooked the paleness of my cheeks, and the convulsive tremor of my whole body. He swallowed a glass of brandy without perceiving any thing extraordinary in me. The coffee came in, and as it may naturally be supposed I did not taste it. I pretended to be indisposed, and Heaven knows I was not a little so ! I paid for the coffee, the Counsellor drank it, and we continued

our journey. The roughness of the road brought me to my senses, and then it was that the idea of making my escape for the first time came into my head. I am banished to Siberia, said I to myself, without having been heard, without any legal process, without sentence, by the mere force of tyranny, without even being informed why I am sent thither.

The whole business is incomprehensible: either the Emperor is an entire stranger to it, or I am the victim of infamous imposture. My papers, then, are not the cause of my arrest, or they would have undergone an examination before I could have been condemned to so heavy a punishment. Some enormous crime has been laid to my charge; false information has been lodged against me, and the calumniator, in order to screen himself from detection, has caused me to be exiled unheard; to be buried alive in

Siberia: In Siberia!—Ah how shall I ever be able to justify myself there? Will my complaints reach the shores of the Baltic? And should they indeed find their way thither, on what shall I ground my justification, when I am even ignorant of what I am accused? Let me then make my escape! This idea took deep root in my mind, and soon became a fixed resolution.

On the brow of a hill on the banks of the Duna, and near the post-house, stands an ancient castle, which belonged to a Livonian Prince, who, after having for a while defended himself against a host of Christians, received baptism with all his subjects. The picturesque appearance of the ruins inspired me with the idea of seeking a shelter among them, even at the hazard of perishing with hunger. With this idea was combined a favourable recollection. I remembered

that the estate, which was called Kokenhusen, belonged to a Baron de Löwenstern, with whom I had become acquainted in Saxony. He had the reputation of being a worthy man. I knew him to be so, and in case of need, it occurred to me that I might surrender myself up to him.

We were now arrived at the posthouse; the master and his family seemed to be good sort of people. While the Counsellor was at a little distance, and the horses were changing, I inquired, in German, "to whom this estate belonged?—To Baron de Löwenstern, was the reply.—Where does he live?——Just below——pointing to his house, at a small distance.—Is he at home?—No, he is now fourteen verstes off, at Stockmannshof, with his brother-in-law.—And his family likewise? (I knew his lady, one of the best women

in the world, and his children, who were worthy of such parents.)—Yes, replied they.—Is Stockmannshof in our way?—You will pass through it.—Is Dopart far off?—Six German miles." It was not possible to make further enquiries; the horses were put to, and we hurried away.

An accident happened on the road which afforded me no small satisfaction. One of our horses became restive, and suddenly ſtood still. The postillion used every effort to make him move, without effect; in ſpite of hollowing and beating, the animal remained immoveable. My companions now began to swear, and bestowed on the whole Livonian nation the grossest abuse. Every expedient being at length exhausted, our Courier gave vent to his ill-humour in beating the postillion. The latter dismounted, and declared he would not go

on if he was to be treated in that manner. This declaration was very natural, but it threw the Counsellor into a violent rage; he alighted, and making up to the first tree, cut off a thick branch, and seizing the postillion by the throat, threw him on the ground, and began to beat him without mercy. He then ordered him to take the reins again, if he did not wish for a repetition of the discipline which he had just received. But while he was getting into the carriage, and the Courier was engaged in helping him up, the postillion, who had a very good pair of legs, was quickly at a hundred paces from us. In vain the Courier strove to overtake him; the man had already gained too much ground, and his pursuer was obliged to return. We were now left on the high road, with a restive horse, and without a driver. In this sad perplexity, what was to be done?

To return seemed best, and we immediately set about doing so; but we moved on at a slow rate, for the Courier, who had taken the reins, did not know how to drive. He kept going from right to left, and from left to right, and this cost the Livonian nation, who had nothing to do in the business, another volley of curses and infamous exclamations.

When I say curses, I am not quite correct; I should not use the plural number; the Russians have but one curse, which, it must be allowed, is worth all the rest. They wish, for instance, that the mother of the man against whom they are enraged, may have the devil for her paramour; and they express this in a manner so explicit, that those who are averse to doubtful meanings, must be perfectly satisfied with it. I do not exaggerate when I declare, that, during this single day, our people had recourse to

this vile ribaldry more than a thousand times. The expression is indeed as common among the ill-bred Russians, as damning a thing is in the mouth of an Englishman, or as the word Monsieur was, in former times, in that of a Frenchman.

On our return to Kokenhusen, the Counsellor made many bitter complaints against the postillion, without saying a word about the beating which he had given him. "You must have used him ill," said the post-master, "for he is a steady lad." The fact was positively denied; the post-master looked at me, and I answered in favour of the injured post-boy by an inclination of my head.

It is well known, that in a coarse mind the consciousness of having been in the wrong creates emotions of anger. Our Counsellor finding himself in this position, poured forth a volley of the

most indecent abuse, which he accompanied with threats. But as the post-master had no legal remedy, except that of making his complaint in the usual way, without being able to retard the departure of the Courier, he gave us a fresh horse; but a fresh postillion was not so easily to be found. This circumstance took up a considerable time, which, as far as it concerned me, was by no means disagreeable.

During all this time I remained alone in the carriage. The post-master's brother came up to me, and in a manner that seemed very particular, said, "Your "name, Sir, is not inserted in the body "of the post-order." I was quite at a loss what answer to make. I have since indeed learnt, that the name not being inserted therein, the post-master was not obliged to furnish horses. Had I known this sooner, I should have urged

him to have availed himself of his right. What could our Counsellor have done? He must have waited here till he could have provided himself with horses from Riga. The Governor of Riga being totally ignorant of this, would have written to Mittau, which must have taken up considerable time; and in this instance at least, much advantage might have been gained by procrastination. I should by this means have had time to prepare for my flight; but in the state of ignorance in which I now remained, I was unable to avail myself of this desirable expedient; and accordingly after dinner, we set out in the usual manner.

During the whole journey, I continued to take a mental survey of the country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Stockmannshof. The Duna ran on my right, and on my left I remarked a chain of hills covered with wood. At

six o'clock we arrived at the frontier post.*

In a little time, said I to myself, my destiny will be fixed. Beyond Livonia I shall find no friends, no acquaintance, not a soul that can speak the same language as myself: now then is the time to make my escape. With this view I declared, though it was far from being late, that I was unable to go on any farther, and that I must absolutely stop to obtain a little rest. This displeased our Counsellor; he would fain have persuaded me to continue the journey; he however thought fit to stop, and this complaisance must certainly be attributed to his orders, which enjoined him not to weary me to death.

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* The frontiers of Livonia, and the province of Witpsk.

It was accordingly arranged that we should pass the night at this place. The post-house had a very miserable appearance, the room we were in being full of hogs and poultry, and in other respects extremely disgusting. I urged with great vehemence our going farther to an inn which I had perceived, and which being built of stone, promised to afford better accommodations; but the truth was, that the post-house was ill-adapted for the execution of my project.

This inn, to which we drove, was kept by an Israelite, and belonged to the village of Stockmannshof. It stood on the high road, which alone separated it from the Duna. At a few paces from hence the woody hills, in which I had placed all my hopes, began to rise. The Courier set about preparing supper. He boasted of his culinary talents, and had killed a fowl, of which he promised to

make an excellent mess of broth. I appeared to be much delighted at these preparations, and in the mean time strolled about the door with the Counsellor. I examined the banks of the river, and the rafts of timber which were floating down the stream. I took a silent survey of the country, returned to my chamber and examined the window, which was fastened only by a slight string. I observed with delight that it favoured my purpose, and that it might be opened and shut without any noise.

The Counsellor accidentally left some writing paper on the table: I had the precaution to conceal a sheet of it, in the notion that it might hereafter prove extremely useful to me.

At nine o'clock the Courier brought in supper, which consisted of a strong soup, a smoke-dried sausage, and some

Dantzic spirits. The two last articles my wife's chamber-maid had put into the carriage without my knowledge.

In order to compliment the talents of the cook, I tasted a few spoonfuls of soup, and I even assumed a gaiety of behaviour that was far from appearing unnatural. The mind, in the present instance, was however more obedient than the body, for in spite of all my attempts, I could not swallow a morsel, and I pretended extreme lassitude in excuse for my want of appeite.

I now rose from table to retire to rest. My companion would have persuaded me to occupy the bed, the only one in the house; but as it stood in a distant corner of the room, I observed that as it seemed very dirty, I preferred some clean hay, which I caused to be laid on the ground not far from the win-

dow. My night-gown was spread over this; I wrapped myself up in my cloke, and was about to throw myself down, dressed as I was, upon this rustic bed, when the Courier came to me to pull off my boots. Fortunately he placed them near me. I laid myself down and apparently fell asleep.

My fellow-travellers remained at the table till they had nothing more to eat or drink, and then went to rest. The Counsellor stretched himself upon a bench which was separated from me only by the table. Above it was the window through which I hoped to escape. The Courier slept in the carriage, which stood close to the same window.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock; the night was dark, though the moon was at the full. The Counsellor was fast asleep. This was the favourable mo-

ment; but unluckily our Jews were celebrating the eve of their Sabbath in the most noisy manner. They kept continually running through the chamber; at one time came the host, at another his wife, and then the children. This unpleasant noise often roused the Counsellor from his slumbers, and made him rave and swear most angrily. I joined my prayers to his imprecations; but all in vain! for these orgies continued till two o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Israelites retired to rest, and all became quiet.

Availing myself of the profound silence which now reigned throughout the whole house, I entered upon my enterprize. In the first place I crawled on my knees, and gently untied the string of the window; this I happily effected without the least noise or difficulty. I heard the Courier snore, and

was enchanted at the sound. I then began to feel for my boots, and taking hold of them, together with my cloke, I got upon the table in the most cautious manner, scarcely allowing myself to breathe, and always pausing when I heard the Counsellor stir. Thus far all went on perfectly well; but I now met with great embarrassment. The window was high, my foot could not reach the ground, nor was there any thing against the wall on which I might have stepped.

What was to be done? Should I drop down at once? This could not be accomplished without having two hands to hang by, and my left hand was full. To have thrown my things into the street would have made some noise, and if the Counsellor should awake before I could follow them, all my projects were at an end. This was, howe-

ver, my only resource, and I had no time to lose. I first let down my cloke very softly ; it served to receive my boots, which instantly followed, without any noise or accident. It was now my turn to descend. I hung upon my elbows, one of my feet touched the carriage, and the other the ground, and thus I cleared my way.

Having effected my escape, it was necessary to provide against immediate discovery. The Courier continued snoring in a manner that promised a long sleep, but the cold that would come in at the window might awaken the Counsellor, who would instantly discover my flight. To prevent such an accident, I drew the window as closely as I was able, and then turning the corner of the house, I put on my cloke and boots.

I first wandered thro' a swampy meadow, which lay behind the inn, but I

soon got into the high road. My plan was to hasten to Kokenhusen, and throw myself upon the post-master's mercy. The hope I placed in this man and his family, was partly founded on their physiognomy, and partly on the unpleasant affair of the preceding day, which I thought they would be inclined to resent: and I was also of opinion, that they might not be insensible to the charms of a large sum of money, which would have been much at their service for their assistance.

Should the man be disinclined to harbour me in his house, or should he not have room for me, I then intended to have concealed myself among the ruins of Kokenhusen, and to make an agreement with him to supply me with food. I also intended, through his means, to inform Baron de Löwenstern of my flight, who would send such information to

my wife, and she would make known my situation to my friends. In short I had formed a plan which appeared very practicable; but I have reasons for not entering into further detail at present.*

A single circumstance completely frustrated my plan: It was necessary that I ſhould arrive during the night at Kokenhusen, to avoid being overtaken by the Counsellor, and the Jews' Sabbath had too much retarded my operations. It was full three o'clock, and five hours were hardly sufficient for so long a walk. It might happen that the Counsellor would get up early and overtake me; and besides, I dreaded appearing by day-light at Kokenhusen, where it was very natural to suppose inquiry would

* These reasons no longer influence me, and I shall renew the subject in another part of this narrative.

speedily be made, not only by my companions, but by others, in consequence of the general alarm they would spread. I therefore determined to proceed as long as I was favoured by the night, and to conceal myself in the woods the moment day began to appear.

Every thing being thus considered and arranged, I followed the highway, still walking through the adjacent meadows whenever I found a path near the road. At length I perceived by the light of the moon, a house which the day before I had taken for a military pavilion. In Livonia we often meet with such buildings; they serve to lodge the officers whose regiments are stationed in the environs; and when the guests are gone, the houses are shut up. I had observed the preceding day, that the doors and window-shutters were closed, that

the centry-box was empty, and I concluded it was not inhabited.

Under this conviction, as it lay at some distance from the high road, I resolved to pass by it.

" Who goes there ?" cried a centinel. A question so unexpected startled me; but I had the presence of mind to make the usual reply.

" What road are you taking ?—— " Whither are you going ?" " To Stockmannshof."—" But the road lies there." " I did not perceive it."

I was going on, but " Halt !" " Hush, " friend," said I; " I am coming from " Stockmannshof: I have been paying " a visit to a Jew girl yonder; let me " get back snugly, and take no notice of " having seen me at all." To this request I added the offer of some money. The man murmured a little, but let me pass on.

This accident rendered me timid; I

feared others of the same kind, and kept entirely along the high road. Had I been observed here, at least there would have been nothing extraordinary in it, and besides I found it was better walking than through the meadows.

Another adventure now befel me. After having travelled a few verstes, I heard the alarm beat at a considerable distance behind me. This custom requires some explanation.

In the Russian villages, and other places very remote from towns, a plank is suspended between two pieces of wood. Whenever the servants are to be called to their meals or their work; or when the hour of the day is to be made known, this board is struck with a heavy mallet, and the sound is heard at a very great distance. I was much alarmed. It is very early, said I to myself; the servants are no where accustomed to break-

fast so soon; it cannot be the hour that is struck, for this is not the manner of doing it, the strokes fall too fast. Alas! I perceive what it is: The Counsellor has discovered my escape; he has alarmed the inn, or spoken with the centinel, who has certainly betrayed me; he is therefore pursuing me, and raising the country in his progress.*

The noise at last becoming very suspicious, I was induced to quit the public road, and immediately rushed into a close copse. From time to time I fell into a glade, which I hastily ran across, and again took shelter among the trees. The wood now began to grow thicker. I saw a hill before me, which seemed to promise a favourable retreat, and I made towards it by the nearest way,

* Whether my conjectures were right, I have not since learnt having never spoken of this affair.

which led me over some marshy ground, and the farther I proceeded, the more I became entangled in the swamps. Being up to my knees in very stiff clay, I began to reflect on what was to be done, and feeling myself quite worn out with fatigue, I remained motionless in the midst of the bog. Daylight was near at hand; but of what use would it be to me? The underwood was thick; I was surrounded by young pine trees, and I could not see ten steps before me. What should I do? Return? No: death itself appeared less dreadful than the necessity of being driven to that resolution. At length I recovered a little from my fatigue, and exerting all my strength, after an hour's painful walk, arrived at the hill. This hill, however, did not afford what it promised at a distance: I quitted it, and continued to make the best use of my legs.

Rambling from hill to hill, I found several paths which led to some ill-cultivated grounds in the woods. These I endeavoured to avoid with extreme caution, but I often fell into them, and was consequently led so much astray, that at night I should not have been able to have regained the high road, had I not been guided by the sound of the waters of the Duna, which seemed always to be within hearing. In fine, after all these windings, after having rejected twenty different spots as improper to remain in, I observed a clump of firs extremely thick and gloomy. In the midst of this grove two lofty birch trees rose from the same stem, and joined in a friendly manner their spreading branches: they reminded me of my tender union at home, and afforded me a happy presage. I gave the preference to this spot, half persuaded that under the shelter of these trees no harm could happen to me.

It was then only seven o'clock, and I could not think of quitting my retreat before ten: I therefore had time enough to arrange the plan of my future proceedings. I began to scrape the dirt from my boots, and should have dried myself completely, had the weather been warmer and the spot less damp. I wrapped myself up in my cloke, and sat down at the foot of the birch trees. The surrounding firs formed a thick inclosure, beyond which, at the distance of thirty steps, was a swampy fence-wood, terminated by a bare and barren hill. I could perceive through the branches every thing that passed over the hill or through the copse; and on my right hand and left, as well as behind me, the woods bounded the horizon.

Stockmannshof, said I to myself, is not far distant: It is the residence of his Majesty's Chamberlain, M. de Beyer, the father of Madame de Löwenstern;

I have heard him well spoken of; he is a man of a noble turn of mind, and most assuredly his daughter must likewise possess many excellent qualities, having been educated by such parents, and having had the advantage of their excellent example always before her. I was perſuaded at that time that I might safely depend on him; but I soon after entertained a very different opinion.—His seat, continued I, is near the high road; the Counsellor, perhaps, may have been there, and given orders to every one in the village to detain me. How should I be able to speak to M. de Beyer without making my way through his whole train of lacqueys, who might have heard of my flight, and would prevent the kind assistance of their master; who being a man above the temptation of any reward, would be solely actuated by his own feelings in affording me as-

sistance: My first plan, thought I, is therefore preferable; I will go to Kokenhusen; should the Counsellor have got the start of me, and spread the alarm there, the people I am going to will only laugh at his perplexities, and assist me for the sake of satisfying their own revenge. Should he even give them money, I will double the sum; it is well, however, to take this day to consider all possible contingencies.

After thus counselling with myself, I drew the sheet of paper from my pocket and cut it into several slips; then taking out my pencil, I began to write with wet fingers, a billet to M. de Beyer, one to Baron de Löwenstern, a third to my wife, with some other notes of no consequence. While I was thus employed a storm arose: I was well aware, that during its continuance it was dangerous to remain under the trees: I felt no in-

clination, however, to leave this shelter, and even wished the thunderbolt to fall on my head. I have always considered this kind of death as the most desirable, and I should now have received as a blessing the stroke that would so easily have terminated all my misfortunes: But I wished for dissolution in vain; the storm exhausted itself in a violent shower of hail, which quickly changed into rain, and I was drenched from head to foot.

This shower, however disagreeable in itself, was in another point of view extremely favourable. I had suffered thirst to such a degree, that my tongue was parched: The trees now glistened with large drops of water; I applied my lips to every fir apple I could reach, and at this moment I felt the whole force of that picture contained in the Gospel, of the rich man in torments, begging in vain for a drop of water to cool his

parched tongue! When I had exhausted all that were at hand, I went further in quest of others; but I was constantly under the necessity of proceeding cautiously, lest in snatching too eagerly at the tempting bough, the drops of rain should fall on the ground before I could reach them. By degrees I grew more dexterous; but an uninvited guest soon came to rob me of my frugal beverage: the meridian sun evaporated every drop.

I heard a carriage pass along a road which I conceived to be the highway. I imagined it to be my own, which the Counsellor might have taken in order to pursue me at his ease. This was the only sound made by a human being that had yet disturbed my solitude. At noon, however, it was disturbed in a manner that filled me with inexpressible terror. I observed a peasant on horseback, trotting in various directions across the plain.

He traversed the meadows, rode up the hill, gallopped down again, surveyed the bushes and rode in among them. At last, seeming not to know which way to take, he made directly towards my hiding-place. Happily the friendly clump that afforded me a refuge, concealed me; the man turned off, and I saw him no more. I had already remarked that no road ran near this spot, and I naturally concluded the peasant to be one who was sent in search of me.

Half an hour afterwards, a cart appeared on the same spot, and merely crossed it: In both cases I laid myself flat on the ground.

I perceived in the afternoon that the forest which laid behind me did not extend so far as I had at first thought, and I observed several carriages pass near me in front. I likewise heard three or four peasant girls singing, and playing

together at no great distance: they did not seem to be of the number of the peasants sent out in quest of me, whence I supposed it was the road to some village that lay in the neighbourhood.

About five o'clock I experienced an alarm which greatly surpassed all that I had hitherto felt. I heard the cry of a pack of hounds, and the voice of the huntsman who was leading them on.—The story of Joseph Pignata, who after his escape from the prison of the Inquisition was hunted by blood-hounds, rushed into my mind. I knew, indeed, that in Lavonia it was not the custom to hunt men; but the animal that was pursued might take towards the spot where I was concealed, and the dogs in following the scent, would of course penetrate my retreat; and it is well known to every sportsman, that when they come within view of a human creature, they

alter their cry. In such a predicament I must unavoidably be discovered by the huntsman. At one time they were within two hundred paces of my hiding-place. In this perplexity I wrapped myself closely up in my cloke, and yielded entirely to chance. The hunt by degrees took another direction, and the dogs soon ran out of sight in pursuit of their game.

I am not at present able to say with certainty, whether this was merely a common hunt, or a pack of hounds led out in pursuit of me; but I have reason to believe that I was actually the object of their chase, the hunting season being over. On the other hand, it is well known that the shepherds dogs follow the scent in the spring, and make great havock among the game.

In addition to the terrors arising from real dangers, I had likewise to contend

with the idle illusions of the fancy. At one time I imagined an old stump of a tree in the fence-wood to be a man; and as the day declined I grew still more subject to these deceptive apprehensions. At another time I thought I perceived a sportsman before me with a green hat and jacket, and that he was taking aim at me. I observed his fowling piece, marked the turn of his countenance, which seemed to be very agreeable and full of kindness. I was so far deceived as to take off my cloke, and make signs to convince him of his error in having taken me for a deer.

Had I remained much longer in the wood, I certainly should have experienced a derangement of intellect, which perhaps would have terminated in real madness. My brain seemed on fire; my ears rang, and sparkles danced before my eyes; my feet were numbed, my

hands were in the same condition, my whole frame shivered, and my pulse was irregular.

I felt myself ill, very ill.—Shall I say what now supported me? My wife, my angelic wife. The dear name of my Amelia, invoked in a feeble tone, roused the last remains of my strength, and called forth my drooping courage. But this talisman operated only upon the mind; exhausted nature called for other sustenance.

It was now Saturday-evening. At the post-house on the other side Mittau, I had taken a slice of bread and butter with a dish of coffee; the next day a biscuit; on Friday three spoonfuls of soup; besides this, I had not tasted a single morsel, and the drops of water were all I had swallowed the whole of the present day. I was aware that unless I obtained food I should soon die in

the woods or on the highway. What a useless thing is money! I had more than seven hundred roubles about me, yet I was unable to procure a morsel of bread. Nor was this all; sleep had long been a stranger to my eyes; for the short slumber that stole upon me in the carriage could not be called repose.

When it grew darker, a woodcock flew over my head. Its hoarse and brawling cry renewed the sensations of my pastimes in happier days. It had been a favourite sport with me when I resided in Livonia, to pass the fine evenings in the spring in pursuit of this bird of passage, which, it is well known, is very scarce in Germany. At the recollection of this spot, a thousand other ideas arose in my mind with tormenting officiousness. I sent a heavy sigh after the bird: it was its hour of quitting the wood, and it warned me likewise to leave it.

Being desirous to take a short rout in order to regain the highway, I traversed one of those roads which are made in forests for the purpose of drawing away the fallen timber. Just as I arrived there some boors were driving their empty carts along at full trot. Not being able to make my retreat, I had instantly recourse to my usual expedient. I lay flat on the ground, trusting myself wholly to chance. The thicket where I was concealed was very bare; I had nevertheless the good fortune not to be perceived. Scarcely were they gone, when I continued my route in the direction I had at first taken. I quickly observed, however, that instead of coming to the end of the wood, I was travelling farther into it, and the noise which I had taken for the waters of the Duna, was nothing but the effect of the wind upon the trees, which was heard everywhere round.—

What was now to be done? Return to the marshes? Could I return in the dark? Hunger, thirst, cold and fatigue would have reduced me to my last gasp, and my body left to the mercy of the wolves, would become their prey. I then determined to seek for the cart-road I had observed, and although the task was extremely difficult, in a quarter of an hour I discovered it.

I walked fast along this road, but I began to think that it led me too much on one side. Of this I was certain, when coming into the highway, I read on the finger-post * that I was still within three verstes of the spot where I had left my travelling companions.

I had yet nearly three German miles

* All over Russia posts are erected, which from verste to verste indicate the distance of the adjacent towns.

to walk before I could reach Kokenhusen; a dreadful distance for a man in my situation. I first approached the Duna, and scooped some water in the brim of my hat to slake the burning thirst under which I laboured, and I quickly felt the bad effects of this in a violent fit of the cholic. My throat likewise was so much parched and swelled, that I could scarcely swallow. Hoping, however, that exercise would mitigate my pain, I began to proceed forwards, though the road was still frequented by passengers. At one time I was obliged to slip suddenly behind a hedge to screen myself from an unlucky rencounter; at another to take a circuitous way to avoid a noisy public house. Sometimes a watch-dog would bark at a distance, and I was under the necessity of evading his pursuit as quickly as possible; for should he not be satisfied with

merely barking or howling at me, I had nothing to defend myself with, except a small pair of scissars. At length I thought to avoid all these accidents by stealing along the banks of the Duna, but I found the river full of rafts, with fires burning and men walking backwards and forwards upon them. It was then expedient to change my course, sometimes following the river, at others crossing the underwood, or regaining the high road, as occasion served. It was by straggling along in this manner that I at last arrived at Stockmannshof, at eleven o'clock at night.

The castle inhabited by Chamberlain de Beyer is situated on a hill; a garden rising in terraces extends to the public road, and is terminated by an iron gate.

I observed several lights still burning in the castle, but they began gradually to disappear, and shortly none were vi-

sible, except in the lower story. I put my finger upon the latch of the gate and found it was not locked. I then began to reflect on what was to be done. I could not reach Kokenhusen, for I already staggered like a man in liquor, and was too much exhausted to walk any further. My colic too still continued to torment me, and my throat became more parched than ever. I entered the garden therefore, determined to proceed to the house: a figure in white stood at some little distance before me. How fortunate, said I to myself, should this prove to be a female! Women are compassionate creatures; ever ready to pity and sooth distress of every description: I will approach her. I proceeded, and discovered that it was merely a statue of Neptune placed in the centre of a small pond.

I was now as much embarrassed as ever, and the reflections I had made in the wood came again into my mind; I hastily left this spot and continued my route. My mind supported my body for a considerable time; but having proceeded about half a verste, the wants of the latter prevailed. Worn out with hunger, fatigue and pain, I sunk down upon the sand, a victim of the most gloomy despair. I am compelled to confess, that at this moment the idea of suicide, for the first time in my life, suggested itself, and if, instead of the small pair of scissars, I had then possesed a dagger I commonly travel with, I should certainly have used it to put an end to my existence. Happily, however, I had left it at Mittau with my wife; for as I imagined that I was only going to Petersburg, I did not like to have it about me. This weapon, which I only

carried for the purpose of defence, in case of being attacked by a malicious dog, in any of my accustomed walks might have had a suspicious appearance there. It was out of precaution, therefore, that I left it with my wife, and I shall ever bless that act of prudence: "For a wise man," says Seneca, "ought "not to hasten the day of his death, "however strongly he may be impel- "led: he should retire, and not run "away."

How often does our fate depend on trifles! If I had taken the bread which lay on the table with me, the morning of my escape from the inn, that alone would have supported nature, and I could have persevered in my plan. I had now only two expedients to adopt; either to remain at Stockmannshof, or return to the woods and remain there till next evening. The latter seemed by

no means adviseable, as my strength could not hold out during another day without nourishment. I determined, therefore, upon going back to the castle, and accordingly, after resting myself a little, I returned to the garden gate.

The lights in the lower story remained as before. I crossed the garden and came to a second gate, which opened to a passage between the house and the terraces. I passed through it, for it was unlocked, and I found myself within three paces of the steps of the castle. I ascended them, a light shone through the window, and I perceived three young chambermaids making their beds. I stretched forth my hand several times to tap at the window, and as often drew it back; but overcome by the urgency of my situation, I at length knocked.

One of the young women came out with a light in her hand, and asked me

what I wanted. I intreated her in a hoarse voice to give me a morsel of bread. She looked at me with great surprize; she was a handsome girl, and her countenance bespoke much goodness of heart; but my visage, and indeed my whole appearance caused her to pause a little at my request. "It is too late," said she, "our master is gone to bed, "and so are the servants." "Pity me, "my lovely girl," I rejoined, "I have "eat nothing the whole day; for hea- "ven's sake pity me." "My God!" said she, "in the forest, and during "such weather! How happened this?" She still kept looking at me from head to foot, and drew back a little. I gues- sed her thoughts: "Do not be afraid, "my dear pretty young woman; I am "no thief, nor even a common beggar; "(I then shewed her my purse, and my "gold watch-chain.) I have money

" enough, but my case is much to be
" pitied. My dear girl, I beg you'll tell
" me, if I can speak a word with the
" chamberlain."

" The chamberlain is asleep."

" Where is M. de Löwenstern ?"

" He is at Kokenhusen, and returns
" to-morrow."

" And Madame de Löwenstern and
" the children ?"

" They are above."

" And Mademoiselle de Plater ?"

" She is with them."

This Mademoiselle de Plater was a young and very amiable person, a friend of the family, whom I had seen in Saxony. " Cannot you awake her ?"

" I dare not."

As I pressed her with great earnestness, she at length advised me to go to the Secretary's apartment, and wait there till morning. During this conver-

sation, I had drawn her by degrees into her own room, and the urgency of my situation having overcome all thought of ceremony, I firmly declared that I would not stir from thence, but was determined to throw myself upon the sofa before me. This declaration embarrassed the young woman very much.

Heaven knows how this scene would have ended, had not the Chamberlain and his lady, who slept near at hand, been awakened by the noise which we made. Madame de Bayer rung for her maid; I gave her the billet I had scrawled in the wood, and entreated her to deliver it to her master, and then, trembling with anxiety for the result, I threw myself on the sofa.

The girl returned; she requested me to wait a little; that I should soon have some refreshment, and that her master was himself coming to me. I then re-

mained a few moments alone ; moments not to be measured by the common mode of calculating time!

The Chamberlain arrived: He was a man advanced in years, and kindness was imprinted on his countenance. He appeared to be under some embarrassment ; but at this moment how great was my own. I spoke with hesitation, and expressed myself in the most incoherent manner ; but my note had given him sufficient information. He begged I would make myself perfectly easy, that I would first think about taking some nourishment, and that he would then see what could be done for me. Madame de Bayer now appeared. I recognized the features of her amiable daughter, and took courage. I related in a few words my extraordinary adventures. She appeared affected, but I could still perceive, that neither she nor the

Chamberlain were satisfied that I was perfectly innocent. And how, indeed, could intelligent people like them, habituated to the regular order of the laws, believe that such official proceedings could have taken place without very serious reasons?

In the mean time several dishes were set before me. After a slight refreshment I touched upon the essential object of my visit, and solicited protection and succour. I begged the Chamberlain would conceal me at one of his country seats. At this proposal I could perceive that M. de Bayer struggled with his feelings, and that the contest was about to terminate in my favour. Hope already sparkled in the eyes of his lady, when a man entered the room, of whom, even at this moment, I cannot think without an involuntary emotion of aversion and disgust.

"Sir," said the Chamberlain, "you here see a good friend of mine, M. Prostenius,* of Riga." We saluted each other: he pretended to have seen me before; but I had not the least recollection of his person. He was a well-looking man, of a pleasing and insinuating countenance, and his deportment was extremely polite. He was one of that description of people, who can say ungracious and even rude things with the same tone of voice, and with as much ease as usually accompany the communication of the most agreeable intelligence. From him I learnt, that the Counsellor had been at the castle, that he had dined there, had betrayed great uneasiness of mind, alarmed the whole village, and had dispatched people to pursue me; and that, after taking these

* That was not his name, as I have since learnt; but why name him at all?

measures, he had set off for Riga, at which place he probably still remained. M. Prostenius took upon himself to assert, that my plan was impracticable, even before he had heard the whole of it; adding, that it would expose them all to danger, and that it was impossible to serve me. "But you have gained time," continued he, "by your flight; you will be conducted to Riga; the Governor, who is a stranger to the business, must report your conduct; and before any answer can arrive, some changes may take place." I replied, "that from the manner in which I had been already treated, I could not expect any thing in my favour." The Chamberlain, who had been prevented from speaking by M. Prostenius, and whose opinions the latter had in a great measure influenced, now told me, by way of consolation, that I might write from hence to the Empe-

ror. "May I," exclaimed I.—"Certainly; and I will send the letter through the hands of General de Rehbinder, who at this moment is *commandant* at Petersburg."

I thanked him for all his goodness. The amiable Prostenius would fain have made a reply for him; he remained however silent.

M. Prostenius was now pleased to ask me, "Why I feared a journey to Tobolsk?"

I eyed him, and smiled: "Why do I fear it?"—"Yes:" said he, "many worthy people are sent thither. You will never be in want of good company."—"My company, Sir, is my family."

"In what manner are you taken there?—I have a Senate-courier and an Aulic-counsellor with me."

"And no guards—no soldiers?"

"No; no guards."

" Well, then, what can be more honourable?" And as he did not perceive that I was at all elated with these marks of honour, he added: " Come, come, Sir, you must submit with a good grace; you are a philosopher."

" I am a husband and a father," said I. The little man then simpered: a tear glistened in the eye of Madame de Bayer. The Chamberlain observed that the hour was very late: " Retire to rest," said he, " and gain strength to set off tomorrow for Riga."

I know not why this expected journey to Riga gave me no pain. Was it because it brought me nearer to my wife and children? For, in fact, it was the same thing whether I fell into the hands of the Counsellor at Riga, or any where else.

" In the *common*," continued the Chamberlain, " you will find a bed; go and

take some rest." In this country they give that name to a pavilion detached from the house, which is occupied by the preceptor, the secretary, and others of that class; and it is likewise furnished with beds for the reception of strangers.

As I was leaving the castle to go to the *common*, five or six peasants suddenly appeared, and accompanied me thither. I imagined mere curiosity had brought them together, not conceiving that the influence of M. Prostenius could have induced a worthy gentleman to have converted an apartment, hitherto sacred to hospitality, into a state prison.

On entering the room I found several people in bed, some of whom were asleep. I took no notice of them; but I observed the people on the outside were closing the shutters. This, as I supposed, was a common custom; but, as I do not like to be thus enclosed when

I sleep, I begged that they might be left open. My request was not listened to: perhaps they were determined that I should not make a second escape.

Shall I here declare my sentiments? I affirm, upon my honour, that no idea of another flight entered my head. I likewise declare, in the same solemn manner, that had I been in M. de Bayer's place, and, like him, performing the duties of a good subject, I should not have carried my precautions so far. Admitting that the Counsellor could have referred to superior orders, which obliged every one to secure my person wherever I should be found, (which I doubt having been the case,* as he had only a post-billet about him, in which my name was not inserted) it would have been sufficient to have placed two centinels upon

* He had shewn a sufficient authority.

me; one at the door, and another at the window. Had I even succeeded in eluding or bribing my guards, M. de Bayer would not have been any way responsible; he could not have been required to be provided with chains and bolts for the purpose of securing state prisoners. Ah! Prostenius, Prostenius! most assuredly this was thy work; thou wouldst fain have made my chamber as gloomy as was thy merciless heart. The extreme fatigue under which I laboured soon threw me into a slumber, which, though broken, lasted at intervals till five o'clock.

When I awoke, my first care was to write to the Emperor. I dressed myself and sat down to a table, on which I found all that was necessary for that purpose, and I penned, with great rapidity, what my heart, my innocence, and my indignation dictated. Breakfast was

brought in; my fellow-lodgers had already risen unobserved by me. Having finished my letter to the Emperor, I wrote another to Count de Pahlen, the Emperor's favourite, a third to Count de Cobenzel, and a fourth to my dear wife. I had begun a fifth, when the gentle M. Prostenius came into the room, and in a soft tone of voice informed me, that the measures suggested the preceding night could not be put in practice, as the Counsellor himself had just made his appearance at the castle.

"I am then to be given up," said I. He answered with a shrug of his shoulders, "What can be done? Even the letter to the Emperor cannot now be sent to General de Rehbinder; when M. de Bayer shall have reflected on this, he will be convinced it is impracticable.—"He promised me without solicitation, and repeated that promise several times."

" He would bring himself into trouble; and therefore that letter must be sent to the Governor of Riga."

" And the others!"

" That to your lady must likewise pass through his hands. As to the rest, I would advise you to leave them where they are." On saying this, he took up the letters I had written to the Emperor and my wife. What became of them I am still unable to say. I suppose they have been delivered; but such is the servile fear which now takes possession of the heart of every man in office, that I should not be at all surprised to find they were suppressed.* Perhaps their suppression may prove a fortunate circumstance; and the hard-hearted M. Prostenius may have done me a service.

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* It will be seen in the sequel in what a noble manner the Governor of Riga acted on this occasion.

The letter to the Emperor was written with too much vehemence. I insisted much on my rights; on the imperial passport; and on my innocence. The perusal of it must have rendered the Emperor dissatisfied with himself, and all his displeasure would have fallen upon me. Besides, he would have heard of my escape, which he must have considered as rebellion against his commands, and as an act highly deserving of punishment. Part of my letter ran thus:

"The Governor of Courland informed me, in the name of your Majesty, that I was going to Petersburg, yet I discovered that a certain person was conducting me to Siberia: I did not know this person, and he shewed me no order on the part of your Majesty. Which of the two am I to believe? the Governor or this man?"

In a word, the affair was intricate and obscure, and my application could certainly have produced no good effect; it would rather have exasperated the Emperor, and I have more than once wished that I had never written the letter. It was the same with regard to the lines I intended for my wife: I had described my situation in the woods, and had spoken of my situation as a thing which I considered would last for life. This imprudent letter might have been of fatal consequence to her, had she received it without due preparation. Once more I thank the spruce little man; he has perhaps, without knowing it, been the means of preserving the dearest object I have in the whole world.

My letters to Count de Pahlen and Count de Cobenzel remained in my possession.

Soon after I found myself alone for a

moment with a young man who had slept in the same room with me, and in whose countenance I could read benevolence and compassion. "If, (said I to him, "you have a feeling heart, send off these letters." He hesitated, and appeared somewhat alarmed. "They are open," continued I; "peruse their harmless contents, and seal them yourself." This he promised to do as soon as the present tumult should be subsided. Has he kept his word? I know not. Have my letters produced any effect? Of that too I am ignorant, having heard nothing on the subject.*

A youth of about eighteen or twenty years of age now came into the room, and I took him for young De Löwenstern. He hastily removed all the writ-

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* These circumstances will be cleared up in the sequel.

ing implements, as he said, the Counsellor was that instant approaching the room. He politely asked me if I stood in need of any thing for my journey; and I availed myself of his obliging offer so far as to request a little cream of tartar. I now beheld my charming companions again! The Counsellor saluted me with his accustomed wrinkles, but did not utter a single word of reproach. I told him, in the best manner I could, that he must pardon my conduct, as I had naturally been inclined to believe the Governor of Courland rather than him. He appeared satisfied with my apologies, and threw all the blame on the ill-timed humanity of the former. I saw him distribute a hundred roubles among the peasants who had mounted guard over me, and I took that opportunity to observe, that if he imagined those boors had taken me, he was much mis-

taken, for that I had come and surrendered myself here of my own accord. He did not condescend to make me any answer, but, heaving a deep sigh, continued to distribute the roubles. He then went out to hasten the preparation for our departure, upon which the young woman who admitted me into the castle the preceding night, came into the room, and, advancing in a timid manner, whispered one of the persons present; and when all had retired, she took the advantage of their absence to present me with a small linen purse, to which some pieces of tape were sewed. "This contains a hundred roubles, (said she) which my mistress has sent you, Sir;* you will stand in need of them, for I know your money will immediately be taken from you: fasten it quickly about your waist." She then turned away.

* I then believed it came from Madame de Bayer.

I did not rightly understand her meaning: however I concealed the purse as I had been directed; and scarcely had I done so, when the Counsellor came into the room.

Noble woman, whom my misfortunes had thus affected! I still preserve this purse unviolated; it is a sweet remembrancer of your humanity! Whenever I look at it, tears rush into my eyes. With a mingled sensation of pleasure and pain, I recollect, that in the most afflicting moment of my life, a feeling heart participated in my sorrow. Extreme indeed must be the distress that compels me to open this sacred purse. I have several times been reduced to great want since I received it, have denied myself many things that would have been of much use to me, because I never could prevail on myself to touch this hallowed store: it is a relic, the be-

nediction of a good woman accompanies it, and I do not renounce the hope of one day being able to return it into her hands, which I will bathe with tears of gratitude.

The moment of separation being arrived, young De Löwenstern brought me some cream of tartar, a bed-gown lined with fur, a cloth mantle with large sleeves, two cotton night-caps, a pair of boots, and several other things. I embraced him, and requested him to inform my wife of my situation. He solemnly promised me to do so, and the tears which ran down his cheek are my vouchers that he has kept his word. He then, with all that keen sensibility, all that candour which characterizes the early stage of life, and with all the illusive confidence which it inspires, took the Counsellor by the hand, and intreated him to take care of my health, and

to overlook my fault. The Counsellor replied with the same cold politeness which he had before shewn to my wife. The chambermaid stood at the window and wept. Prostenius had finished his task, and was no longer visible, at least I did not observe him; nor did I again see either the master or mistress of the house. We repaired to an open cart which stood before the inn, for my carriage had been left at the post-house. I was put into the cart, with all my things, exposed to the observation of the multitude, and to the pity of a few. The Counsellor placed himself at my side, the Courier behind me, and in an hour after we alighted at the inn where we had slept.

Thus terminated the unfortunate attempt to make my escape, which certainly was far from being a blameable measure, in whatever point of view it may

be considered. While I imagined I was travelling to Petersburg, to undergo an examination there, it was a duty I owed myself to submit, and had I in such case attempted to escape, my innocence would have been justly suspected. The existing state of affairs justified the Emperor in employing all possible means of precaution to prevent civil disorders, and I respect the rights of Sovereigns. As soon, however, as I was convinced that neither papers nor innocence were to be taken into consideration, but on the contrary, that the most severe treatment would precede any examination, what law, human or divine, required that I should remain a prisoner?

The corpulent mistress of the post-house felt great delight at seeing me retaken: she told the Counsellor that she expected every moment a band of soldiers she had sent for from a neighbour-

ing barrack, and advised him, in future, to be provided with guards wherever we passed the night. One of the horses that had been employed in the pursuit of me, being almost dead through fatigue, she immediately perceived it, and, venting her ill-humour upon me, loaded me with the grossest abuse. At another time I might have been offended at this, but it was now of no more consequence than the sting of a gnat to a man just taken off the rack. I answered her with a sneering smile, which threw her into a still greater passion, and I really believe that when she had exhausted all her abusive epithets, she would have gratified her anger by beating me, had not the Counsellor interposed. This noise, however, drew many people to the spot, and at least thirty gaping boors filled the room with their nauseous odour. The Counsellor drove

them all out, and desired the mistress of the house to leave him alone with me. I was rather confounded, though no longer alarmed, yet I soon began to feel that resolution, which despair is apt to inspire.

When we were alone, the Counsellor politely said to me: "You must not take it amiss, Sir, that I shall now have recourse to more severe measures." The idea of fetters instantly came into my head; and, growing quite wild with anguish, I laid hold of my scissars, with the design of putting an end to my life: but he quickly explained. I had, as has been already mentioned, a little box stored with several useful things; he requested the key of this box, in order to deposit in it the money I had about me, promising, at the same time, to supply me out of it as often as I should have occasion.

Finding this was all he required, I submitted without saying a word. I had been already accustomed to turn my pockets inside out; and whatever they now contained, keys, money, scissars, pencils, scraps of paper, and even my watch, I delivered up, with a very good grace. The Counsellor himself condescended to search my pockets with his own hands, to see if I had really given every thing up, and he then locked the box.

The open carriage was changed for my own, and we immediately departed. I shall not attempt to describe the state of my mind as we drove along. Let it suffice to observe, that I could neither eat nor sleep, and if I did not entirely lose my senses, it is solely attributable to the jolting of the vehicle. Every time we stopped to change horses, my head grew giddy; I was anxious to get on

again, and delighted when we came to a hard or uneven road, or a paved causeway. During the first two days of the route, I did not utter half a dozen words. Whenever any thing was offered to me, "No!" was my answer. With wild and fixed eyes I looked at the country before me, without seeing it. Wind or rain, heat or cold, were alike unfelt by me, and I was driven to such a state of distraction, that I could no longer get in and out of the carriage without assistance. If by chance I met with a looking-glass, the sight of my haggard countenance made me start backwards.*

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* I must here relate an anecdote. At the first dinner-hour after my having been retaken, we arrived at a small town, the name of which I do not remember, but I only know it belonged to a certain Staroste de Korf, who inhabited an antique castle there. Though we did not change horses, yet we stopped in the castle-yard. He came down

The Counsellor seemed to be concerned at my situation. With him, however, it was no affair of compassion, but only the apprehension of not being able to execute his honourable commission to

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and pressed the Counsellor to stay and do him the favour to dine with him, ordered the Courier to be taken good care of, but said not a word to me, nor sent me any thing to eat or drink. He had taken care, however, that I should be well guarded, for he had ordered the gates to be shut, and a crowd of people to be stationed round my carriage, who kept staring me in the face, and sneering at my situation. In this manner I remained the object of their impertinence for a whole hour. Afterwards the Staroste re-conducted his well-replenished guests to the carriage. In spite of all this want of decency with regard to me, the extreme thirst I suffered mastered my stubborn heart; I asked for something to drink, and a glass of beer was brought me. I relate this anecdote merely because I have since heard at Riga that M. de Korf had boasted of having entertained me at his table, and of having treated me in general with the most polite attention.

its full extent, which probably would have been considered as a crime. He exerted himself to pacify me; both he and the Courier represented Tobolsk as the finest city in the universe, and the manner of living there as very gay and agreeable. The strongest recommendation of Tobolsk, in the opinion of the Courier, was the goodness and low price of provisions of all kinds. "What fish!" said he "what fish! for ten kopeks you may buy the finest *esterlets*, for which the dainty people of Petersburg would be glad to pay ten roubles; and the *ceterinos*, what *ceterinos!* Meat, bread, brandy, all to be had in the greatest plenty!" To this the Counsellor added some particulars, which to me were far more interesting. "The moment you arrive there," said he, "you will be free, perfectly free; you may run about, you may go where you please; you may

hunt, shoot, ramble over the country, and make your own acquaintances. You will be allowed to write to the Emperor, to your lady, to your friends; you may have servants, and whatever will afford you pleasure: in a word, you may live according to your fancy. At Tobolsk, too, there are balls, masquerades, and a good play-house." At the word play-house I smiled in spite of myself. I only asked him, if he could engage that my correspondence would not be stopped. He gave me his word it would not, and this assertion revived my hopes. But, said I to myself, the Emperor, who sends me to Tobolsk, might likewise chuse to send me to Irkutzk, which lies three thousand verstes beyond it. Endeavouring to guess at the real motives of my arrest, I had recollected that ten years ago, while I was printing Count Benjowsky, the late Em-

press wrote to Revel, to the Governor of that place, and charged him to ask me, without mentioning that it was her Majesty's order, what view I had had in writing that play. I naturally replied, that the history of Count Benjowsky had struck me as a fit subject for the drama; and that it had even been adopted before I attempted it by M. Vulpius. Nothing more was said on the subject; that great Princess, as it may easily be imagined, thought no more of the matter.

The Emperor, thought I, offended at the subject of this piece, is perhaps determined to inflict the same kind of punishment on me as I have described in the case of the exile: should it be so, I shall be sent to Kamtschatka, which lies six thousand verstes from Irkutzk.

The Counsellor swore by all the saints that he would allow himself to be called

the greatest rogue in the universe, if he was taking me to any other place than Tobolsk. "But," said I, "how do you know this? Your orders are sealed up; are you acquainted with their contents?" He gave me to understand that they had been transcribed by himself; "besides," added he, "such a journey would not be divided into two parts: had you been destined for Irkutzk, I should have received orders to have taken you there, as I have formerly received in the case of several exiles; but my order and my post-billet mention no other place than Tobolsk. You may make yourself perfectly easy on that head. You may well suppose that it would ill become the dignity of the Emperor to parcel out his orders for the purpose of tormenting prisoners, and procuring them new sufferings." The reader will hereafter see what confidence I ought to have placed in the Counsellor.

But what calmed my mind more than the hopes of remaining at Tobolsk, was an incident the Counsellor now related. "A year ago," said he, "I was conducting a woman this way; we had already arrived near Casan, when a courier overtook us, and presented me with an order directing me to return with her immediately. Her case had been re-examined, and other information had been received, by which she was found to have been innocent." Scarcely had the Counsellor related this anecdote, than I began to apply the adventure of the woman to my own situation.

"I, then, as well as she," said I, "may be found innocent."

"Of that," replied he, "there can be no doubt."

"And what did the woman say? What became of her?"

"She was very happy, as you may

well think; she gave me her gold watch."

This event struck my imagination very forcibly, and I cannot describe with what magic it impressed my whole soul. I had incessantly the image of this woman before my eyes, joining her hands together, and lifting them up to heaven, shedding tears of joy, and eagerly taking her watch from her side; I followed her carriage as it was returning back, felt what she must feel as she approached her home; I saw her discover her mansion, observed her children looking out at the window; saw her then drive up to the door, throw herself out of the carriage, and faint with delight in their arms. Yes, this coarse-minded man had, without being aware of it, found out the true remedy for my affliction; it was the balm that was best adapted to heal the deep wounds of my soul.

From the time I received this cheering information, I was every moment expecting the arrival of a courier. As soon as I heard the bells* sound behind us, my heart began to flutter in the most violent manner. My papers, thought I, have been examined, and I am found innocent: an order has been instantly issued, a courier on horseback has been dispatched after me, and he will render me the most happy of men. But I forgot, or strove to forget, that my papers were not taken at all into consideration in this affair. I still recurred to the idea of the kind courier pushing on his horse to overtake me; I calculated how many days my papers must be on the road, how long a time their examination would require, and I could have wished

* In Russia the post-horses wear bells about their necks.

to have slackened our pace, that the courier might the sooner overtake us.

Three days had passed since we left the castle of Stockmannshof, and I now strove to eat for the first time. Our people had devoured the Bologna sausage, and drunk all the Dantzic brandy; they had even swallowed the bread, the butter, and the cold meat which M. de Bayer had ordered to be put into the carriage. I wished for some wine and coffee; we were not able to procure either the one or the other, and I had nothing to eat but some eggs. The nights were very cold, and the day not warm, on account of a piercing wind that was continually blowing. I was desirous to lay the cloke at my feet, which had been lately given me; but the Courier had taken possession of it, and likewise had put on my boots. I forbore, however, to claim any of these

things, as my companions made use of what belonged to me without the least ceremony; and when they had once appropriated it, they considered it as a lawful prize. This conduct extended even to my purse: on the least thing being purchased for me, or any repairs being made to the carriage, I produced a note of twenty-five roubles; it was changed, and it was not common to return me the overplus; or if I ever obtained any thing back, it was only a part. The Counsellor at last grew short of money, and borrowed of me without ceremony. Taking it once into my head to refuse him, his whole manner of behaviour became so much altered, that I was forced at length to yield. I paid every expence on the road, and though I had taken nothing but bread, milk, and eggs, and sometimes a little roast veal, this journey cost me upwards of four hun-

dred roubles, without reckoning the carriage. I paid for every thing; these fellows bought brandy with my money, and never gave any thing to the poor peasants in return for the provisions which they furnished us: an extortion of which these wretched people dared not even complain.

Here I cannot refrain from praising that hospitality which prevails among the Russian peasantry, and which is still more remarkable the further we advance into the country. They are all anxious to receive strangers, and consider it a very great honour done them. They set before their guests every thing they have, and are extremely delighted to see them relish the repast. I shall never forget the uneasiness of a female villager on seeing us approach, because she had no refreshments at hand. She ran about the cottage, and exclaimed, with tears

in her eyes : "Here are three good little guests, and I have nothing to set before them :" the words, good little guests, made me smile. The peasants never demand any money in return for their hospitality ; they refuse to be paid for bread, quass, and such things ; and for their poultry, cream, and eggs, they are always satisfied with whatever price is offered for them. As they never receive any thing but curses from the soldiers and couriers who call on them, they take care not to acknowledge that they have any provisions in the house : I am however convinced, that a traveller would always find plenty when he accosts the Russian peasant in a civil manner. Whenever we wanted any thing out of the common way, I undertook the business alone, and promising to pay for what we ordered, we were supplied with every thing we desired ; but the

manner in which soldiers and couriers usually act is extremely tyrannical. Where is the desätnick (an officer somewhat like the mayor or bailiff in Germany)?—The desätnick presénts himself with all humility.—"We want such and such things."—He makes excuses, and declares he has none of them. The depredators swear in a horrid manner, and threaten to beat him: he then sets out in quest of provisions, and if he finds any, brings them; but as he is not to be paid for them, he procures the worst that are to be had. Were it not for this deeply-rooted abuse, travelling in Russia would be very agreeable; for these good and hospitable peasants, who are so easily won over, are every where to be met with. A thing of no value, a mere trifle, a piece of sugar given to their children, makes them instantly your friends. In this way I acted during

the whole journey, and I had all the mothers on my side. I gave the preference to children about the size of two of my own daughters. Often, very often, the tears came into my eyes: "You have certainly children at home, the women would say to me."—"Six," replied I, with a heavy heart, "and the youngest not a year old." Then I was sure to read that compassion in their eyes, which is so easily understood. I would then get into my carriage, and they would bless me.

But let me wave these digressions and return to my own story. On the second night great precautions were taken to prevent the possibility of an escape: guards were stationed in the house, the window-shutters were fastened, and my bed placed near the Counsellor's. The Courier slept on the floor, so that I must have passed over his body had I endeavoured to get away.

My beard was much grown; I wished to shave myself, but this was not allowed, and a barber was sent for. In vain I urged, that for a long time past I had been accustomed to perform this operation with my own hands, and that if I had any intention to destroy myself, I was at liberty to plunge headlong into the first river I came to. All this reasoning was without effect: the Counsellor, however, took advantage of what I had said concerning rivers, and whenever we came to one, he placed himself between me and the water as a means of securing my person. Silly man! the power of thy Emperor does not extend so far. We enter into this world by one road only, but there are a thousand that lead out of it, and no human authority can hinder me from breaking my fetters whenever I desire. I recollect reading in Raynal, that the negroes fre-

quently choke themselves with their tongues, which they thrust into their throats. Heaven be praised, I shall not do this! A germ of hope still exists in my breast; it may be checked a little, but still it may revive again, and produce such fruits as shall make me cherish my existence!

We now arrived at Polosk, the only considerable town we had met with since we had passed Riga. Here we merely changed horses; but while this was being done, the Counsellor went on with his task of writing down the report of his expedition. At every town he did the same, and that induced me to keep on good terms with him, and behave to him as civilly as I possibly could. I was well convinced he would not insert a word of my elopement: the fear of losing his noble confidential employment of escorting prisoners to Siberia, and of

being deprived of the pleasant spectacle of their separation from their family and friends, and the agreeable sounds of their lamentations, prevented him from relating that: but it was possible he would have written down some little details which might have proved injurious to me; and yet, in spite of all my complaisance, who knows if he has not done this? I could see, from the manner he set about this trifling task, that he was no adept at his pen. It cost him much time to get through a few lines, and it was a ludicrous sight to observe with what solemnity he would begin two or three times to scrawl over a piece of paper. Our Counsellor, therefore, was fit only for the calling he exercised, that of dragging condemned people to punishment: and in this he acquitted himself with much dexterity and intelligence, the fruit of the long expe-

rience he had had in this kind of service. He had not indeed always filled the office in so distinguished a manner as in the present case. Hitherto he had been nothing more than a mere officer in the service of the senate. He was promoted to a civil employment, and honoured with the title of Aulic counsellor in consequence of this Siberian expedition, to which he had been appointed as my conductor. I know not why it was judged necessary to appoint an escort invested with such a title. Was it done in order to avoid all appearance of soldiers and guards? Whatever was the motive, it is equally vain to guess at it: it is however certain, that he performed this duty in his capacity of Aulic counsellor, and he seemed not a little vain of the title.

The title, no doubt, very much increased the consideration with which I

was treated on the way. I was commonly taken for a person of great consequence, being thus escorted by an Aulic counsellor, while men of rank, and even general officers, had no other escort than a dragoon, and no other carriage than a kibitk: this flattering distinction, therefore, was of considerable importance to me during the whole journey.

On the road between Polosk and Smolensk, I was again attacked by violent fits of the colic; and these were accompanied by involuntary tremors, convulsions in all my limbs, and heats in my head and stomach, which threatened to produce speedy suffocation; these heats declared themselves by tension of the forehead, sparks of fire in the eyes, and a buzzing in the ears. My pulse varied every moment; I lost my appetite and could not sleep; I dreamed even when

awake, and phantoms were continually dancing before my eyes. All my ideas were incoherent and obscure: I was almost insensible to every thing round me; the remembrance of my wife and my children began to lose its charm, and the prospect of death its terrors.

I had no other medicine at hand than some neutralized salts, and the cream of tartar which had been given me at Stockmannshof. The priscriptions which I had collected for a considerable time past, and which I had obtained from some of the most celebrated physicians in Germany, such as Zimmermann, Selle, Marcard, Gall, Hufeland, &c. were sealed up with the rest of my papers; I had in vain petitioned to have them restored to me; they had been perhaps taken for cyphered letters belonging to some secret correspondence. I was therefore without succour, and experi-

enced a sort of pleasure in the idea of arriving at Smolensk, where I expected to procure some relief. In fact, I owed my preservation to those soft rays of hope which had already begun to gleam upon me.

We arrived very late. The Counsellor, who had now an antipathy to inns, had ordered the postilion to drive to the post-house; but there was no room for us; and, as I positively declared I would go no farther, he was obliged to drive to an inn. That to which we drove appeared to be a decent house: the host received us with lights in his hand, and conducted us up a large staircase into a spacious anti-chamber. I imagined, from appearances, that we had found a comfortable asylum, but when I saw our destined apartment, how was I disappointed! It was a lofty garret, the floor of which was ready to

give way under our feet, and the panes of glass in the window were broken, and all the furniture of the room was an old bedstead; there was not a single chair, much less a looking-glass; and the walls fluttered with old ragged tapestry.

I looked round, and but too well aware it was in vain to make any complaint, I asked for a little hay to fill up the empty bedstead; and, as soon as it was brought, threw myself upon it without uttering a word. The wind that came in through the broken panes blew directly upon me. I had no other covering but the bed-gown and cloak which had been given me; and the cold and the vermin banished repose.

Day-light began to appear, and I found myself in a violent fever; my eyes were swelled and inflamed. I waited with impatience till the Counseller awaked,

in order to entreat him to procure me a physician ; but the hard-hearted wretch refused my request. He was of opinion, he said, that repose would be of more service to me than any thing else, and added, that we should halt for a day where we now were. The Courier, who had but one specific cure for the ills both of the body and soul, wisely recommended me to eat and drink as much as I could.

This cruel proceding stung me to the quick. I punished my executioner, however, with contemptuous silence, and I refused to remain there. I declared, that if I must die, I would rather die in the fields, and I immediately quitted my miserable couch.

Having expressed a wish for a glass of Rhenish as we came along, the Counsellor now bought me a bottle ; it cost two roubles, and was so bad, that it was ab-

solutely thrown away, as my worthy companions drank no wine; brandy alone suited their palates.

Between Smolensk and Moscow, my indisposition considerably increased. A general torpor pervaded my limbs; I scarcely felt myself alive, and grew blind to every thing that surrounded me. To have any idea of my condition at that time, the reader must conceive himself in the situation of a man, who having awaked in the midst of darkness, without any recollection of the place in which he was, would fain grope out his way, and yet has not the power to move. From time to time the image of my wife seemed to break through this gloom, but only for a moment; it was not like a flash of light, but resembled a soft ray, which reached and penetrated my eyes; and my eyes alone participated in its lustre.

When the Counsellor saw that my condition became dangerous, he began to shew some regard to it. He promised that when we arrived at Moscow, a physician should attend me. This promise made but little impression upon my mind; and during the height of my raging fever, if the idea of my wife and family had not been ever present to my imagination, I should gladly have thrown myself into the arms of death, with all that eagerness with which we embrace a friend, who has been long and ardently expected. We arrived at Moscow the 7th of May old style, and were driven through a thousand dirty and pestiferous streets, to the lodgings of Major Maximoff, the comrade and very intimate friend of our Counsellor. The Major inhabited a miserable hut, consisting of two small rooms, which his Ensign shared with him. The unex-

pected arrival of three persons rendered the dwelling still more inconvenient; the Major, however, did the honours of his house with a good grace, and strove by every means in his power to render my situation tolerable. He gave me some soup, and a dish of coffee, and compelled me to accept his own bed, which, though hard, proved a great comfort to me.

The Counsellor, imagining that I had fallen asleep, began to inform his dear comrade of the happy change in his fortune. I felt a real pleasure to hear this friend of his lament his being employed in such kind of business. Our Counsellor only smiled, and exhibited his two deep wrinkles: he cared indeed but little for what people said; and rising from his seat, walked to the stove to evaporate, through the pores of his skin, the little portion of sentiment which nature had bestowed on him. A physician

had been promised me, but I waited for him in vain, for in fact he was not to come at all. When I requested my executioner to make good his promise, he replied, shrugging up his shoulders, that it was contrary to his orders to allow me any medical assistance.

"You are instructed then to let me die?" "Ah, you will not die, Sir." I remained silent. With Heaven's good help, said I to myself, before I die, I will make my will, and take leave of my wife. This idea took strong hold of my mind, yet this favour was likewise denied me. It was necessary to procure a public officer to authenticate such an act, and how could I expect to be indulged with a notary, when a physician had been denied me? I cut short this difficulty, by begging I might be allowed a minister: can it be conceived that this too was refused me? It was in vain I represented to our

Counsellor, that besides the welfare of my soul, it must naturally be supposed, that as a father of a family I had affairs to set in order; that the right of making bequests was refused to none; that the Emperor had no design to punish either my wife or my children; all these reasons were of no avail, I was unable to move him.

"But, for God's sake," continued I, "let me write a few words to my wife; you shall read them yourself; you have already promised her this, and to me you have repeated that promise a hundred times." He considered a little, and at last consented.

I wrote four or five lines only, and refrained from all observations on my unhappy situation. I advised her to arm herself with resolution, to take proper care of her health, for the sake of her children, who were thus deprived of their father.

I translated my letter to the Counsellor, sealed it in his presence, and gave it into his hands; and he begged the Major to have it sent to the post-office. This task being performed, I grew more composed; but I was soon after told by the Courier, that my letter had been thrown into the fire. I shuddered when I heard this. I had indeed always thought meanly of the Counsellor, but stung with indignation at this act of treachery, he now became odious to me, and I vowed for him eternal hatred and contempt.

Yet in spite of his vigilance and all the eyes that surrounded me, I found means to write a second letter. I shall not relate what these means were; I should perhaps injure the kind person who furnished me with them: May God reward him!* The next evening

* My wife did not receive the letter. Alexander Schülkins, in whom, notwithstanding his foolery, I

we left Moscow. The weather was very fine; and crossing the city, we passed near the public walk, a birch-tree alley, which resembles the Linden at Berlin. Here the *beau monde* resort: it was now filled with equipages, handsome well-dressed ladies, and fine gentlemen, not one of whom observed the poor Author, who perhaps that very evening was to contribute to their amusement. How do the happy and the unfortunate cross each other in this world? How unusual is it for one among them to concern himself about the situation of another, while every one, engrossed by his own concerns, stumbles indiscriminately on the bramble or the flower. Though the

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could always discover the sentiments of a well-meaning man, not easily bribed, Alexander Schülkins, I say, who swore by every saint he would forward this letter, did not perform what he had promised.

sight of this promenade did not excite very agreeable sensations in my mind, it diverted its attention in some degree from the misery of its condition.

I know not whether I should ascribe the recovery of my health to the spring, to my perfect resignation, or my total relinquishment of hope, since to cease to hope is to procure repose. I had, however, no sooner quitted Moscow than I perceived I began to gain strength. I also regained my fortitude, and often, by way of consolation, I reflected on the cases of several unfortunate persons, whose ills resembled mine. I thought of Napper Tandy, of the exiles at Cayenne; but the former had taken an active part in the troubles of his country; the others, more unhappy perhaps than myself, had been concerned in the administration of a disjointed state; they were innocent, it is true, but they had been punished

for the avowal of sentiments openly expressed; but what opinions had I avowed? In a word, if their torments have surpassed mine, my innocence, at least, was more self-evident than theirs.

Nothing, alas! can be more tormenting than the condition of the man who, every time he looks into himself, finds the consciousness of his own misery assailing him like the serpents of Lacoon, in every possible direction, and torturing him under a thousand various shapes. Such was my case, isolated as I was in my carriage, without a human creature near me to offer comfort, to advise me, or to listen to my complaints; with no object to divert my attention, but the discordant song of Alexander Schülkins, and the heavy sallies of my execrable Counsellor, whose jokes were all alike, and every moment repeated. If the Courier fell asleep, he would tickle his

nose with the tassel of his cane till he had awaked him, and he would then rub him between the shoulders with the head of it. When we came to a high mountain, he would exclaim : *Moladinka gora !* (the little young mountain). And was it but a moderate one, he would cry : *Wot star-ucha !* (see the old mountain). A man must, like myself, have frequented good company, to have any idea of the horrid disgust I continually felt in the society of these animals. The Counsellor has often repeated to me that he had five hundred souls in his possession ;* but I can safely aver he does not carry the half of one about him. The only good quality the man had, was intrepidity in the hour of danger. He would even tempt the danger he could

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* This is the expression used by the Russians when they are speaking of the peasants.

have avoided: he never, for instance, would allow the carriage wheels to be locked in descending the steepest mountains. One day our horses took fright coming down a hill, at the foot of which was a brook; over the brook was a bridge; but from the direction the horses had taken, it was evident that they could not reach it. The wheels were within two paces of the brink; the Counsellor, without hesitation, immediately leaped out; his foot slipped, and he fell down the declivity; notwithstanding this, he was able to sustain with his hands the weight of the carriage, which was on the point of turning over; the postilion then drove on, and it was by this fool-hardy manœuvre that we escaped being thrown into the brook.

He often gave us proof of similar intrepidity, particularly when we had ri-

vers to cross, which are very dangerous in Russia, and remarkably so in the spring, when the melting of the snows suddenly transforms a brook into a deep stream. The method of ferrying over them is also ill contrived and dangerous. Two boats fastened together by osier twigs, and covered with planks, constitute the only conveyance for all sorts of carriages. Two rowers tugging on the same side of this flying-bridge, force it on, while a pilot at the other end steers its course. In this manner the most difficult ferries are crossed. During the passage the boats are generally filled with water. Frequently a mere raft, constructed in the slightest manner, forms the ferry boat, so that the passenger is sure to be drenched to the skin. These sort of flat-bottomed boats are fastened by a rope, and held till the current grows rapid, when they are let loose, and kept

as much as possible in a diagonal direction.

We had to pass the river Sura, near the little town of Wasilkoi. When we arrived at the banks of it, the wind was extremely boisterous, and this small stream, which, during the summer months, is almost dry, was now so swoln, that the country, for a German mile round it, was flooded, and even the tops of the loftiest trees were below the water. We waited a considerable time before we could venture upon this passage. The boat was on the opposite side, and more than two hours had passed before we were observed: at last it came to our assistance. We had judged from its slow motion, when empty, though furnished with an extra number of oars, that with our incumbrance it would proceed still more slowly. The boatmen assured us, the mo-

ment they arrived, the passage would be attended with much danger, and that it was absolutely necessary to wait till the wind abated. The Counsellor did not attend to their advice, but determined, at all events, to embark without loss of time. I coincided with him, for I braved fortune, and defied its power to render my situation more lamentable than it already was. The men, however, refused to take us: it was necessary to shew them our orders; they then made the sign of the cross, and prayed God to be their helper.

At first we proceeded extremely well, as we were under the shelter of a neck of land, which completely shielded us from the tempest: but when we gained the middle of the river, we began to be much incommoded. The wind blew with such violence, and drove us along with such rapidity, that, in spite of the

efforts of the boatmen, we could no longer weather the storm. We then drove towards a bush, which appeared to be of no very considerable size, and as we approached it, the affrighted rowers strained every nerve to avoid getting foul of it. They uttered several loud exclamations, but I could not understand what they said. Well, said I to myself, we can but run aground, and as we are so near the town, we shall soon be relieved. Their fears, however, were not ill founded, as I soon perceived, when on drawing nigh the supposed bush, I found it was nothing less than the top of a clump of trees, whose roots lay deeper under water than our longest pole could reach. We now got entangled among their branches, and were in danger of being destroyed. The cords of the raft seemed incapable of resisting such violent and repeated shocks. The

two boats on which it was placed, were on the point of breaking asunder, in which case the carriage and horses must have floated down the stream. But this was not the greatest danger that threatened us; one of the boats was lifted up by the top of a tree, and the other, which sunk in proportion, was filling with water very fast. The declivity of the raft became so considerable, that our horses with difficulty kept their footing, and began to be very unruly. We were ourselves obliged to hold fast by the wheels of the carriage, and were all but too sensible that this perilous situation must soon yield to something still worse.

The Counsellor himself was at length convinced of the danger into which his rashness had plunged us: he grew pale and uneasy; then laying hold of a pole with a hook, he grappled the bough of a tree; the Courier did the same, and

the boatmen, abandoning both helm and oars, followed their example. I remained the only inactive person on board, and sat wrapped up in my cloke in the carriage, perfectly resigned, and awaited the worst that could befal me with tranquillity.

The Counsellor's manœuvre saved the raft from falling to pieces, and at length we got clear of the bushes; but were after all unable to make the shore, and our boatmen being quite worn out with fatigue, we returned to our former station. Fortunately a light barge soon came to our assistance; this being fastened to the raft, our people again set to work, with the addition of four fresh hands, and we soon arrived safe on the opposite shore.

Were I disposed to jest, I might say with Tamino,* that in going to Siberia,

* A character in the Enchanted Flute.

I had been obliged to pass through fire and water before I had been initiated in the dark mysteries of the country. One night we saw a large forest in flames. At a distance the spectacle produced a grand effect, but when I found we were to pass through it, this new kind of danger made me shudder. Some burning pines which had fallen one against the other, actually formed an arch of fire in the very middle of the road, while others threatened to fall upon our heads. We frequently observed trees burnt eight or ten feet at bottom, supported by the mere thickness of their bark, their tops and branches as yet untouched by the flames. We came at length to a fir-tree on fire from top to bottom, which was overturned across the road. At first we hesitated what to do, as it was equally dangerous to proceed or to turn back. It was at length

determined to proceed; the postilion whipped the horses, and drove them over the lowest part of the tree. This agreeable passage was at least a thousand paces in length.

There is nothing more common in travelling through Russia, than to meet with these fires. I had before seen several, but not so near at hand. The natives appear delighted at such accidents: the country is so encumbered with forests, that they take no means whatever to extinguish such conflagrations.

We proceeded through Wolodimer, and Nichnei Novogorod. The reader will not expect any description of these cities. The sensations with which I was oppressed precluded all observation of these places, which, however, many travellers have already described, and of which I could relate nothing new.

One morning as we were about to depart from a village where we had slept the preceding night, we heard the bells of some post-horses that were on the road coming to Moscow. This agreeable sound, which I had in my ears ever since I left that city, excited a sudden sensation in my mind, and my heart beat violently. "A courier!" cried a peasant, "a courier!" I instantly ran out. The sound drew nearer; it was in truth a courier, but not a courier dispatched to announce my recal. An unfortunate old man, dressed in a bed-gown and night-cap, with fetters on his legs, now made his appearance, seated in a wretched kibitk. This prisoner was a lieutenant-colonel of Räsan, a man in good circumstances, and, like myself, a husband and a father; he had been dragged out of his bed in the middle of the night, and, like me, torn from his

afflicted family, and destined also to the same spot where I was travelling. A quarrel which he had had with the governor was the cause of his misfortune. The irons with which he was loaded had swelled his legs exceedingly; he had no change of linen, no clothes, and, in short, was in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined.

He was escorted by a police officer, belonging to the town of Räsan. This man, who was a Greek by birth, and who spoke Italian very fluently, appeared to be very civil and well-disposed, and to do all in his power to alleviate the misfortune of his prisoner. He even went so far as to take off his chains, which our Counsellor would have been glad to have fastened on me. His good humour had pleased my odious guard to such a degree, that he allowed me to chat with him, though our conversation

might naturally enough have displeased him, as it was carried on in Italian, a language of which he had not the least knowledge. I was delighted with this meeting; the man was well informed, and after three lonely weeks, to find a human creature with whom I could converse, was an inexpressible pleasure to me.

From this moment we generally travelled in company, and though we separated from time to time, we soon met again. The Colonel seemed to be a quiet good-natured man, and to bear his misfortune with great dignity of mind. In comparing our different cases, the consideration of his calamity was well calculated to reconcile me in a certain degree to my own. In his escort he was more fortunate than me; but in other respects his condition was worse than mine, as he was in total want of

every thing, not having had time to take any money with him.

This unfortunate gentleman, being continually in sight, afforded me a spectacle that mitigated my own affliction. It revived my sinking resolution, and I endeavoured to imitate his firmness of mind. I was furnished with tea, and we often drank it together. He would smile as a token of gratitude: we wished much to relate our mutual sorrows, but that consolation was denied us.

I cannot refrain from noticing a natural phenomenon which I saw on the road. It was a man one hundred and thirty years old. His eldest son, who was eighty, appeared not more than fifty. He has a numerous progeny.—When we arrived at his dwelling, we found him lying on a couch, with nothing but a hard matrass under him. Excepting his sight, which was

grown very weak, he had all his faculties unimpaired. He still continued to go into the woods in quest of bark to make his shoes; and I was much struck to observe that his hands were neither wrinkled nor thin, as is commonly the case with old people. As soon as he saw us he arose, dressed himself, and offered me his bed. I was affected by this act of hospitality. That a man, almost a century older than myself, should offer me his bed, and sleep himself on the ground, was indeed a very singular act of kindness! I felt peculiar delight in gazing on the old man, and left him with much regret. I should have been glad to have asked him many questions relative to his manner of living, which doubtless was a principal cause of his attaining such an extreme old age, but our stay was too short, and indeed I was not sufficiently master of the Russian language. All that

I was able to learn on this subject was, that he had married late in life, and had never been addicted to the use of strong liquors.

At the last post before Cäsan, we met with General Mertens, whom I had formerly known. This officer, who was a German by birth, had lately been nominated Vice-governor of Perm. We met on the banks of the Wolga, and as the environs were under water as far as the eye could reach, we made a long passage together. I rejoiced at this meeting; I had not spoken German for the last three weeks: We talked of the good old times, and he listened to the story of my misfortunes with great attention.—The Counsellor, who formerly had served under him, could not, from respect to the General, interrupt our conversation. I learnt many occurrences that had taken place, few of which were of

an agreeable nature. He was himself much out of humour with fortune. He was a Major-General of considerable standing, and had been invested with a civil employment, without having solicited or desired it, and sent to Perm, two thousand verstes from Petersburg, where he had left his family. The office of Vice-Governor of that town was rather a degradation than an advancement. I shall conclude his story by observing, that Fortune, who had seemed to frown on him, in making him Vice-Governor of Perm, where in fact he was nothing better than an exile, had since smiled on him; for when he arrived at that place, he received a commission which named him to the Government of Twer, a city situated not far from Moscow, and which holds a distinguished rank among the Russian Provinces. He arrived at the seat of his government by a very

singular road, having made his way *per aspera ad astra.* Ah! Why did not the Emperor act in the same manner towards me: Had he only ordered me to be conducted to Petersburg through Siberia, I would erase from the tablet of my memory every circumstance of this narrative.

We arrived in the evening at Cäsan, avoiding the inns as usual. It was late, and I saw but little of this remarkable city. Here the Counsellor had friends, as in all other parts, very useful friends, with whom he could lodge without expence. We alighted in the Tartar suburbs, three verstes from the city, at the house of Lieut. Justifey Temofectsch, a man about fifty years of age, and one of the best creatures in the world. He was married but had no children: he seemed flattered by the friendship of the Counsellor, and wished for no greater

honour than his high protection. It was easy to perceive that he was not in very affluent circumstances, nevertheless both he and his wife received us with so much kindness, and offered us every thing they had to offer in so cordial a manner, that I never shall forget their hospitality. Had my appetite been much greater than it was, they would have been so much the more happy. It was however far from being moderate, as all the post-houses we had stopped at, on the other side of Cäsan, were mere pig-sties. The Tschermists and the Wotiaks who keep them are all dirty and beastly people, scarcely acquainted with the laws of hospitality; not even a chair is to be found in their houses.

Notwithstanding the keenness of my appetite, had I been even Sancho himself, I could never have swallowed every thing my good host of Cäsan placed be-

fore me. Early in the morning was served coffee, with bread and butter; an hour after *pirogue* (a kind of meat pie) with brandy; two hours later, more brandy, with soused fish, sausages, and such things. Afterwards came in dinner, consisting of four very large dishes; then at three o'clock coffee and biscuits; at five tea, with several kinds of pastry, and at night, after all this feasting, came a plentiful supper. Heavens! how my two companions laboured; they had certainly stomachs which contained a storehouse against a time of scarcity! In addition to this good eating and drinking, I was accommodated with a good bed, and for the first night of my journey slept soundly: I might even say, that the halt would have refreshed me very much, had not the great number of *taracans** interrupted the en-

* Blatta oxientalis: they are called in Germany *Kakerlakes*.

joyment of it. It is difficult to form an idea of the prodigious quantities of these insects that infested every room. I had never seen so many together, even in the most wretched hut. They kept running by thousands over the walls and ceiling; and whenever a candle appeared, these thousands were converted into millions. A piece of bread left on the table would be instantly covered with them; and when the inhabitants take their meals, they always sit at a distance from the walls. When in bed, however, though I slept with the curtains open, not one of them molested me.

We remained two days at Cäsan, or rather in the Tartar suburb. Here by stealth I wrote with a pencil another note to my wife, but I know not whether she received it. I then began to commit to paper the substance of a memorial to the Emperor, and as all writ-

ing for this purpose was positively forbidden me, I was obliged to observe the strictest precaution in my proceedings. At first I only ventured to scribble with a pencil. I had one about me which I had bought at Moscow, on the pretext of noting down the posts. I had likewise two dictionaries to assist me in the attainment of the Russian language, and on the margin of these books I made my memorandums. For this purpose I availed myself of every solitary moment; these were often of short duration indeed; but the repairs of the carriage obliging the Counsellor to go more than once to the blacksmith's, I had then several hours at my command. In these dictionaries I registered many circumstances without awakening the least suspicion. At Cäsan, indeed, I remained much in bed, concealed by curtains which still admitted sufficient light

to enable me to proceed with my task. In this manner I wrote without interruption, as my companions imagining rest to be extremely necessary to my health, were very willing that I should take it. I began to consider this work as an indespensible measure; in the first place, because I had no reliance on the Counsellor's declarations that I should be allowed to write at Tobolsk; and in the second, I had an opportunity of sending these sketches to my wife, who would arrange them in proper order, and forward them to their destination.

The rest of my time I passed in a very dull manner at Cäsan. I commonly sat at the window which looked into the court-yard, where my carriage stood to remind me of the misery I had suffered in it for three long weeks.

A handsome Tartar woman, who

lodged in the room over me, furnished me however with some amusement; not that I was struck either with her beauty or her youth, but she afforded a picture of the Tartar manners, which was quite a novel subject to me. When a female of that nation sees a stranger, she is obliged by custom to run from him, or to hide her face. This woman had some business to transact in a small warehouse exactly opposite to my window. The sight of me embarrassed her extremely, and she remained undecided whether to stay or go; but observing that I kept my ground, she took her resolution, and covering herself with a linen cloth she had at hand, ventured across the yard. At other times she had only her arms to screen her face from my view; but having always something to carry in her hands, this expedient proved very inconvenient to her, and by way of re-

medy she would lift up the corner of the handkerchief she had about her neck, and convert it into a veil. This was robbing Peter to pay Paul, for it left her bosom bare: Again, endeavouring to hide one part, she exposed the other; and whenever any thing fell out of her hand, she would stoop down to recover it, and then both face and neck were exposed. I should scarcely have conceived it possible, that so much bashfulness and so much coquetry could be united; and I confess that at any other time, I should have enjoyed this little intrigue much longer.

An incident of a very different nature, however, occurred just as we were taking leave of this place: Alexander Schulkins, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed, "A Senate-courier!" and instantly hallooed out to him, "who are you looking for?"

"For you," was the reply. This answer threw me into great agitation of mind; my knees shook, and I was incapable of seeing any thing around me. A courier from the senate! said I to myself. What can he want? Surely his errand concerns me! Alas, no!—Two Senators were travelling to Siberia to inspect the government. The Courier who attended them, hearing of our arrival, had come to see Alexander Schulkins, his old comrade. Never in my life did I experience so painful an illusion. It was long before I could recover either my senses or the use of my limbs. From this moment I gave up all hopes of being overtaken by a courier, and in the same proportion that I had hitherto wished to defer my departure, I now eagerly desired to accelerate it. I became anxious to know my fate, in order to inform my

wife of it, and without loss of time to present my memorial to the Emperor.

We left Cäsan the 17th of May, old style, and though the season was agreeably warm, we still found great quantities of snow in the woods. The distance from Cäsan to Perm is nearly six hundred verstes: the route runs all the way through forests, in which we often travelled four German miles together without seeing a single village. The road is wide and pretty level; it is, however, frequently intersected by swamps, and being repaired with faggots, the traveller is almost jolted to death.

We met several companies of robbers, chained in couples, who were marching on foot to the mines of Nertschinsk;* among them I observed several women.

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* These companies are often six months on their way.

They were escorted by the peasantry of the neighbourhood: as they passed, they asked our charity. Alas! though riding in a carriage, I was certainly more unfortunate than they were. (Sufferings are to be measured by the mind.) The sight of these wretches, the gloominess of the forest, the recitals of the horrid murders committed in these deserts, not a little conspired to aggravate my melancholy: but, O God of consolation, thou aidest the unhappy when overwhelmed with sorrows, and sendest hope to comfort them! Yes, even in this forest, that benign star began to shine upon me. It shone indeed at a distance, but it shed a beam that penetrated the dark gloom that hung over my soul. It gradually dispersed, and my heart, while I am penning this passage, still feels its encouraging glow. I cannot now mention whence this sudden alteration arose;

perhaps I may never avow it.* Should I ever be able to do so, it must be after having realised this pleasing hope. Let me only add, that it was founded upon my wife's affection; the basis indeed was a solid one: yes, if she still lived, her love was my guarantee that she would fly to my assistance.

We arrived at Perm without any accident; it is an unpleasant town, and our Counsellor had not a single acquaintance in it. We lodged at a clock-maker's who kept a sort of an inn. His name was Rosenburg; he was born at Riga, and had formerly been in the service of Prince Biron. We were here accommodated with every thing that we wanted; and I now began to perceive my

* My hopes originated in the plan of an escape which I had formed and expected to execute with the assistance of my wife. This will be explained in the sequel.

Counsellor grew less mistrustful of me. He frequently left me quite alone; and the box in which my money was kept lay near me unlocked on the table. I availed myself of a moment that seemed so favourable to my design, and took out a hundred roubles. This idea of robbing my own store occurred to me as a kind of presentiment that it was soon going to be attacked for the last time. Our Counsellor, on his return, asked me for some more money, and I refused him without any ceremony. He then grew so much out of humour that I determined to open the box before him. "See," said I, "here are only one hundred and ten roubles. What a small sum, in my present situation, in a strange country, and in want of absolute necessaries! This is all I have to subsist on till I can procure a supply from a family at five hundred German miles

distance. Here are, however, fifty roubles; if you are not satisfied with these, do your worst; but I know how to find redress." He appeared to be struck with these last words, and, becoming more complaisant, took the fifty roubles, and ceased to torment me. His principles, it seems, were quite opposite to those of seamen, who are rough and boisterous at the beginning of the voyage, but grow kind and friendly towards the end of it; whereas the nearer we drew to our destination, the more uncivil our Counsellor became. Doubtless nothing but the fear of my elopement had induced him to assume a decency of manners, and now that he no longer entertained any apprehensions on that head, he began to think there was no longer any necessity for restraint upon his behaviour.

We were on the point of setting out

from I know not what post, at about eight o'clock in the evening, when a dark storm burst over us, and it began to thunder. I intreated the Counsellor, in the most pressing manner, to defer our departure till the storm had abated; but he positively refused. I represented the dangers we had to dread from such tempestuous weather, that our horses had iron about them, that the carriage contained much of that metal, and that such conductors alone were sufficient to attract the lightning. He told me with a sneer that all that was an idle story. I added, that prudent travellers generally got out of their carriages, and chose some open spot to remain in, when overtaken by thunder-storms. But my Counsellor still sneered at me, and asked me how I could give credit to such trash. Irritated not only at his want of complaisance, but likewise at

his ignorance, which certainly ought not to have vexed me at all, I threw myself into the carriage. Why should I dread death? said I to myself. Only creatures like this man should fear it; for what has he to expect beyond the grave?

We continued our route, and the claps of thunder grew more loud and frequent. We passed over a heath which on one side the road was in a blaze. This kind of conflagration is different from that of a wood. The flame crawls along in a serpentine direction, at one time quick, at another slow. Sometimes it darts upwards, but never continues long in that direction; sometimes it lurks concealed and concentrated, till it finds fresh fuel to feed upon.

Although this fire was by no means dangerous, yet the spectacle altogether was exceedingly terrible. Here the

flames of the heath and under-wood crackled; there the lightning flashed, and the heavens were all on fire. Such were the combined horrors of the route for several verstes together, when at length we came to a wood of fir and birch of small extent. Having cleared the wood, we found the country all under water. A bridge of boats lay on the bank for the purpose of ferrying over to a village on the other side, but it was unattended and empty. The inundation extended so far, that we stood at a great distance from the village, where the boatmen were now regaling themselves. We called loudly for these men, but remained a considerable time before we could be heard: at last a man crossed over to us in a small boat. Though the raft had but one rope, and the water we had to cross was stagnant, yet I was of opinion that a single boatman was in-

sufficient for the purpose of ferrying us over: but the Counsellor was determined to try the experiment, and accordingly ordered the man to bring the raft to the bank. The boatman replied that he could not do so on account of the shallows, as it would drive the raft aground, which, with our additional weight, could not be got off again; but the man added, that we had five good horses which were well able to draw us to the raft. We therefore proceeded, the wheels sunk in stiff clay; four horses reached the raft, but the fifth, endeavouring to do the same, slipped back, and remained with his hind parts deep in the water, and at last floundered on one side; nor could any means induce him to get upon his legs again. In the mean time the other horses kept pulling on. My companions had jumped out of the carriage; I remained in it, se-

cretly delighted at what had happened. At length observing that the slight rope which fastened the raft was likely to be broken by the struggles of the horses, I thought it would be imprudent not to follow their example, and I accordingly stepped into the water, and climbed on board the raft. The Counsellor took the whip, and mounted the driver's seat; the postilion held the horses by the reins, the courier beat them forwards with the bough of a tree, the boatmen laid hold of the rope, and I remained with my arms folded, and my feet wet, exposed to a most violent shower of rain. In the midst of all this bustle, a thunder-bolt fell upon a birch-tree. The report was terrible. They all let fall their arms, and only raised them again to make a thousand signs of the cross upon their breasts and foreheads. *Gospodin pomilu* was repeated incessantly.

The Counsellor was confounded, and the Courier upbraided him with not having listened to his advice. I smiled, but did not utter a word.

The distance from Perm to Tobolsk is computed to be nine hundred verstes, but the road and the country are far superior to those between Cäsan and Perm. Instead of those gloomy forests of pine, we now saw young woods of birch intermixed with extensive and fertile fields, in a high state of cultivation, and opulent villages, either Russian or Tartar, situated at no great distance from each other. The countenances of the peasants appear so contented and cheerful on Sundays and holidays, that the traveller can scarcely persuade himself he is really in Siberia. In these villages the houses are much cleaner than in those of the other Russians. The inns have each two rooms; the common

one, called the *isba*, and the other the *gornitza*. These chambers have windows glazed with transparent pebble; there are tables covered with decent tapestry, and a variety of fine images are placed in every corner. They are furnished also with many household utensils, which we had not seen in any of the peasants' houses for a considerable distance; such as glasses, cups and saucers, &c. I likewise remarked more hospitality among the people of these parts than even among the Russians, whose language, I should observe, bears no resemblance to theirs.

On working-days the country seems to be thinly inhabited; one may travel for hours together without meeting a single man, and yet these apparently desert lands are so extremely fertile, that they appear as if they were cultivated by

magic. Every holiday the young girls, clad in white and red, or in blue, resort to the village green, and entertain themselves with singing and dancing. The young men have their own amusements; parties of them were less frequently seen than of the other sex, and were less numerous, which must be attributed to the late levies, which had considerably diminished their number in these parts. I did not observe the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes in any of their sports. I saw a great number of children, most of whom were, however, born in the reign of Catharine.

The peasants in general cherish a tender remembrance of the late Empress: they call her *matuschka* (little mother.) On the contrary, they seldom speak of her son, the present Emperor, and when they do it is with great reserve.

In all the government of Perm, Ekaterinabur * is the only town of importance. Here the Counsellor discovered my writings, which threw him into a violent rage. Had I not prevented him, he would have torn my books. "I shall let the Governor see these," said he. "You may if you please," replied I; they contain nothing more than the draught of a memorial which I intend to present to the Emperor; and I began the task with so much the more confidence, as you had assured me, in the most positive terms, this indulgence would be granted me." "That," replied he, "will depend on the last instructions sent to the Governor." "What," said I, "then you are not certain, after all your oaths, that I am to remain at Tobolsk! And yet you assured me, on

* Celebrated for the mines in its neighbourhood.

the word and honour of a man, that that city was to be the end of my journey!"

He appeared to be confounded, and assured me again that he was not the bearer of any order that implied my being sent further than Tobolsk. Here he paused: my reproaches doubtless made him forget what else he had to say; at least he said no more. He had, however, renewed my anxiety; my fate still appeared to be undecided.

Tiumen was the first town we came to on the frontiers of Siberia. We passed through a forest about forty verstes short of this place, in which the direction-posts indicate that the traveller is already in the jurisdiction of Tobolsk. The Counsellor was inhuman enough to point to these posts, and to explain the intention of them. I made no reply though my heart was bursting with an-

An insane Exile enquiring for dispatches.

guish. Alas! was it not enough to be a prey to all the ills that a quick sense of feeling created within me? Was it necessary that this executioner should resort to outward objects to increase my sufferings? I was now actually in Siberia; and a circumstance occurred at the first post, not at all calculated to assuage the agony of mind I had suffered at the sight of the direction-posts. I shall relate the anecdote, which inflicted torments upon my heart never to be forgotten.

We stopped to change horses at a village, and as I was sitting at the door of a cottage, breaking some bread into a bowl of milk, an old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were white as snow, threw himself on the ground, and enquired with extreme earnestness if we had brought him any letters from Revel. I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon

him ; I doubted whether I had rightly understood him, upon which a woman, who was standing by, whispered me ; —" this man has lost his senses : he starts from his bed every time he hears of the arrival of a stranger, and always asks the same question." " Give me a piece of paper," continued she, " and I will pacify him ; otherwise you will have much trouble with him, for he will persist in staying here, and tire you with his lamentations." She then pretended to read a letter to him, beginning with these words—" My dear hus- " band, I am in perfect health, as like- " wise are all our children. Make your- " self easy, we shall soon be with you." The old man appeared to listen with extreme delight ; he smiled and stroked his beard ; then taking the paper in his hand he pressed it to his bosom. He now related very rationally that he had

formerly been a soldier, and had served on board the Revel fleet, at Cronstadt, and at other places; he added that he was an invalid, that he had just left his wife, and that she was now with her children at Revel. The woman told us that he had left them thirty years ago; the poor man vehemently contradicted her, and then seated himself on the end of the bench, where my two gentlemen were amusing themselves in their old way, and of whom he appeared to take no notice. After this, he uttered some words which I could not well hear, then cried out aloud; "My dearest, where art thou at this moment; art thou at Revel, at Riga, or at Petersburg?—These words were so applicable to my own situation, that I had scarcely strength enough to rise from my seat, and retire to conceal my tears. This good old man, thought I, exhibits a picture of

what ere long I may be. Deprived of reason, I may perhaps one day loiter about the road, and ask the passengers if they had any letters from Revel. Even now I may exclaim, like him, "My dearest, where art thou at this moment? Art thou at Petersburg, at Riga, or at Revel?" Never, O never, did I experience such a painful moment! The image of the old man is for ever engraven on my memory; it is present to me when I awake; it haunts me in my dreams, and is eternally before me.

The carriage was ready before I had well recovered myself; my companions, who saw me lay aside the bowl of milk, could not conceive what ailed me, nor did I acquaint them with the state of my feelings, which would only have incurred their ridicule. I almost blush to relate, that on leaving the poor lunatic I made him a small present. The man,

who for the long space of thirty-five years had never lost sight of his family, was a being of no common stamp; nor could the sufferings of his heart be relieved by money; he received what I gave him with perfect indifference, and without thanks. I felt the blood rise into my cheeks, and I covered my face as I left him. Such was my entrance into Siberia. The Irtisch and the Tobol had deluged the country for some miles round; we were therefore obliged to leave our carriage, and to embark with our baggage on board a slight barge. The day was warm, and the boat sailed very fast. My companions began to snore, and left me at full leisure to reflect on the uncertainty of my destination.

Three hours after this Tobolsk appeared at a short distance. The city is built on the banks of the Irtisch; its

steeples produce a grand effect, and that part of the town, which is called the citadel, where the Governor's palace forms a prominent object, was particularly striking; on a nearer view, however, it appeared partly in ruins, having formerly suffered by fire. It was now that I had an opportunity of fully ascertaining the difference between the coarse but kind disposition of Alexander Schulkins and the unfeeling apathy of the Counsellor. When the latter awoke he gave a loose to the most indecent exultations of delight, and laughed immoderately without the least regard to that delicacy, which respect for the unfortunate so naturally inspires. He appeared like an executioner, who, the moment he has taken away the life of a fellow-creature, assumes a look of satisfaction, and applauds his own dexterity. The Courier, on the contrary,

was silent and dejected, at seeing me so near a place where my destiny was to be decided; he gazed on me by stealth from time to time, with looks of sorrow and compassion.

We entered the town by water: the lower parts were overflown, the streets were full of boats, in which the inhabitants were carrying on the necessary business of the day.

On the tenth of May in the afternoon, we landed near the great market place.* We procured a kibick, and instantly repaired to the Governor's house. When we arrived at the door, the Counsellor entered and left me in the carriage. This was a painful quarter of an hour indeed! The servants stared at me, and whispered one another; all this gave me

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* Called the basar, the name this part of the town bears all over Asia.

great uneasiness. At last the Counsellor returned, and beckoned me to follow him. He then led me through the garden to a summer-house, where the Governor had been taking an afternoon's nap. I asked my conductor if I was to remain here; and he answered me dryly: "Indeed, Sir, I cannot say."—The summer-house was open; I with a firm step entered alone; the Counsellor remained without. The Governor M. de Kuschelef, who had been represented to me as a very humane man, by the people at Perm, seemed about forty years old; his person was noble, and his countenance full of intelligence. His first words were these: *Parlez-vous François, Monsieur?* The question drove me almost frantic with delight, so happy was I to be at length able to explain myself. *Oui*, stammered I, with great eagerness.

He then begged me to be seated.

"Your name is familiar to me, it is the name of an author."

"Alas, Sir! I am myself that author." "How!" cried he, "can that be possible? What has occasioned you to be brought here?" "I imagined your Excellency would have informed me of that." "I inform you! I am utterly ignorant of it. See what the order states: you are President de Kotzebue of Revel, and you are consigned to my custody." (He shewed me the paper, which contained only five or six lines.) "I do not come from Revel," said I, "but from the frontiers of Prussia." "Perhaps you had not permission to enter Russia?" "I had a passport in due form, signed by the Emperor, and expedited by his order; but this passport has not been respected: on the contrary, I have been torn from the arms of my family, in order, as I was told, to be conveyed

to Petersburg, and without any further explanation, I have been dragged hither."

The Governor was about to speak, but he suddenly checked himself. "Do you know nothing more than this?" at length continued he; "do you suspect any thing which might have been laid to your charge?" "I have not the least suspicion of any thing whatever," replied I; "may I perish, Sir, if I can form any conjecture. Your Excellency may easily imagine I have been racking my brains, during the whole journey, to discover what could have occasioned this proceeding: but I am unable even to guess at the cause."

The Governor, after a short pause, continued: "I have read such of your works as have been translated into the Russian language, and I am extremely happy to be acquainted with you; for your own sake, however, I could have

wished not to have been introduced to you here."

"It is a great consolation," replied I, "to meet with a man of your worth, and I flatter myself I shall be able at least to remain in this neighbourhood." "Much as I should gain by your socciety," answered he, "I am unable to grant your request." I grew quite alarmed. "I must not hope then to stay here," cried I, in the bitterness of my heart; "miserable indeed must that man be, who considers the privilege of remaining at Tobolsk an indulgence! Must I drag on my wretched existence on a spot still more remote?"

"Every thing in my power shall be done to alleviate the severity of your situation, but my orders require me to assign you a place of retirement within the limits of my government, and Tobolsk is expressly excluded. I need not ob-

serve that I cannot act against my instructions: make choice of any town, except Tiumen, which, on account of its contiguity to the high road, cannot be allotted you."

"I am an utter stranger to Siberia, and resign myself with confidence to your Excellency's goodness; but, were it possible, I am desirous of being at no great distance from this spot!"

He immediately named Tschim, as the nearest town, which is situate within three hundred and forty verstes, or fifty German miles, from Tobolsk; "but, continued he, I would advise you to prefer Kurgan,* a hundred verstes farther off, but situated in a milder climate. Kurgan, said he with a smile, is the Italy of Siberia. You will even find wild cher-

* It is written in this manner, but pronounced Kurgahn.

ries there; but what is of more importance, the state of society there is very agreeable."

"I am at present so exhausted, that I wish, if it could be allowed me, to remain here a few weeks at least, to recover my strength?" The Governor paused: after a short reflection—"Yes," replied he, with great goodness, "that may be done, and I will obtain you the assistance of a physician." Another request laboured in my mind: "May I write to the Emperor?" said I, in a stammering voice. "Certainly." "And to my wife?" "Yes; but that can only be done under cover to the Crown Advocate, who will take care to forward the letter, if it contains nothing suspicious."

I felt myself still more consoled: he gave orders that a good lodging should be provided for me in the town, and I took my leave of him, as did the Coun-

sellor, who, I could observe, had been treated with very little consideration.

"Are you to remain here?" said the Counsellor, after we had left the Governor's palace. "No," replied I coldly; but I soon after related the whole interview to the good-hearted Schülkins. The Counsellor told me that the Governor had asked him if I was related to an author of my name, but that he did not understand what he meant. I could not forbear smiling at the man's stupidity: nothing indeed could be more ludicrous than his surprise to find so many people at Tobolsk acquainted with me, and to observe the respect and attention that was paid to me there. His friends, Maximoff of Moscow, and Justifei Timofeitsch of Cäsan, had said nothing concerning me; and to speak frankly, I was myself surprised to discover how well I was known, and to meet such kind-

hearted people in those remote and savage regions.

The police soon pointed out the lodging commonly occupied by people of distinction who are banished to Siberia. It consisted of two rooms; it belonged to an inhabitant of the place; and as this man was compelled to furnish the rooms without receiving any retribution, he had not been at all solicitous to fit them up in a capital style. The windows were broken, the walls naked, or hung with ragged old-fashioned tapestry, and the chambers swarmed with insects. Under the windows was a stagnant pond exhaling putrid vapours. This is an exact picture of the apartments, but they were far from appearing contemptible in the eyes of a man, who a few minutes before had dreaded being consigned to a dark dungeon. It was indeed but too natural to expect every thing that was

dreadful; having been dragged in this extraordinary manner into Siberia, I had no security that a prison did not await me there; or even the discipline of the knout, had my persecutors thought fit to administer it! From this time I was relieved from the torments of uncertainty; my fate seemed to be decided. I had arrived at the very acmé of misery, and I began calmly to contemplate the whole extent of my misfortune.

By means of a little civility on my part, which appeared to strike my host as a novelty, and which was nothing more with me than a virtue of habit, I soon prevailed on him to accommodate me with a table and two wooden stools. It would have been vain to have asked for a bedstead; but I had almost forgotten the use of one, and it was no new thing to me to spread my cloke on the ground, with an old silk surtout,

which has often served as a covering for my youngest child. I know not how it happened that the maid put this coat into the carriage, but I am exceedingly obliged to her care; for the sight of it renewed sensations of a very endearing nature! To these coverings I added a mattress which I purchased in the town. Here, said I, throwing myself upon it, here is my death-bed!

An hour after this an officer of the police made his appearance to take formal possession of my person. He received me from the hands of the Counsellor, with whom, heaven be praised, I had thenceforth nothing more to do! This officer, whose name was Katatinski, was a man of a most agreeable figure: he was attended by a single subaltern. "I shall call every day," said he, "but merely for the sake of form, to pay you a visit, and to know how you are; for

I must make a daily report concerning you. This man, indeed, (alluding to the subaltern) must remain continually about you, but less as a guard than as a person ready to serve you.

The Counsellor, happy to have done with me, told me on going away, that he should immediately introduce a friend of his to me, whom he had brought into Siberia the preceding summer, and of whom he had already spoken in very flattering terms on the road; but as his praise was no recommendation with me, I had no desire to make this new acquaintance. My surprize was however the more agreeable, when he introduced M. Kiniäkoff, one of the best informed young men I had ever met with. He accosted me in French, assured me he had repeatedly read my works, and said many handsome things to me on that subject. He offered me his services, la-

mented that I had experienced the same misfortune that had befallen him, and particularly that I had travelled in such bad company; *with such a miscreant!* That was the flattering appellation with which he honoured the Counsellor.

"But this man calls himself your friend."

"Heaven preserve me from such a friend! You must think I wished to keep on good terms with him, and this I still continue to do."

Kiniäkoff, the son of a man of rank of the town of Simbiesk,* had been sent to Siberia, with two of his brothers, and some other officers, for having lampooned the Emperor. He alone had the good fortune to remain at Tobolsk; two others of them had Irkutzk for

* A place situated two hundred verstes to the south of Cäsan, in a very temperate climate.

their prison; his youngest brother was loaded with fetters, and closely confined in a small fortress four thousand verstes from Tobolsk; another in the dreadful Beresow, a place equalling in horrors all that can be imagined of the infernal regions.

I derived no small consolation from meeting with a man who appeared endowed with noble sentiments, and with whom, from the first quarter of an hour after our meeting, I felt myself as familiar as if he had been an old acquaintance. He promised me books; what luxury! From him I learnt that the Emperor had proscribed all foreign literature throughout his dominions, and that my pieces were frequently acted at Tobolsk, in an indifferent manner indeed, but with great applause; he likewise was pleased to add, that my arrival here was more talked of than that of half a

dozen generals in chief would have been. He even offered me, with the Governor's leave, his house and his table. We conversed together more than an hour, and parted highly satisfied with each other. Among other visitors, Baron de Sommaruga, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Austrian service, and knight of the order of Maria Theresa, did me the favour to call on me. He had fought a duel in consequence of a love affair, while he was at Riga, and his rival, a man of more interest than himself, had procured his exile, without reaping any advantage from it; for the young lady, a girl of eighteen, whom Sommaruga had married, soon after left her relations, and flew to Tobolsk to share the misfortunes of her husband. She undertook this long journey without knowing a word of the Russian language, and under the sole escort of a common Courier. Hear-

ing at Moscow that her husband lay ill at Twer, she instantly flew to him, and after that accompanied him to Tobolsk, where I have often witnessed her unshaken attachment. She has evinced great kindness towards me. Not knowing how to cook victuals, I frequently made my meal upon a slice of dry bread. From this lady, however, I have more than once received a portion of her soup and roast meat.

I also saw here Count de Soltikow, a man advanced in years, and in affluent circumstances, who had been exiled for usurious practices. He kept a good house here, and was a very agreeable companion: through his means I was furnished with newspapers.

Three tradesmen from Moscow, two Frenchmen and a German, increased the number of unfortunate exiles at this place, having been concerned in smug-

gling transactions to the amount of not more than two hundred roubles. The latter, whose name is Becker, is a very worthy and friendly man. His wife has just left him in order to solicit his recal, and if she should not succeed, she intends to return here with her children. I embraced the hopes that this opportunity would likewise enable my own family to join me here.

I also received the visits of four Poles, who had been sent into exile for imprudencies of a political nature. They were poor, though of noble birth, and received each an allowance from the State of twenty copecks, or about ten French sols a day. In a word, my chamber was crouded with guests, a circumstance extremely inconvenient to me; and I felt relieved when the approach of night enabled me to retire to my bed, and to the indulgence of my own reflections.

In the course of the night a remarkable circumstance took place, the explanation of which I must leave to my good friends Doctors Gall and Hufeland. I had fallen asleep; towards twelve o'clock I awoke, and fancied myself on board a ship. I not only felt the rocking motion of the vessel, but heard the flapping of the sails, and the noise and bustle of the crew. As I lay on the floor, I could see no objects through the window, except the sky, and this circumstance added to the force of the illusion. I was sensible it was such, and endeavoured to overcome it. I felt myself, as it were, furnished with two separate minds, the one confirmed what I fancied, the other convinced me that it was all imaginary. I staggered about the room, though I saw the Counsellor, and every thing that surrounded me the evening before, remaining absolutely in the same place.

I went to the window; the wooden houses in the streets I thought were ships, and in every direction I perceived the open sea. Whither am I going? seemed to say one mind. Nowhere, replied the other; you are still in your own apartment. This singular sensation, which I cannot well describe, continued for half an hour; by degrees it became less powerful, and at length entirely quitted me. A violent palpitation of the heart, and a quick convulsive pulse succeeded. Yet I was not feverish, nor did I feel any head-each. My own opinion and conviction is, that the whole must have been the commencement of a species of insanity.

I was visited by Aulic Counsellor Paterson, Surgeon-Major of the town, who was born at Revel. He ascribed this strange delirium to the fatigues I had undergone, both of body and mind.

This explanation, however, appeared unsatisfactory to me, though it was perhaps the best that could be given. I had soon reason to entertain a very favourable opinion of this worthy person: he was a countryman of my wife's, and he quickly gained my confidence by the noble frankness of his behaviour. From my first arrival here, he gave me daily proof of his humanity, which even accompanied me to my desert; for it is to him that I am indebted for many things of the first necessity, which, at Kurgan, where I was compelled to be my own physician, were of invaluable service to me. He also took all possible pains with the Governor in order to procure me the privilege of remaining at Tobolsk, and if he was not successful, it was merely because the order that came with me did not state whether Tobolsk or the Government of Tobolsk was to

be the place of my exile. In the latter case, the spot not being positively specified, the Governor determines as he thinks fit. All my new friends were of opinion that the order being vague, the Governor had it in his power to retain me at Tobolsk; but according to etiquette, he could not assign to me the place where he himself resides. If ever he loses sight of this rule, it is in the case of obscure exiles, and where there is good reason to suppose that no enquiry would be made concerning them. But unfortunately this was not my case, my arrest having been attended with such singular circumstances, that it appeared an affair of no small importance. The Governor naturally concluded that he should be liable to those secret informations which are now so common: in short his whole conduct convinced me that he was unable to grant me this

indulgence, notwithstanding the strong plea of health which M. Peterson did not fail to urge. I however received hopes of obtaining permission to return to Tobolsk whenever my health required it.

As soon as I began to be free from the interruptions of visits, I set about my Memorial to the Emperor, and as I had already sketched the outline, the task was not difficult. It contained eighteen articles, and it is a duty I owe to my reputation, as well as to my wife and children, to insert an extract in this place, that my innocence and the whole tenor of my conduct may be exhibited in the strongest light. It includes a short sketch of my life, both public and private, upon which so many falsehoods, or at least so many ambiguous stories have been universally propagated.

MEMORIAL *in behalf of the unfortunate* KOTZEBUE, *with corroborating Documents contained in the Papers which have been taken from him. Translated from the original French.**

ARTICLE I.

KOTZEBUE, a native of Weimar, son to the late Counsellor of Legation, Kotzebue, was called to Petersburg at the age of eighteen, at the instance of Count de Görz, a friend of his father's, then Envoy from the Court of Berlin. He was appointed Secretary to M. de Bawr, Engineer-General, whom he served with probity in many affairs of importance, and with whom he continued till the decease of the General.

Proof.—The General recommended him in his will to the late Empress, and that Princess, by virtue of an *immenoi-ukase*,† named

* A part of this was drawn up at Kurgan; its sequel, and the subsequent contents of this book, I did not compose till a later period.

† A special *ukase*; that is, one signed by the Empress's own hand.

him a titular Counsellor, and ordered him to be employed in the Administration of Revel, at that time newly organized.

ARTICLE II.

Kotzebue acted in the capacity of Assessor in the Court of Appeals in Revel, in 1783, and exercised that office during two years to the satisfaction of the superior Judges.

Proof.—Count Browne, the Governor-General, recommended him to the vacant place of President of the Magistracy, a station which confers the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the Senate thereupon appointed him in 1785.

ARTICLE III.

Kotzebue filled this office for ten successive years, without incurring the least reproach.

First Proof.—When Kotzebue, at the end of ten years, was obliged to ask his dismission on account of the impaired state of his health, he received it with advanced rank. The *ukase* to this effect is among his sealed-up papers.

Second Proof.—A certificate was signed by the Governor of Revel, relative to the irreproachable manner in which he executed the

duties of his office. The original instrument is among the papers which are sealed up.

ARTICLE IV.

Kotzebue retired to the country in 1795, and built a small villa called Friedenthal, at the distance of forty-eight verstes from Narva, a spot on which he resided till the end of the year 1797, in the midst of his family, and in the service of the muses. He was then invited to Vienna, as Manager of the Court Theatre; the terms being very advantageous, he left his villa, and considered the sacrifice he made as an offering due to his children. He had asked and obtained the Monarch's consent.

Proof.—The passport which the Governor of Revel delivered to him in virtue of superior orders.

ARTICLE V.

Kotzebue resided at Vienna, but still retained his Livonian villa, hoping one day to return thither. He acquitted himself in all his duties with zeal and probity.

Proof.—The flattering certificate of the theatrical Directory. The original is among the seized papers.

ARTICLE VI.

The Emperor Francis II. was well satisfied with his service and conduct.

Proof.—He granted him his dismission, which on several accounts he had solicited, but retained him in his service as dramatic writer to the Court Theatre, with a pension for life of one thousand florins a year, with leave to expend the same wherever he should please. The original decree, together with a letter written by Count Colloredo, make a part of the papers under sequestration.

ARTICLE VII.

Kotzebue, not satisfied with the above honourable certificate, as it regarded only his dramatic services, thought it incumbent on him to procure a testimony of his conduct, as the subject of a monarchical State, before he left Vienna. For this purpose, he applied to Count de Saurau, Minister of the Secret Police, and obtained from him the most satisfactory answer.

Proof.—The Minister's original note, together with an official letter from Aulic Counsellor Schilling, are both among his seized papers.

ARTICLE VIII.

Kotzebue left Vienna, and went to reside at Weimar, in order to be near his mother. He purchased a house and garden in the neighbourhood, at which he resided twelve months, known and esteemed at the Ducal Court, which he had often the honour to frequent.

Proof.—A letter from the reigning Duchess of Weimar to the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, which may be found among his papers. He appeals besides to the testimony of the reigning Duke, and to that of the Duchess Dowager.

ARTICLE IX.

Kotzebue, as well to gratify the wishes of his wife as to embrace his two sons, who have the honour to be educated in the Cadet-corps at Petersburg, resolved to undertake a journey to Russia: His duty as dramatic writer to the Emperor of Germany obliged him to apply for a passport, which was accordingly granted.

Proof.—The original instrument is among his papers; and it shews at the same time that he was *bonâ fide* in the service of his Imperial and Royal Majesty.

ARTICLE X.

Kotzebue applied for a passport to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and obtained it. [Here the writer entered into all the necessary details.]

Proof.—The original letter from Baron de Krüdener.

ARTICLE XI.

Kotzebue commenced his journey, and was arrested on the frontiers of Prussia. This unexpected blow alarmed him: he however consoled himself with the notion, that a prudent precaution, under the circumstances of the times, might have occasioned this measure. Fully relying on his own innocence, he consoled his family and proceeded to Mittau.

Proof.—He appeals to the testimony of the officer who escorted him thither.

ARTICLE XII.

At Mittau he was informed that he must be conducted to Petersburg. To this order he submitted with a good grace; but he soon discovered that his guards were dragging him to Siberia. He then demanded, in an agony of despair, what crime he had committed, his

conscience being pure of all crime towards God and his Sovereign.

ARTICLE XIII.

But may it not be possible that, like many others, he might have been an avowed partizan of the Revolutionary System.—No.

First Proof.—Two of his sons are in the Cadet-corps at Petersburg; a third is in the Cadet-engineers at Vienna. These are so many hostages of his loyalty, which he has voluntarily delivered up.

Second Proof.—The bulk of his estate, with the addition of that settled on his wife, is in Russia, and he has never attempted to dispose of it.

Third Proof.—Had he been a man of revolutionary principles, it is natural to conclude that he would have left Vienna to have visited France: he remained, however, continually at Weimar, at which place he received his pension from Vienna.

Fourth Proof.—In the year 1790, he was one of the first to satirize the horrid outrages of the Revolutionists, in a Comedy entitled *The Club of Female Jacobins.* In 1792, he

wrote a treatise on nobility, which, although it may boast of nothing interesting, except the subject, at least exhibits the sentiments of the writer on that subject.*

Fifth Proof.—It is more than a year ago, that, in a work entitled, *On my Residence at Vienna*, he declared publicly that he preferred the monarchical system of government to any other; and that, unless he should become a knave or a madman, he never would adopt the system of the present day. An author,

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* A drowning man is glad to snatch at a straw. I am better aware than any one can be that this book is good for nothing; and I am sorry I ventured upon the task of writing it. I yielded in this instance to the particular intreaties of a man of the first consequence, who is much in favour of the Sovereign. My situation at that time compelled me to undertake a subject which I had never, or at least very lately, considered with any degree of attention. If the world knew the motives which often induce an author to take up the pen, the judgment it passes upon their works would be more charitable than it commonly is.

well known throughout Europe, would certainly not have published such sentiments in evidence against himself, if he had intended ever to have renounced them.

Sixth Proof.—In 1795 he presented to the Empress a plan for the establishment of an University at Dopart, and among other motives which he alledged in favour of its establishment, the following may be found: namely, that the young men would be in less danger of imbibing principles of a seditious nature.

ARTICLE XIV.

Has Kotzebue had any connections with suspected persons?—No.

Proof.—Let the book which is to be found among his papers be referred to; it contains copies of all his letters of importance.

ARTICLE XV.

Can it be surmised that his income arose from an impure source? He who surmises this, is exceedingly mistaken.

Proof.—The above-mentioned book, in which his receipts are particularized.

ARTICLE XVI.

He has written, perhaps, on political subjects?—No.

Proof.—In the aforesaid book may be seen the catalogue of his literary labours.

ARTICLE XVII.

Can it be supposed that he does not entertain all due respect for the Emperor?—The contrary is positively the case.

Proof.—In the year 1796, he converted a generous trait of that Monarch's conduct into a drama, under the title of *The Emperor's Head Coachman.* This work, perhaps, is beneath its subject, but still it manifests the sentiments of the author.

ARTICLE XVIII.

Is Kotzebue an immoral man? And ought he not to be banished from society?—No.

First Proof.—On the perusal of the journal of his occupations, and of all his actions, (which are contained in the same book) what does the reader find? That he planted a tree on his wife's birth-day; that he gave a *fête champêtre* on the cutting of a child's first tooth.

It will there be found, that he uniformly placed his happiness in the endearments of domestic life.

Second Proof.—His almanac, after the plan of Franklin, for the purpose of moral improvement, is a proof of his sincere love of virtue. From the tenor of his confessions, it will be seen at first view, that they were made only for himself, and that he never could have imagined they would have fallen, during his life-time, into the hands of strangers. They may represent him as a weak, but not as a wicked man: People who know him will bear witness that he is an affectionate husband and a good father; qualities surely very foreign to immorality.

In a word, Kotzebue has proved that his public conduct, during twenty years, is acknowledged to have been irreproachable; he has proved that he has never manifested principles subversive of good order; that his connections have been unexceptionable; that he never has written on the subject of politics; that he has ever entertained due sentiments of respect for the person of the Emperor; that

his happiness has invariably rested in the bosom of his family, and that he has been a lover of peace and virtue. By what involuntary fault then has he had the misfortune to incur your Majesty's displeasure? Of this he is totally ignorant. He has in vain endeavoured to conjecture the cause; unless it be that some malevolent person, some secret enemy, has perhaps detached separate passages from his writings, and exhibited them in an unfavourable point of view. If this presumption be well-founded, he confines the whole of his petition to one single favour, that of being allowed an opportunity of explanation.

Your Majesty must be aware that nothing can be written to which malevolent interpretations may not attribute evil designs. Kotzebue may have been mistaken; it is the fate of every man. He may, like others, have introduced a word without due reflection, or given to a phrase a doubtful turn; but he sweats before the throne of the monarch, before that of the Eternal, that he has always strenuously endeavoured to tread in the paths

of virtue. If he has unknowingly swerved from them, he has been severely punished, and the paternal hand which has inflicted the blow will surely raise up the penitent who bewails his fault. May your Majesty, who possesses a feeling heart, contemplate for a moment the horror of your petitioner's situation. His wife far advanced in her pregnancy, perhaps dying of a broken heart; for her the world has no longer any happiness in store; her children will soon fall into indigence; her husband's reputation, his honour being tarnished, who will not conclude that he had been guilty of some crime? After an illness of twelve months duration, he finds himself deprived of every thing, condemned to a dreadful climate, where sorrow and inevitable sickness will soon put an end to his existence. A beloved husband, the father of six children, abandoned by the world, must expire far from the sight of his family! A severe doom for an innocent man! No, Paul the Just still lives; he will restore honour, and life and tranquillity to his unhappy petitioner; he will restore him to his afflicted family!"

Such is the substance of the Memorial which I intended to present to the Emperor. Just as I had concluded it, the Counsellor happened to come into my room, and told me that he was going to the Governor. I commissioned him to inquire at what hour his Excellency would favour me with an audience. He soon returned with the following answer, which astonished the bearer exceedingly: That from five in the morning till eleven at night the Governor was at my service. My companion could not possibly conceive why such civility was shewn to me, an exile, while he himself, though an Aulic Counsellor, was treated with neglect.

What expression shall I employ to exhibit to the eyes of the world the generosity of the beneficent Governor! It is impossible to express either the value of his considerate goodness to me,

or the grateful feelings which such liberal and humane conduct excited in my breast. How differently might he have exercised his power! He might have sent me to Beresow, upon the shores of the Frozen Sea, where, in the warmest months of summer, the earth, for more than a foot beneath its surface, is always frozen; yet he chose for the place of my residence the mildest climate, and for my fellow inhabitants, the most sociable people in all his government. During my stay at Tobolsk, he might have consigned me to sorrow, to want, to solitude; instead of which, he invited me every day to his table, and loaded me with kindness, in the face of two senators,* sent thither to in-

* These two senators were M. de Lewaschoff, and M. de Lapuchin, whose generous conduct to me is for ever imprinted on my heart.

spect his government, and make report of his conduct. He permitted me likewise to choose a servant who might be acquainted with some language in which I could explain myself. The choice indeed was soon made; the only man in Tobolsk qualified, being an Italian, of the name of Rossi, (commonly called Russ) who had resided there for twenty years. Having served on board the fleet at Cherson, he had been concerned in a plot, with several of his comrades, to murder the captain, and deliver the vessel into the hands of the Turks. The conspiracy was happily discovered, and my conspirator sent, by order of Prince Potemkin, into Siberia. He was inrolled among the peasantry, and paid the accustomed tax; but received permission to come to town and earn his bread in what way he pleased, and he generally contrived to gain a good livelihood. This

man was indeed incredibly expert: At one time he would make sausages, at another shoes; he would act in the capacity of a servant to travellers, play the pimp, or attend his employers through the whole extent of the government. He had an artful countenance, with a keen eye; in short he seemed fit for any thing. The Governor warned me of his being an accomplished sharper, and having cheated all his masters. What was to be done? He could speak French as well as Russian; he knew the whole country, and had been every where; he could make bread and dress victuals; he was just what I wanted, and I hired him for three roubles and a half per month, and his board. The Governor extended his kindness so far as to allow me to keep him in my service at Kurgan, a favour of such moment, that had it been known at Petersburg, he might

in consequence have forfeited his post. It is true, that the name of Rossi not having been inserted in the passport, the Governor was able in some measure to connive at the circumstance. When we were on our journey, the fellow knew every village we passed through, and insinuated himself every where in the most happy manner.

END OF VOL. I.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.

Scene in a Tartar Village.

THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR

OF

THE LIFE

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXILE INTO SIBERIA,

AND OF

The other extraordinary Events which happened to him

IN RUSSIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

THE REV. BENJAMIN BERESFORD,

English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1802.

THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR OF MY LIFE,

&c. &c.

DURING the early part of my residence at Tobolsk, I confess I enjoyed unbounded liberty. I visited and received visits, when, and as often as I pleased. I was seldom without friends when at home, and I often visited my friend Kiniäkoff. He lived in a very agreeable style, and had a collection of choice books, among which were most of the best French authors. I had also the privilege of walking about the streets, and even beyond the gates, at my pleasure.

But all this indulgence was suddenly withdrawn. One morning the Governor sent for me, and in the kindest manner expressed his uneasiness on my account. "Your arrival," said he, "has attracted much notice here, and it becomes still more generally the topic of conversation; I cannot therefore consider you as a person of no consequence, and I must be the more circumspect as your Counsellor does not yet think of departing; I fear, indeed, he stays to be a spy upon your conduct. The senators too may be displeased that you are treated with so much indulgence. It appears necessary, for our mutual interest, that you should live under a little more restraint; I beg therefore (this generous man could command, and yet he begged) that you will receive no visits, except those of your physician; nor visit any house except his

and mine: at every hour of the day my door will be open to you." I intreated him to make an exception with respect to Kiniäkoff. He shrugged up his shoulders, acknowledged the merit of that young man, and said, "that he was himself fond of his company, and was convinced of his innocence; yet," continued he, "he is looked upon with suspicion, and that is sufficient to injure you." I thanked him for the goodness he had evinced, in thus explaining his motives, and without saying another word, yielded to his arguments.

Hitherto I had no other guard than a subaltern officer, named Iwanowitsch, a good old man, but very stupid. He remained in the anti-chamber, where he was almost always asleep. A younger man was now added to my guard; he gave me, however, no more trouble

than the other had done: both of them waited on me, boiled my water, and went to market for me; but they were very assiduous in keeping off every visitor, except the physician, and when I went out, one of them attended me. It was easily perceived that they were ordered to examine closely into my conduct; however, excepting paying visits, I could walk out whenever I pleased, both within and without the city, entirely unmolested.

By means of my Italian knave I was enabled to correspond with my good friend; we often met under the arcades in the great square; and while the bystanders would imagine we were both employed in looking at the various articles placed there for sale, we took the opportunity of exchanging a few words. We were indeed under no fear of be-

ing betrayed: the unfortunate exile is sure of the public compassion. Several tradesmen, the first time I went to them, whispered in my ear: "Do you want to send a letter? give it me, and I will take care to forward it." This trouble they take upon themselves without the least interested motive, without even receiving the smallest recompence. The name which they give the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sentiments of compassion, and a full conviction of their innocence—they call them *unfortunates* (neschtschastii). Who is that man? they have asked; an unfortunate, would be the answer! and I never heard them call an exile by any other name, much less by any humiliating denomination implying guilt.

Foreigners have been led to entertain such erroneous, or at least imperfect

ideas of what it called being exiled to Siberia, that I think it necessary to throw some light upon that subject.

The exiles are divided into several classes very different from each other: The first class is composed of malefactors legally convicted of the most atrocious crimes, and whose sentences have been confirmed by the senate. These criminals are doomed to work in the mines of Nertschinsk; whither they are conducted in chains and on foot. Their sufferings are worse than death, as they have commonly undergone the chastisement of the knout, and have had their nostrils slit.

The second class comprises that description of criminals, who, though less guilty than the first, have been juridically condemned to banishment. These are enrolled among the peasantry, or

bondmen ; their names are changed to those of the boors among whom they are settled, and they are employed as cultivators of the soil. We met with many of this description with split nostrils : these criminals, however, have it in their power, if they are at all diligent, to gain something for themselves, and thereby render their condition more tolerable.

The third class consists of such as the law has actually condemned, but sentenced only to banishment, without the addition of any infamous and oppressive punishment. If they are of noble birth, they do not lose their rank. They are allowed to live without molestation on the spot assigned to them, and they are permitted to receive their usual incomes ; or in case they have none, the crown furnishes them with twenty or thirty copecks a day, or more.

The fourth and last class includes those who, without any legal process, are exiled in an arbitrary manner at the mere pleasure of the Sovereign. They are generally confounded with the third class. These may write to their families or to the Emperor, but the letters are first perused by the Governor, and afterwards forwarded through his means. Sometimes exiles of this class are confined in fortresses and kept in chains. Instances of this sort were however very rare, and under the mild and merciful reign of Alexander I. this class has entirely disappeared.

I know not to which of the two last classes my fellow traveller, the Lieutenant-Colonel from Räsan, belongs. His destiny, however, seems to be very severe; for although, on his arrival at Tobolsk, the Governor gave him hopes that

he would be allowed to take up his residence in that city, and although encouraged by these insinuations, he had begun to make arrangements, and to furnish himself with clothes and several other necessaries, he received an order two days after to proceed instantly to Irkutzk. Two hours only were allowed him to prepare for his departure, and he has not been since heard of.

He was scarcely permitted to get back his clothes in their half-finished state from the taylor. The Governor, doubtless, had received very particular orders, in this instance, or he would have acted more according to the suggestions of his well-known humanity.

Assisted by the kindness of a few friends, and some compassionate and obliging tradesmen of the place, I had been able to send off ten different letters

to my wife,* the contents of which I shall notice hereafter. The hours which were devoted to her were the only ones that afforded one drop of comfort to mingle in my cup of sorrow; yet to my great surprise, I still preserved my health, and I determined to divert my grief in the best manner I could.

The Counsellor, after the first two or three days of my residence at Tobolsk, had quitted my lodgings to live with a friend. I felt quite happy on his departure, as it enabled me to devote myself without interruption to my own thoughts. I employed the greater part of the mornings in perusing the story of my misfortunes. Instead of common ink I made use of Indian, which is good and in great plenty in this country. Towards noon I usually walked out, or

* Most of these letters were duly received.

climbed the rocks that surround the city, and which the torrents have worn into a variety of picturesque forms. From them I surveyed the immense expanse of water that deluged its environs, and the thick forests which skirted the horizon on every side. My eye too caught every sail that glided along, and my imagination peopled the bark with my family. I dined almost every day with the Governor, sometimes with Aulic Counsellor Peterson, and rarely at home. I never quitted the company of M. de Kuscheleff without feeling some alleviation of my grief: his delicacy and sensibility found many an avenue to my heart, and enlivened me with hope.

He was himself far from being happy. Often, when seated beside each other in his summer-house, we cast our eyes over the vast expanse of waters, and contem-

plated the immense forests beyond them. One day, giving free utterance to his feelings, he said to me, stretching forth his hand, "Do you see those forests? they extend eleven hundred verstes towards the shores of the Frozen Sea. The foot of man has not yet trodden them; they are solely inhabited by wild beasts. My government contains more square miles than Germany, France, and Turkey in Europe, put together; yet, what advantage does it afford me? Scarcely a day passes without producing some new spectacle of misery, either solitary or otherwise, with which I cannot, must not, condole, while the distresses of the sufferers rend my heart. A heavy responsibility lies upon me; a mere accident, which no human prudence or power could either foresee or avert, a secret information, would be sufficient

to deprive me of my employment, my honour, and my liberty! And what indemnity have I for all this? A desert country, a severe climate, and continual intercourse with suffering and unhappy fellow-creatures!"

He has long been desirous of his dismission, but has not yet ventured to ask for it. May he never do it? What will become of the wretched exiles, when he who was their brother and their friend, shall be no longer with them? For all his sacrifices may he find ample recompense in the approbation of his own heart! When this man shall one day present himself before the tribunal of God, surrounded by all the innocent or unfortunate people whose sufferings he has mitigated, with whose tears, when he could not wipe them away, he has so often mingled his own; and when all of them shall lift up their voices to bless

him,—what higher felicity than this can heaven itself bestow?

Towards the evening I commonly took a turn in the town, or to the great square. The city is large; most of the streets are broad and straight; and the houses chiefly constructed of wood; those built of stone are commodious and in the modern taste. The churches, which are very numerous, are all heavily designed. The streets are paved, or rather planked with thick timber, which is far cleaner and much more agreeable than pebbles. The town is traversed length-ways by navigable canals, over which are bridges, kept in good repair. The market-place (*the basar*) is very spacious, where, besides provisions and things of the first necessity, a great quantity of Chinese and European goods are exposed to sale. These articles are extremely dear, but the price of all kinds

of provisions is very moderate. This square is crowded incessantly with people of all nations, particularly Russians and Tartars, Kirgists and Calmucks. The fish market afforded a very novel spectacle to me. Great quantities of different kinds of fish, which I had hitherto known merely by description, were exposed, both dead and alive, in tubs and barges, for sale. Esterlets (*acipenser rutkenus*) sold for a mere trifle. The *huso*, or royal fish, (*acipenser huso*) the *silure*, (*silurus glanis*) &c. with *caviar* of every colour, were equally reasonable. Had it not been for the disagreeable smells in this market, I should often have loitered there.

Curiosity sometimes led me to the play-house. The building is spacious, and fitted up with a row of boxes. The greater number of these boxes belong to particular people, and every proprietor

having a right to ornament his own box in what manner he pleases, the variety of decorations was very striking. The balustrade was covered in many places with rich silks of very fanciful colours. At the back of the boxes were girandole mirrors. The whole, it is true, had an Asiatic appearance; but, at first sight, it did not fail to produce a good effect. The orchestra was execrable. The company of performers was made up of exiles. Among the number of these was the wife of my worthy Rossi, a native of Revel, who, having been transported to Siberia for some crime, found a suitable husband in the person of my valet. She now plays the parts of mothers and matrons on the boards of the national theatre of Tobolsk. The decorations, the dresses, the acting, the singing, were all below criticism. One evening when I was present, they acted the

Dober Saldat (the Good Soldier). I forget the name of the other piece I saw; but neither of the times I was there was I able to stay more than a quarter of an hour. The admittance to the best places costs no more than thirty copecks, or nearly fifteen French sols.

Misanthropy and Repentance, the Natural Son, and some other of my pieces, had been represented with much applause. They were getting up the Virgin of the Sun, but the dresses and decorations demanding an expence beyond the manager's revenues, they had determined to supply the deficiency by making a collection among the principal inhabitants of the place.

There is likewise a club at Tobolsk (I believe they call it the Casins), kept by an Italian, whose nostrils are slit. He had been guilty of murder, and having sturdily undergone the discipline of the

knout, he gained his livelihood in this manner. I never entered this house.

During my stay here, a ball and a masquerade had been twice given in honour of the two deputies from the senate. I was invited to both in due form; but being unwilling to make a shew of myself and my misfortunes, I did not accept the invitations, and can therefore say nothing of the fair sex of Tobolsk. Except the excellent family of Aulic Counsellor Paterson, and the beautiful and amiable daughter of Colonel Krämer, I scarcely saw a woman of condition in the place.

I should have walked about the environs of the town more frequently than I did, if the insupportable heat during day-time, and the gnats, still more intolerable, at night, had not hindered me from taking that recreation. Not a day passed in which Reaumer's thermometer

was not from 26 to 28 degrees. We had regularly five or six hurricanes every four-and-twenty hours, which proceeding from all points of the compass, seemed like a war of winds. There were tremendous showers of rain, which, however, very little if at all refreshed the air. Notwithstanding all this heat, nature is very sparing in her gifts here; and I did not see a single fruit-bearing tree. The Governor's garden, indeed, which is certainly the finest in all the country, exhibited some in painting, against the plank walls that form its enclosure. In fact the garden contained scarcely any thing but the black alder (*rhamnus frangula*); the Siberian pea-tree (*robinia caragona*); and the birch (*betula alba*). This last tree is very common all over the country, but it is slender and dwarfish. At a distance, a stranger would take a grove of old birch

trees for a cluster of young European plants. The alder is the favourite tree with the inhabitants of Tobolsk; they plant it in the streets before their houses; they prefer it on account of its sweet-scented blossom, and seem satisfied with it for want of something better. There were likewise a few green and red gooseberry bushes in the Governor's garden, with various kinds of cabbages, and a few cucumber plants in flower. Some apple-trees are also to be found in the neighbourhood of Tiumen, which bear fruit about the size of walnuts.

If the inhabitants of this country are little indebted to nature for fruits, she has abundantly compensated for that defect in the article of grain. The Siberian buck-wheat (*polygonum tartaricum*), so well known in Europe, reproduces itself without any kind of culture, and requires no other labour than that of reap-

ing it. Every sort of grain grows in astonishing abundance. The grass too is thick and succulent; the soil is in general of a dark colour, loose, and requires no manure. The peasants, too indolent to carry away by degrees the dung of their cow-houses and stables, are often thrown into a very singular kind of embarrassment. My friend Paterson has assured me, that frequently having occasion to travel about the country as a physician, he one day came to a village, the inhabitants of which were employed in pulling down their houses in order to rebuild them on another spot; as it was more difficult to remove the enormous dunghills which surrounded the houses, than the houses themselves.

In the same degree that the heat is insupportable in summer, so is the cold during winter; and the thermometer often falls to forty degrees below the

cypher. M. Paterson mentioned an experiment which he makes every year: he freezes quicksilver, which he carves into small figures with a pen-knife, and sends them in snow to the Governor.

This severe climate is however conducive to health. My physician knew of only two prevalent diseases: the one a disease too common in most parts of the world; the other a catarrhal fever, to which the inhabitants are liable on account of the sudden changes in the temperature of the air; yet, by proper attention, particularly at night-fall, a man may attain to a healthy old age in Siberia.

The evenings I employed in reading. My friends Paterson and Kiniäkoff had furnished me with some good authors; and in this country I valued them far above their worth.

I still flattered myself with the hopes

of being allowed to remain at Tobolsk. The Governor not having mentioned my removal, my friend conjectured that he only waited for the departure of the two Senators and the Counsellor, to grant me a formal permission to stay. The Senators indeed set off for Irkutzk, but the Counsellor still remained. I have since learned that his stay was merely occasioned by a want of money, and that he had been waiting the determination of a tradesman of Tobolsk, whom he had offered to take with him free of post expences, on condition that he would defray the rest. However natural the solution of this enigma may appear, it was difficult to divine it at that time; and it is not to be wondered at that both the Governor and myself should have taken him for a spy.

The fourteen days, which had been granted me, had now nearly expired. I

waited on the Governor one Sunday morning to pay him my respects; as the exiles of the third and fourth classes keep up a custom of presenting themselves before him on that day in regimentals, but without swords. The Governor drew me on one side, and informed me that it was necessary I should prepare for leaving Tobolsk on the morrow, as he could not, for reasons already known to me, allow me to remain there any longer. I was much dejected on hearing this, but submitted with a good grace, contenting myself with entreating him to indulge me with a delay of two days, for the purpose of procuring several things I stood in need of, and which were not to be obtained at Kurgan; and to dispose of my carriage (for which I had no further occasion), in order to recruit my exhausted purse. The Governor granted my request in the

most obliging manner, and I instantly began my preparations, that I might run no risk of trespassing on his goodness.

The most opulent tradesman in the town, whose name I forget, had offered me a few days before a hundred and fifty roubles for my carriage, which, as the reader has seen, had cost me more than three times that sum; and I had of course refused to part with it at such a price. Being now, however, obliged to dispose of it, I would have willingly struck a bargain with him on his former terms, but he had the effrontery to bid me twenty-five roubles less. I was obliged to take that sum, and this transaction did not vex me so much as it shocked the worthy Governor, who expressed his indignation in the strongest terms, and seriously recommended me to turn the anecdote into a little farce, which he promised, if I would give it

him in French, he would himself translate, and have it brought on the stage at Tobolsk. Alas! I was but ill disposed to write plays.

I purchased sugar, tea, coffee, paper, pens, and such articles, but what I most lamented was the want of books; for how could the winter be passed in Siberia without reading? The good Counsellor Paterson furnished me with such as he possessed, but his library was chiefly composed of medical works, and a few volumes of voyages and travels, which I had read. I was however able to give my friend Kiniäkoff notice of my approaching departure and my want of books: he wrote me word that at midnight, while the guard was asleep, I might expect him at my window. He came; and for three successive nights he brought me some of the choicest volumes of his collection; and among

others the works of Seneca, which afterwards proved a great source of consolation to me.

I wrote to my wife and to about a dozen generous friends, resident in Russia and Germany. All these letters I enclosed in one parcel, directed to my old and trusty friend Graumaun, a merchant at Petersburg, and consigned it to the care of Alexander Schulkins, with a promise that he should receive fifty roubles at the hands of my friend on its delivery. This seemed to me the best manner of securing the due delivery of it, and the event has shewn that I judged rightly.

Every thing being ready for my departure, I waited on the Governor, and having learnt that a subaltern was to accompany me to Kurgan, I requested him to allow honest Iwanowitcsh, notwithstanding his advanced age, to be the man. M. de Kuscheleff, who re-

fused me nothing in his power, granted me this favour. To this he added others. He furnished me with letters of recommendation to the principal people of Kurgan, presented me with a chest of fine tea, which was highly acceptable to me, and promised to send me every week the Frankfort Journal, which he took in regularly. He kept his word; and, as I have since learned, risked much by his complaisance.

My kibick, an old worn-out cart, which, however, cost me thirty roubles, was now loaded. I took a cold and formal leave of the Counsellor, whose departure was to take place the day after mine, and which gave me so much the more pleasure, as he was to be the bearer of my memorial to the Emperor. He went away by no means satisfied with the Governor, who did not once invite him to his table.

It was on the 13th of June, at two o'clock in the afternoon, that I walked with great reluctance to the banks of the Tobol, my kibick being already on board. On my way thither, a singular adventure took place. I was accosted by a well-dressed Russian woman, and loaded with compliments on my plays. These compliments appeared to me to be ill-timed, and, after making her a slight bow, I was passing on. She stopped me, however, and announced herself as one of the company of the town comedians, and informed me that she was studying the part of the High Priestess in the Virgin of the Sun; but being ignorant of the proper dress of such a character, she begged I would describe it to her. At any other time I should have laughed at her, but my departure having thrown me into an ill-humour, I was quite angry, and told her with a frown that a

man banished into Siberia could have no inclination to trouble his head about Peruvian dresses; and begging her to chuse a robe according to her own taste, I left her in an abrupt manner.

The common road to Kurgan lies through a small town called Juluterski, the distance is little more than four hundred and twenty verstes, but the inundations of the Tobol obliged us to fall back at Tiumen, which lies on the frontiers, and from thence we proceeded southwards. At Tiumen I passed the night, at the house of a notary, who entertained us with unaffected hospitality. Whoever had told me three weeks before, that I should so soon revisit this town, would have been considered by me as an angel of deliverance: but now I beheld it again, and my liberty appeared still further off than ever! On this journey I paid the established *ukase*-price at

each stage, which was no more than one copeck a verste for two horses, which just amounted to six French sols the German mile.

At a few posts from Tiumen I observed, in a marshy forest, a phenomenon in botany, which I have mentioned since my return to several learned naturalists, none of whom had ever heard of it before. On a spot about six hundred paces over, appeared an innumerable quantity of red flowers, and on the top of each there seemed to lie a large flake of snow. Their appearance struck me, and, alighting from the carriage, I gathered several of the flowers, which I shall now endeavour to describe. On a stalk of about five inches in height, the leaves of which, as well as I can remember, resemble those of the lily of the valley, hung a kind of purse, not unlike a work-bag, of about an inch and a half

square, with tendrils dangling from the upper end, as it were, for the purpose of tying it up. This bag, which both within and without was of a fine deep purple-colour, was furnished with a leaf in the form of a heart, proportioned to the other parts of the flower, the top of which was as white as snow, and the bottom of the same colour as the bag. This leaf opened and shut with ease, and served in some sort as a lid. I am unable to express how beautiful this flower (which, I must observe, had no smell) appeared to the eye. I fear I have not been able to describe it with any degree of preciseness, being but a novice in the science of botany; I can, however, positively assert, that it would prove a very beautiful ornament to any garden. The great quantity of them which I saw, induced me to believe it was a common flower in Siberia, and I therefore neglected to

take any of them with me. I have regretted this a thousand times since, for I looked in vain for the flower on my return, and I could find no one that was acquainted with it.*

At the distance of a day's journey from Kurgan, we passed the night at the house of a priest, where we were accommodated with a well-furnished chamber, and good beds, and were treated in the most hospitable manner; and where, to my great astonishment, no payment was required from us the

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* M. Paterson, to whom I gave a description of this flower, on my return from Kurgan, was extremely desirous to procure some roots of it, and he intended to transplant them the following summer, should he be able to discover where they grew. Having been obliged to make a very irregular tour on account of the floods, it is very probable that I may have thus made a discovery in botany.

next morning. I learnt that the village in common was at the expence of keeping up this hospitable establishment, merely for the convenience of travellers. Could the virtue and duty of hospitality be carried further than this? Not a peasant made his appearance at our departure even to receive our thanks.

At four in the afternoon we came in sight of Kurgan. A single steeple raises its head above a group of mean-looking buildings. The town is situated on an elevated bank of the Tobol: it is surrounded with a naked and barren heath, which spreads itself on all sides, for several verstes, to the foot of some rising woodlands; it is intersected by a great number of lakes, choked up with reeds. The rainy weather by no means rendered the landscape more inviting. The name of Kurgan, which signifies a *grave*, I had long considered as a bad omen.

With tears in my eyes, and despair at my heart, I found myself arrived at the termination of my past, and the beginning of my future miseries; and as the floods obliged us to approach the town by a circuitous route, I had ample leisure to contemplate the grave which was about to receive its living victim.

In the midst of a cluster of wooden cottages, of one story high, a single house, built of stone, and not in a bad style, now rose before me, and appeared like a palace in comparison with the others. I enquired the name of its owner, and I learnt it belonged to a certain M. de Rosen, formerly vice-governor of Perm, who had an estate in this country.

The capricious taste of this man, which had induced him to take up his abode in this corner of the world, did not tempt me to covet his acquaintance. His

name, however, was German, and I ventured to hope he was descended from a German family. The name had been long dear to my heart. It reminded me of a sincere and faithful friend, the old Baron de Rosen, and of his incomparable lady, whom I revered like a second mother: a generous pair, who had often soothed the vexations of my life, and whose name, at that moment, was sufficient to inspire consolation and delight, even at an immeasurable distance.

After many turnings and windings, we came to a kind of flying-bridge, a mere raft, fastened at each end to the opposite shores of the Tobol, and exposed to all the violence of the waves. Every carriage that drove upon it caused it to sink considerably, and the greatest care was necessary to keep the emergent part in sight, without which the boatmen who stood on that part which was

under water, would have had no guide to direct them in crossing the ferry.

Kurgan has two spacious streets, lying parallel to each other. We alighted at the house in which the common court of justice is held: my subaltern entered, and quickly returned with the account of the *gorodnitschie*, or the head of the police, being from home, and that the President of the district acted in his place. We then drove to him, and arriving at his door, I was announced, and in a few minutes invited to walk in.

I was introduced to an old man whose countenance was extremely engaging, but who imagined it was necessary to assume a serious and important air on this occasion. He saluted me coldly, put on his spectacles, opened every paper which concerned me, and read them with great composure one after the other, without paying the least atten-

tion to me. I thought it would be as well to give him a hint how I wished to be treated, both at the present time and in future, and taking a chair, I sat myself down. He cast a side glance at me, and seemed much surprised, but continued to read on without uttering a single word.

In an adjoining chamber I noticed a curious group of persons, consisting of several grown-up children, a handsome woman, (the President's second wife) his mother, who was almost blind, and a middle aged man, in a Polish dress. They all fixed their eyes on me in silence, and not a word was spoken till the reading of the papers was concluded. Probably the Governor had recommended me to the President, or rather his own heart spoke in my behalf, as he then turned to me, and with a smiling countenance gave me his hand, and

welcomed me to his house. He presented me to his family, and to the Pole, whom he congratulated on having found a companion in misfortune, and whom he also recommended to my friendship. I embraced him with commiseration, and we both felt that the similarity of our destinies would soon make us brothers and friends.

The President of the common tribunal of the province, and at the same time first magistrate of Kurgan, was named De Gravi. His father, a Swedish officer, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Pultava, had been sent into Siberia with many of his fellow-soldiers. He married a native of the country, and died in exile. His son served in the Russian army, fought during the seven years war, returned afterwards to the place of his birth, and having changed a military for a civil employment, lived

satisfied and happy on a moderate income; at least he always appeared cheerful and content. He had lately been named Aulic Counsellor, and though not foolishly vain, he seemed not a little flattered by the title.

After the first compliments were over, he began to think about providing me with a lodging, which, according to the Governor's order, was to be one of the best that could be found. Such lodging, however, being of the number of those the Crown disposes of, and which the proprietor of the town is obliged to furnish gratis on the arrival of an exile, it is natural enough that every inhabitant does all he can to avoid this disagreeable tax, and that he whose lot it is to submit to it, accommodates the unbidden guest with the worst room in the house.

M. de Gravi, who had been a long

time considering this matter, at last named for my host a kind of adjutant, a little hump-backed man. He then invited me to supper, but I begged he would excuse me, as I stood in great need of rest, and wished likewise to arrange my affairs at my new lodgings.

I accompanied my guide, who led me to a small low-built house, where I was nearly breaking my head in going in at the door. This beginning promised but paltry accommodation, and the rooms I was shewn into were still less inviting. They were nothing better than mere holes in which a man could hardly stand upright; the walls were naked, there was no bed, nor any other furniture than a table and two wooden stools; the windows were patched with paper. I sighed from the bottom of my heart; the mistress of the house returned my sigh in a most cordial manner, and with

silent ill-humour set about clearing the place of some linen, a few broken utensils, and some old clothes, which she had been accustomed to keep there.

I grew, however, in some degree reconciled to the lodging, and began to make my little arrangements as well as I was able. Scarcely had I been an hour in the house, when the worthy De Gravi sent me a ham, two loaves of bread, some eggs, fresh butter, and other provisions, out of which my dextrous Rossi prepared an excellent supper, rather indeed for himself than for me. After this I endeavoured to invoke the power of sleep for the first time at Kurgan, but the distress of mind under which I laboured, and the myriads of insects that tormented me, did not allow me to close my eyes.

The next day, rather early in the morning, I received the visits of the

principal people of the town. These I shall name in succession, to give the reader an idea of what is termed good company at Kurgan.

Stephen Osipowitsch Mammejef was *kapitan isprawnik*, or intendant of the province, as far as relates to the police, the repairs of bridges and public roads, the collection of tolls, &c. He likewise heard and decided all differences arising among the peasantry. He was a clever, jovial man, very civil, and in easy circumstances. Some traits of luxury even were to be found in his house, but luxury not always accompanied by good taste. I remember, for instance, to have remarked in one of the rooms several small tables and tea-boards, ornamented with some good copies of engravings, executed and varnished over at the manufactory of Ekaterinabourg. These pieces of furniture were very expensive; but,

instead of their being used either as tables or tea-boards, they were hung against the wall like so many pictures, and the feet which belonged to the former were placed in different parts of the room as mere ornaments.

Juda Nikitisch, a *sedatel*, or assessor of the common tribunal, the brother to a female friend of the Governor's, who had given me a letter of recommendation to him, was a very shallow and insignificant personage.

Another *sedatel*, still more insignificant than the former.

The secretary of the tribunal, a good sort of a man, who had no very humble notions of his own capacity. He was the only inhabitant of Kurgan that took in the Moscow Gazette.

A very ignorant surgeon.

Such was the narrow circle, exclusive of the absent master of the police, in

which I was to pass the gloomy remnant of my days.

The most interesting man in all the place was certainly the Polish gentleman of whom I have already spoken, whose name was *Iwan Sokoloff*. He possessed an estate situated upon the new Russian-Prussian frontiers, and had neither taken arms nor had any concern directly or indirectly in the revolution of Poland. A friend of his who kept up a correspondence with some of the new Prussian subjects, imagined he might receive his letters with more certainty by having them addressed to Sokoloff, and without informing him of the matter, pointed out that way of communication to his correspondents. The first letter was intercepted. Sokoloff, who was a perfect stranger to the whole transaction, was at dinner in the neighbourhood, with his friend General Wiel-

hurski, when he was arrested with several others both innocent and guilty. They were a long time confined as state prisoners, in a fortress of which I forget the name. The business was reported at Petersburg, and they all obtained their pardon on condition of being transported into Siberia for life.

Sokoloff and his companions were thrown into kibicks, and conducted to the place of their destination. The road lay within a few verstes of his estate: In vain he petitioned to be permitted to bid farewell to his family, to take a little linen and some clothes with him; no attention was paid to his entreaties. In the same kibick he was dragged on to Tobolsk. At that place he was separated from his friends, and sent to Kurgan, where he has led a most melancholy life for three years past, without having received the least intelligence of his wife and six children.

Not being allowed more than about fifteen French sols a day by the crown, he is obliged to forego every convenience and comfort of life, in order to provide himself with necessaries. During the winter he has been shut up in the same hole with a landlord who was never sober, and a landlady who was always out of humour, surrounded with dogs and cats, poultry and hogs. In the summer, for the sake of being alone, he has lived in a cow-house, where I have often visited him. A bare bedstead, a small table, a chair, a bason and a crucifix, comprise the catalogue of all his furniture, and all his wealth.

Notwithstanding the galling misery that oppresses him, he refuses every present that is offered him, lives upon milk, bread and quass, and appears always decently dressed. He is beloved by every one in the town, and the only name by

which he is called is *iranuschka.** He is particularly well received by M. de Gravi, as he unites to uncommon goodness of heart, the manners of polished society, and is able to preserve under the pressure of adversity an equanimity of mind, which I have often admired, and sometimes envied, being myself unable to attain it. It was only when he was alone with me, after having repeated twenty times over the history of our misfortunes, told each other the names of our favourite children, and concluded by naming every one of them, that the tears would start into his eyes, and a deep melancholy take possession of him.

Unhappily for me, he did not speak French, nor even Latin, a circumstance very unusual among the natives of Poland. We often found it difficult to un-

* This word signifies a man full of goodness and condescension, and a lover of children.

derstand each other, for, although he spoke Russian much better than I did, he had only learnt it at Kurgan, and his Polish accent often rendered it unintelligible to me; but our hearts were the better acquainted on this very account. In the bosom of misfortune two strangers felt themselves more intimately united than any other connection could have made them; had we been born twins, the union could not have been closer.

With a single trait I shall finish the character of this extraordinary man. He has been so scrupulously honourable as to reject every offer that has been made him to convey letters to his family, solely because he had promised government never to avail himself of any indirect means whatever to carry on a correspondence with any of his relations, that indulgence having been strictly prohibited him.

I now return to my own history. Not one of those who came to see me on the day after my arrival, came empty-handed: every one brought me something either to eat or to drink, and I was at a loss for room to store their presents. M. de Gravi came in person to know how I liked my new lodging; I confessed it did not please me at all. He immediately offered to accompany me over the whole town in quest of such as he was able to dispose of: I accepted his offer with gratitude, and we passed a great part of the day in examining several houses, but most of them were found to be still worse, and very few better than that of which I had taken possession; there was every where such want of rooms, that had I changed, my servant must have slept in the same chamber with myself—a circumstance I could not have supported.

At length I requested M. de Gravi to allow me to look out for myself, being desirous to try if money, the master-key to every door, would not procure me an abode where I might find better accommodations. He freely gave me leave, observing at the same time that I should find nothing to my liking. I chiefly relied on my intelligent Rossi, who, in the course of twenty-four hours, was well acquainted with the town, and had perhaps already over-reached some of its unsuspecting inhabitants. He began to make enquiries, and soon returned with information, that I might become sole master of a small new house, if I chose to make a sacrifice of the sum of fifteen roubles a month. The owner was a tradesman, who, allured by the love of gain, would willingly give up his whole habitation, and confine himself to a small apartment behind it.

I went immediately to the man and took a survey of the house, which I found so convenient and well furnished, considering the place we were in, that it much surpassed my expectations. It consisted of one large room, another of less size, together with a warm and spacious kitchen, and a kind of lumber-room, which the Russians call *kladavai*. The partitions, indeed, were only naked boards, but the landlord had ornamented them with coloured prints, and pictures painted in oil; these were executed badly enough, as it may be imagined, but thus furnished an agreeable illusion, which made me in some sense forget where I was. Among them, for instance, were several of the productions of Nuremburg, a female inhabitant of Augsburg, a Leipsic lass, a vender of cracknels of Vienna, all with German inscriptions. The mere sight of a do-

zen lines written in my own language, rendered me so happy, that I could not summon sufficient resolution to give up these interesting remembrancers. There were besides these, some bad copies of Lady Hamilton's attitudes, and the Herculaneum paintings, landscapes, &c. The portraits in oil were done in Russia, and represented the Czars; that is to say, the painter having daubed the canvass with some long-bearded figures, had decorated them with a Czar's cap, and put an imperial globe in their hands, and written under them the name of *Alexci Michailowisch*, or some such imperial appellation.

The furniture consisted of two wooden benches with backs to them, which were dignified with the name of sofas, because a cushion, covered with printed cotton, had been placed on them; there were also some tables and chairs. There

was, besides, a cupboard stored with china, but locked up, and sacred to the exclusive use of the landlady. The windows opened into the street; behind the house there was a spacious yard, which extended to the banks of the Tobol, and opened upon a very agreeable walk. The apartment my landlord occupied was entirely separated from mine. All these considerations united, tempted me to close with the extravagant terms that were demanded, which would have been a considerable price even at Petersburg, and which ill accorded with the low state of my finances. I agreed to take possession the same day.

An obstacle I did not at all expect, at first counteracted my plan. My good friend De Gravi would not consent to see me lavish away so much money. He continually repeated—What a sum for a town like Kurgan! A price quite

unheard of! He even sent for the landlord, and treated him so roughly, that the latter was on the point of breaking off the agreement. He repeated to me twenty times a Russian proverb: *Bereghi denje na tschorni den ;* lay by your money for a dark day! He had even some thoughts of informing the Governor of the transaction; because, as he observed, his duty required him to watch over me; and in short, I had great trouble to convince him that I was able to bear the expence; and that at all times it had been a maxim with me to prefer a good lodging to a good table. At length he yielded, but not before my landlord promised him to furnish me with fire-wood and quass for the same price, and I then took possession of my rooms; every time, however, that I met him afterwards, I had to support his lamentations at the extravagant price of my lodging.

It is true, had the remittances I hoped to receive from Livonia failed me; had all my wife's letters to me been intercepted; had my wife not ventured to join me, or not been allowed to do it, I should, at the end of six months, have been very much embarrassed, as the Crown had not allowed me a copeck. I had, however, money for the present, and hope for the future, and nothing could induce me to refrain from a temporary mitigation of my ills. Living also was so cheap at Kurgan, my wants were so few, and the opportunities of falling into extraordinary expences so rare, that I calculated my money was in fact sufficient, with good economy, to supply me for a whole year; and that in the space of a year many a change might take place!

I shall mention the price of several kinds of provisions, observing at the same time, that my honest servant sel-

dom failed to cheat me out of one half of the sums I entrusted to him. Bread cost at the rate of four French sols for a loaf of six pounds weight; beef sold for a sol and a half a pound; a fowl a sol and a half; butter from three to four sols a pound; a couple of heath-cocks at most, four sols; hares without their skins were to be had for nothing, as the Russians never eat them; a dish of fish two sols; a cord of wood a livre. The most confirmed drinker could not swallow more than half a sol of quass a day. I once took an opportunity of asking M. de Gravi, in the presence of the *Kapitan Isprawnik*, what the expence of keeping a pair of horses would amount to. He replied, thirty roubles a year would be sufficient. "What do you say! thirty roubles?" cried the other, interrupting him, "I will undertake to keep them, and in excellent condition too, for twenty-five!"

From the above statement, it appears what a trifle is sufficient to procure the necessaries of life at Kurgan; but the misfortune is, that they are not always to be purchased. There is neither baker nor butcher in the whole town: once a week, on Sunday afternoon, a kind of market is kept, in which the inhabitants must provide themselves with bread and meat for the whole week. It often happens too, that this market is without a supply of meat.

Other articles, particularly articles of luxury, are, on the contrary, exorbitantly dear. A quart of French brandy costs two roubles and a half; sugar a rouble a pound; coffee a rouble and a half, or upwards; half a dozen packs of ugly cards seven roubles; a quire of Dutch paper about three roubles.

These, however, are articles a man may do without, and I found, at the end of the first week, that I had hardly

spent two roubles, including washing, candles, and other trifling things. It is true my table was as frugal as I was able to make it. The delicacies which appeared on it consisted of bread, and flour (with which M. de Gravi took care to supply me twice a week, and which is a scarce article at Kurgan), and in excellent fresh butter. Of the latter I never eat better in any part of the world: its good quality arises from the rich pasturages in the neighbourhood, where the cattle graze at will. In addition to my bread and butter, I had sometimes a fowl stewed with rice, or a pigeon, or a duck, which I had shot myself; and my desert was nothing more than a draught of quass. I arose every day from table satisfied, but never with a full stomach; and I have reason to believe it is to that circumstance I am indebted for the uninterrupted state of

good health which I latterly enjoyed at Kurgan.

My way of living in general was as follows: I rose at six, and studied the Russian language for an hour; as not a soul in the town spoke any other, it was absolutely necessary to recover that knowledge which I had lost through disuse. I then took my breakfast, and sat down for some hours to the history of my misfortunes. After this task, which at length became pleasant to me, I usually walked on the banks of the Tobol in my bed-gown and slippers. I had marked out the extent of two verstes, which was my daily exercise, and, as I have already observed, I could go there through the yard-door unobserved. At my return I usually read Seneca; I then took my plain dinner, after which I indulged myself with an hour's nap, and when I awoke, took up Pallas or

Gmelin, till Sokoloff called on me to take the diversion of shooting. On our return he generally drank tea with me, over which we repeated the story of our misfortunes, imparted to each other our hopes, or combatted each other's fears. After his departure I again read Seneca, and eat a slice of bread and butter for my supper; I then played alone at *grande patience*,* and went to bed more or less sorrowful (I am almost ashamed to own it), as the game had proved more or less successful.

Whoever has undergone a series of misfortunes, must certainly have experienced that the mind is never more prone to superstition than when under the immediate controul of grief. What would be considered as a mere nothing under other circumstances, acquires im-

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* A kind of fortune-telling game at cards.

portance during the hour of affliction. A mere straw will then attract our notice, and notwithstanding the firm persuasion that this straw is not able to bear a fly, yet we would fain lay hold of it, and are unhappy if we miss it. I must confess, that scarcely an evening passed at Kurgan, in which I did not put the question to myself, as I was playing at *patience*, whether I should see my family again or not. When the game succeeded (I should do wrong to say it filled me with hope and delight) but it always gave me pleasure, and when the game was not successful (I should be equally blameable to say, that it increased my affliction or despair), but it never failed to give me some uneasiness. Smile, reader; you have my permission. Ridicule me, ye happy mortals, whose bark has ever glided down a clear smooth stream, whose banks are enamelled with

flowers: ridicule the wretch who, as he clings to the wreck of his vessel, is tossed by the waves on the wide ocean, and eagerly endeavours to grasp the most slender weed.

In this manner my time passed away. I suffered no kind of restraint, and no one overlooked my conduct. My subaltern, Iwanowitsch, had returned to Tobolsk the day after my arrival, and it was not judged necessary to put another in his place, as had been done in the case of Sokoloff on his first arrival here. All kind of superintendance would have been needless precaution: our field sports indeed drew us sometimes several verstes from the town; but whither could we have fled? Kurgan had formerly been considered as as the frontier of the Kirgists; but for many years this frontier had been removed backward more than sixty verstes, and a fort erected to cover it.

And, had the borders still extended to the neighbourhood of Kurgan, it could not have facilitated the escape of people totally unprepared for such an enterprize, ill acquainted with the Russian language, and wholly ignorant of the Kirgish. Even, in any case, the idea of flight would be the last resort of despair: for the inhabitants of Kurgan still remember, with horror, the time in which they could not venture out of the town, without the risk of being carried off by the Kirgists, who were then ever on the watch. The captive was tied to the tail of a horse, and obliged to follow the rider, who rode off at full gallop! The latter cared but little for the cries and groans of the wretch he was dragging along: when he came home he examined whether he was alive or dead; in the first case, he made him his slave, or, what was more common, sold him to

the Bucharians, who transported him heaven knows where. We had reason, therefore, to be happy in this enjoyment of the sports of the field, free from the dread of these monsters!

The diversion of shooting was extremely agreeable to me, though we were but ill provided for it. We possessed nothing more than two miserable guns, which generally missed fire four or five times before they went off. The whole town did not afford a pointer, nor even a spaniel to fetch our game out of the water. The neighbourhood being full of lakes and marshes, our principal sport consisted in shooting woodcocks and wild ducks; we were therefore obliged to perform the office of a spaniel ourselves, and wade up to our middle in water to look for our prey. My Polish friend was much more expert in this fatiguing exercise than I was. He would

plunge into the deepest waters, and wade about for half an hour together, firing among the reeds, or looking for those birds which I had shot from the banks. He was equal to the best spaniel in every respect but his nose; and indeed a dog was not very necessary to us, on account of the great abundance of game. Never had I seen in Europe so many rooks in one flight, as I saw wild ducks of an hundred different sorts, in flocks in this country. Some were very small; some had round, others flat beaks; some long, and others short ones. There were some with short legs, others with long, and of grey or brown colours, or of black, with yellow beaks. Sometimes, though rarely, we met with the great Persian duck, of a rose colour, with black beak, and a tuft on its head. Every time we shot at this bird, it screamed in a most

lamentable manner, even when we had missed our aim.

The species of woodcocks were likewise equally numerous and various. Some we saw of about the size of a pigeon, of a brown yellow colour, with long legs and a frill of feathers round their necks. They build their nests among the reeds, and they always fly about the fowler, and make a singular noise; we seldom shot at them, as their flesh has a disagreeable taste. Twice I discovered some birds as white as snow, and of the size of a goose, with long legs and beaks, which were both times seeking their food on the border of a lake; but they were so wild, that they flew away when we advanced within two hundred paces of them. I never was able to learn their names.

Besides ducks and woodcocks, we found wild pigeons in abundance, and

blackbirds, flying in such immense flocks, that wherever they alighted on a tuft of trees, they covered it intirely. Their flesh was delicious, but our small stock of powder obliged us to be very sparing of our shots.

My Pole informed me, that in the end of autumn all sorts of game multiplied prodigiously; and that hares and heath-cocks were to be found every where. He assured me likewise, and I had heard the same at Tobolsk, that the turkey, called in Russia *drachwa*, was sometimes to be met with here. Bears were unknown in the neighbourhood of Kurgan, and wolves were not common, as those animals seldom haunt flat countries. The sable is scarce in those parts, but the ermine is found in great plenty. The goss-hawk, both great and small, filled the air, and so little did they avoid the abodes of man, that they were often

shot from the very windows of the town. Having been always fond of the sports of the field, the permission given me to shoot proved one of my most agreeable pastimes. The country itself likewise contributed much to my amusement. Wherever I walked, the most beautiful flowers sprang up under my feet. I frequently remarked the fine *spiræa filipendula*, and often met with whole tracts of land intirely covered with sweet-scented herbs, particularly the southern-wood, (*artemisia arbrotanum.*) Multitudes of horned cattle and horses, without any one to watch them, grazed at will on every side; and the weather, during the whole time of my residence here, had been remarkably serene. While the inhabitants of Livonia were complaining of cold and wet, in Asia the summer was both dry and warm. Most days, indeed, we were visited by storms, but they were

quickly over, and refreshed the atmosphere, without rendering it cold.

Another of my recreations was, the exercise of long and frequent walks which I took on the banks of the Tobol. Several parts of this river were resorted to by the girls of Kurgan, for the purpose of washing linen, or of bathing. These baths afforded them a most agreeable gymnastic exercise, and contributed greatly to their health. They swam over the stream without the least difficulty, and lay on the water without any apparent effort, and in this manner floated down the current on their backs. They often gambolled together, pursued one another in the water, and tumbled one over the other with incredible dexterity. They indeed carried their sports so far as to alarm an inexperienced spectator, who must every moment have concluded, that some of them would sink and be lost. Every

thing, I must observe, was carried on with the utmost decency; their heads alone were above the water, and one might have doubted of their sex, had not their motions sometimes displayed a glimpse of their bosoms; a circumstance which, however, seemed totally disregarded by themselves. Whenever they were desirous of ending their sport and coming out of the water, they proceeded in a very modest manner. They desired the lookers-on to retire, and if any person, more curious or mischievous than the rest, refused to withdraw, the women on the banks would form a close circle round the first girl that came out, and each of them would hurry on a part of her cloaths, so that in an instant she would appear in a very modest dress.

These young girls seemed in general to be all in good humour, laughing and playing tricks. The *Kapitan Isprau-*

nik, a great admirer of the sex, came frequently of an evening to my rooms, about the time when the beauties of Kurgan were accustomed to fetch water from the Tobol, and would sit with me at the window to see them pass by. He would name them to me one after the other, boast of favours he had received from many of them; and the half-familiar, half-bashful manner in which they saluted him, seemed but too well to confirm what he had said.

The frequent visits of the inhabitants of Kurgan became at length very troublesome to me, though I could not but be sensible of their good intentions. A notary, who lived opposite to me, having sometimes seen me smoke at the window, and who was himself a great smoker, informed me he would come over and take his pipe with me every morning, by way of keeping me com-

pany. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could prevail on him to give up his scheme, for neither he, nor any one at Kurgan, could conceive it possible that a man should wish to be always alone and fond of solitude. They knew not that, with the image of a beloved wife in my heart, and Seneca in my hand, I could never be without company.

I owe much, I owe every thing to Seneca; and I believe that during eighteen centuries, there has not lived a man in the world who has blessed and revered his memory so much as myself! Often when despair had plunged its poniard in my heart, I stretched out my arms to this friend, who every day administered the balm of patience and fortitude to my wounds. The similarity of our fates rendered him still more dear to me. He was an exile, he was innocent; he passed

eight melancholy years among the barren rocks of Corsica. The description he gives of his situation accords with my own. He complains of an unpleasant climate, of the savage manners and uncouth language of the inhabitants. All this was applicable to my own case; but that which above all transported me, was the eloquent and energetic reasoning against the fear of death, contained in several fine passages of his works. I collected these with care, and rendered them familiar to my mind and my heart. I carried them always about me, as Frederic the Great carried the friendly poison, to which he intended to apply, had all his hopes have failed him.

I cannot better paint the situation of my mind, nor furnish the unhappy, into whose hands these sheets may fall, with more efficacious consolation, than by transcribing some of those sentences

which frequent repetition has imprinted, not on my memory alone.

"Can the least of evils be deemed a great one? Is the task of despising death so difficult to learn? Do we not see it practised every day on the most unimportant occasions, even the paltry love of gain?—A slave, in order to escape from his master's fury, will throw himself headlong from the top of a house! A fugitive fearful of being taken, will stab himself: Shall not courage then produce as great effects as fear?"

"The loss of life is the only one which cannot be lamented when it is too late."

"Thou fallest into the hands of an enemy; he drags thee,—whither? To that very goal to which thou hast been travelling ever since thou wert born."

"Long life is the wish of all men; they are but little solicitous that it

should be a wise and good one : yet it is in our power to embellish life with virtue, and we are unable to prolong it."

" Death is the threshold of the house of rest, and thou tremblest to set thy foot thereon."

" We are grown up children, who fear death as infants do their nearest relation in a mask. What relative is nearer akin to us than death ? Boldly tear off his mask ; take from him his axe ; deprive him of his attendants, the physicians, the priests and the mourners, and what then remains ? Nothing but death."

" Be not terrified at the sound of lamentations and groans! These arise from pain, and not from death. Every man who has suffered the gout, every emaciated libertine, every woman in childbed, has supported pain. The more violent the pain, the shorter its duration."

" I shall die —that is, I shall cease to

feel pain; my fetters will be broken; I shall cease to lament my wife and my children; I shall no longer be a slave, even to death."

"Death frees thee from all ills, even from the fears itself inspires."

"Are we not dying daily? The child grows and improves in stature, but his life decreases. We divide with death every one of our days. It is not in swallowing the last drop that we empty the cup of life: to die is only to accomplish life."

"All thy life long learn how to die, though thou wilt be able to make use of what thou hast learnt but one single time. Learn to die; it is unlearning to be a slave."

"Neither children nor madmen fear death. How humiliating to reason, not to be able to furnish what insanity can procure!"

" To die is to become again what we once were. Is the flame less happy when it is extinguished, than it was before it was kindled ? Are we not kindled and extinguished by the breath of nature? It is an error to say death only follows life ; it precedes it likewise. To have terminated, and not to have begun existence, must be the same."

" Death is either the end of our journey, or a point of repose, where we change our garments. In the latter case we shall be gainers, for our clothes incumber us on all sides. But if it be the end of our journey, it were not worth while to have set out. We shall, however, fall asleep, excessively fatigued, and shall not be disturbed by dreams."

" Life is merely a coasting voyage : Childhood, youth and manhood are passed by with rapidity, as towns and villages float before the eyes of the naviga-

tor : At length we perceive the port ; and, fools that we are, we take it for a shoal."

" Captivity is a hard lot : but who compels thee to live a slave ? A thousand ways lead to liberty, ways that are short and easy of access : thanks to the Gods who constrain no man to live against his will.

" Not a long life, but a pleasant one constitutes the happiness of our existence ; for which reason the wise man does not live as long as he may, but as long as he likes. If misfortune oppress him, he throws off the burthen. To him it is absolutely indifferent whether he waits the arrival of death, or goes out to meet it : Whether he empties his cup drop by drop, or at a single draught."

" Telesphorus, the Rhodian, was a mere coward : Being shut up in a cage,

by the tyrant into whose hands he had fallen, and fed like a wild beast, he said, "As long as I am alive, I may hope." What? Shall a man presume to ransom his life at such a price? Thou tellest me that Fortune may do every thing for the man that still lives, and I answer, that she can do nothing against the man who knows how to die."

"How often are we bled to cure a head-ache; and thou hesitatest to open a vein to terminate a miserable life!"

"Among the apostles of virtue there are some who deem suicide a crime; as there are dogs which bark at you when you approach the gate of liberty. The Creator has been more compassionate: One road alone leads into life; a thousand lead out of it."

"I am allowed to chuse the house in which I should like to dwell, the vessel on board of which I should like to sail;

and shall I not chuse the kind of death which must conduct me beyond the grave?"

"A long life is not the worst of things: for this reason death ought to be obedient to our will. To others we are accountable for our life; to ourselves alone for our death."

I shall not take upon myself to deny that among the foregoing sentences, there are several which on a close examination would prove to be mere tinsel of words; but who can be displeased at me, that, situated as I was, I felt averse to enter into a closer investigation of their reasoning before I adopted them? I considered my last hope as having failed me. At the expiration of a few months, I saw my dear wife worn out with grief, sinking into her grave; and *Obuljani-*

now,* still more cruel than death, strenuously preventing her coming to join me. I considered that my money would leave me with the summer, and that I should then be obliged to work as a day labourer in a temperature of thirty-six degrees of cold, to earn a morsel of bread and a draught of quass. This melancholy prospect I had constantly before my eyes, and what resource had I but death?

My resolution was maturely weighed, and my plan formed and determined upon. In case, however, that my wife should have come to me, I had planned the last, the only means of effecting my escape. My hopes were founded on the feasibility of traversing the interior part of Russia, from one end to the other,

* Crown Advocate to Paul I.

without being seen. I formed the following scheme:

I intended to have made a partition in my large room, and in one of the outward corners to have placed a great clothes press. After such preparations, I should have lived two months with my family, to all appearance easy and contented: After that time I intended to affect a progressive decay of health, and at last a derangement of mind. This deception should have continued for another two months. I should then have placed my furred cloak and cap, some dark evening, upon the bank of the Tobol, near the spot where the ice is broken for the purpose of drawing water. This being done, I should have returned quietly home and hidden myself in the clothes-press, which should be so contrived as to admit air.

Having succeeded thus far, my wife

would have spread an alarm; search would have been made after me; my clothes would have been found, and every one would have concluded that I had thrown myself into the river: a letter in my own hand-writing would have announced my design of putting an end to my existence; my wife would then have appeared the victim of despair; she would have kept her bed the whole day, and at night, would have furnished me with sustenance. Report would have been made of this accident at Tobolsk, and from thence to Petersburg, where it would have been thrown aside, and I should have been forgotten. Some time after this my wife was to have appeared to recover; she was then to ask for a passport to Livonia, which, in the common course of things, would not have been refused her. She would then have procured a large sledge-kibick, in

which a man may lie at full length, and which, indeed, would have been the only carriage in which such an enterprize could have been executed. I should have filled up the hollow part of the vehicle, and have been covered with pillows and baggage. My wife would have occupied the seat, and have admitted air whenever necessary; and unless my strength had failed me on the road, I should most certainly have arrived, without the least obstacle, before my own door at Friedenthal; for, as I have already observed, no one is examined in the interior parts of Russia, and a man may travel from Polangen to Tschukotshoi-Noss, without being once asked what he has in his carriage.

The most difficult point would have been to give an appearance of authenticity to the story of my death, which would have been so much the more

easily established, as the inhabitants of Kurgan were a simple, unsuspicious people, utterly incapable of following the thread of a plan so artfully contrived and executed.

Being arrived at Friedenthal, I should have found it easy enough to conceal myself for some time from every eye. I had, besides, more than one friend in Estonia on whom I could depend as confidentially as I could on my wife. Knorring or Huek would have conveyed me in the same manner as far as Revel. The generous Frederic de Ungern-Sternberg would have removed me to his estate at Hapsal, and from thence to the Isle of Dagoe, where I should have embarked for Sweden in a fishing-boat, which, with a fair wind would have made the passage in twelve hours. Every thing, I must repeat, depended on my being able to bear the fatigue of such a

journey; for in every other respect, having the happiness to possess a wife so singularly excellent, and friends so devoted to my service, the plan was very practicable.

The project of escape I had formed in Livonia, and of which I may now speak without reserve, was similar to this. I designed to have made the Duna the scene of my pretended death, and to have hidden myself in the ruins of Kokenhusen. M. de Löwenstern would have ordered a search to be made for me. Every enquiry having been made to no purpose, a certificate of my death would have been dispatched to the Counsellor; I should have been forgotten at Petersburg, and the affair being over, some of my friends might have conveyed me away in the manner already pointed out.

My project at Kurgan, however, ap-

peared more practicable than that at the other place. It would naturally be supposed that a body sunk under the ice could not be found again; whereas an unsuccessful search in the Duna, which was not frozen, might have given rise to suspicion. Besides, it was no uncommon thing in Livonia for an unfortunate man to put an end to his sufferings.

The advice of my friend Kiniäkoff was, that I should join one of the caravans, under a good disguise, on its return to China. He himself would have endeavoured to escape in that manner, had he not been apprehensive of embittering the fate of his two brothers. I should have found such an enterprise impracticable: I was a foreigner, and the success of this scheme depended on being a native of Russia, or, at least, on knowing the language well enough to pass for a car-

rier of that nation. I adhered therefore to my former plan, and I desired my wife, in an indirect manner, to bring every thing with her that could aid its success, and at the end of every letter, I hinted at what I intended to do, by these words: "If you come here you will be more to me than Lodoiska was to her Louvet."

Even at Kurgan I met with a man, who kindly and voluntarily offered to transmit a letter to my wife, and who has conveyed several to her in a more expeditious manner than they would have reached her the common way. If I do not name this friend, the reason may be easily imagined. Before God my heart has named him more than a thousand times!

I pity those gloomy philosophers, who ascribe to human nature an innate and original depravity. My misfortunes have

confirmed me in the opinion that man may put confidence in man. How few hard-hearted and insensible beings are to be met with in my narrative! How few that resemble the unfeeling Counsellor, or the coxcomical Prostenius! I have always thought, and I am convinced of the fact, that if a man be unfortunate, he will every where find friends: the arms, the hearts of men will open at his approach, in the most dreary wilderness, in the most remote corner of the universe!

The good inhabitants of Kurgan are certainly of this description. I was invited to all their little feasts; every one would fain divide his pittance, and share his pleasures with me. On my arrival among them they did know me as an author; but a paragraph which was inserted in the Moscow Gazette, relative to the brilliant success of my pieces on

the English stage, informed them of my literary existence, and served to increase that esteem which they had already evinced for me. The good nature with which they endeavoured to divert me, and the kind intention they had in drawing me into their little circles, have sometimes proved troublesome to me; for, on one hand, my mind was ill adapted to any intercourse with mankind, and on the other, their company had but few charms for an European like myself, spoiled by the habits of polished society.

The following may serve as a sketch of the state of society at this place. The Assessor, Judas Nikitisch, celebrated the festival of his patron Saint, which, it must be observed, in Russia is a more important festival than a birth-day. He came to me early in the morning, and invited me to his house, where, he said, I should meet all the principal people of

the place. I went, and on my arrival was stunned by the noise of five men, whom they called *singers*. These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room. This was the salutation given to every guest on his entering the house. An immense table groaned under the weight of twenty dishes, but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company. The whole had the appearance of a breakfast, which the Russians often give under the name of a *sacuschka*. The principal dishes were *pirogues*, not made of meat, as is usual, but of different kinds of fish, it being the season of lent. There were besides several dishes of soused fish, and pastry of many sorts. The master of the house carried a

huge brandy bottle in his hand, eager to serve his guests, who frequently drank to his health, and, to my great surprise, without shewing any signs of intoxication. There was no wine, and indeed I had drank none in Siberia, except at Tobolsk, at the Governor's table: it was a Russian wine, palatable enough, which, if I mistake not, had been procured from the Crimea. Instead of wine our host presented us with mead; another rarity, and much esteemed here, as there are no bees in Siberia. Every guest, except myself, however, preferred brandy to this mead.

I expected every moment that another door would be thrown open, and that the company would sit down to table; but I expected in vain. The guests took their hats one after the other, and went away; and I felt it necessary to follow their example.

"Is the entertainment over?" said I to M. de Gravi, who stood near me.

"No," replied he; "the company are going home to take their naps, and at five o'clock they will be here again."

I returned at the appointed hour. The scene was then changed; the great table still occupied the centre of the room, but in the place of pirogues, fish and brandy, it was covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and a quantity of Chinese sweetmeats, several of which were of an exquisite flavour, and among which I remarked a dry conserve of apples cut into slices.

The mistress of the house, a young and charming woman, now made her appearance, and with her the ladies and daughters of the guests, in their old-fashioned dresses. Tea and French brandy were handed to the company, with punch, into which the *glukwa* berry

(*vaccinium okycoccos*) was squeezed instead of lemons. Card tables were then set, and the guests played at Boston* as long as the brandy allowed them to distinguish the colour of the cards. At supper-time every person retired as they had done at noon, and the entertainment closed.

It will be easily imagined that it required no small effort on my part to partake of such recreations. Happy was I when I could return to my own chamber to breathe in freedom, or take my gun on my shoulder, and walk out with my worthy Sokoloff.

Thus my days passed on at Kurgan, my health continued invariably good, which had not been the case for many years before, and this contributed in a considerable degree to the serenity of

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* A Russian game.

my mind. I indulged the fondest hopes: the idea of my family assembled round me was always present to my mind, and thus re-united, I was convinced we could not be unhappy even at Kurgan. Such was my firm persuasion, and I knew my wife would think the same.

Nor was this my sole and last hope. I had presented a Memorial to the Emperor; to an Emperor who would not blush to make reparation for the impetuosity of the moment, into which he had been surprised by calumny or suspicion; to an Emperor who, being himself a father, would allow the voice of nature to reach his heart through all the obstacles that his court-advocate Obuljaninow could throw between him and me. With what sincerity did I wish my Counsellor a good journey! How many times have I calculated the weeks, the days that would be necessary for his

arrival at Petersburgh! The days and the weeks after that which must elapse before the decision of my fate could reach me, whether on the banks of the Neva or those of the Tobol! Towards the end of August, if every thing agreed with my calculations, I expected to receive my final sentence. Thank Heaven! I had in this instance erroneously calculated—

The hand that leads us thro' life's dreary road,
Aids the lorn wretch to bear his galling load:
And tho' fond hope, bereft of all its pow'r,
Has scarce a gleam to cheer the darken'd hour,
Still may one thought the erring mind employ,
That one short moment brings unlook'd-for joy!

It was now the 7th of July: the morning was fine, and I was engaged in my usual manner in drawing up the story of my misfortunes, when, at about ten o'clock, M. de Gravi came in, and, after a few words of ordinary chat, took up

a pack of cards, as he most commonly did, to play at the game of *grande patience*, which he often carried so far as to put my patience to a severe trial. I was sometimes whole hours a witness to his pastime, for the good man could not conceive it possible that any one's time at Kurgan was valuable, and particularly an exile's. He continued to play till eleven o'clock: during this time I walked up and down the room in ill-humoured silence, without taking any notice of the game, except once, when he asked me with what view he should turn up the cards. "Consult the oracle," said I, peevishly, "whether I am to see my family shortly." The deal proved fortunate, and he was highly delighted that they were soon to be with me.

At length he recollected he had business to dispatch, and took his leave.

I continued my task. In the middle

of a period my servant interrupted me by saying—" Well, Sir, we have some more news."

I paid little attention to him, concluding he was going to entertain me with some new love affair; (for he had had twenty, and some of no common sort, since we had resided here) and without taking my pen from the paper, I turned myself half round to ask him what the news was.

" This very moment a dragoon is arrived to take you away," said he. Struck with terror, I started from my chair, and looked him full in the face without being able to utter a single word.

" Yes, yes," continued he, " we shall perhaps set off this very day for Tobolsk."

" How?" was all I was able to say.

Instead of answering me, he brought a man to me who had seen the dragoon,

had heard him speak of his commission, had accompanied him to M. de Gravi's, and from thence had ran to my lodging to be the first bearer of the news, but who was totally ignorant of the dispatches that were brought.

What had I to expect? My liberty? Alas, no! For in such case, why was I to be taken back to Tobolsk? The nearest road lay through Ekatarinabourg, and why make a circuitous journey of five hundred verstes? Besides, the answer to my Memorial could not arrive for a considerable time to come. I had therefore nothing better before me than the horrid prospect of being transported from Tobolsk further up the country, perhaps to Kamtschatka. I remained a considerable time in great perturbation of mind, till, rousing myself from a painful train of thought, I took the quire of paper on which I had been writ-

ing, together with all the bank notes I had left, and concealed the whole under my waistcoat. I waited for more than ten minutes in the most painful state of suspence, for the arrival of my sentence. These ten minutes are to be numbered among the most dreadful of my life. At last I perceived from my window M. de Gravi, accompanied by a crowd of people, turning the corner of the street, and in the midst of them I discerned a dragoon, with a plume that covered his hat. They were too far off for me to observe the expression of their countenances; and I remained more dead than alive, waiting to know my fate.

I walked with trembling steps about the room, and again drawing near the window, I could distinguish the features of M. de Gravi, which seemed to be very composed. A ray of hope now gleamed upon me, yet heaviness still pressed upon my heart.

The people were now in the yard; M. de Gravi looked up at my window, perceived me there, and saluted me in a gay and friendly manner. I felt my heart grow lighter; I attempted to go out to meet him, but was unable: I remained quite motionless, and fixed my eyes upon the door of the chamber: it opened; I endeavoured to speak, but continued speechless.

Prosdawläja, wui swobodni—"I congratulate you, you are free!"—As he uttered these words, the good De Gravi threw himself into my arms, and shed tears of joy. I saw nothing, heard nothing; felt only the tears of De Gravi, which wet my cheek, while my own eyes remained dry. The cry of *prosdawläja* was repeated by all around me; every one strove to be first to embrace me, and my servant too pressed me to his heart. I permitted all these proceedings, still looking at them with silent

stupor: I could neither thank them, nor utter a word.

The dragoon then delivered me a letter from the Governor. I had strength enough to open it, and I read the following lines, which were written in French.

"SIR,

"Rejoice, but moderate your "transports; the state of your health "requires it. My prediction is accom- "plished. I have the satisfaction to in- "form you that our gracious Emperor "desires your return. Command every "thing of which you may be in want; "and it shall be procured you. Orders "are already given for your accommo- "dation. Hasten and receive the con- "gratulations of

"Your very humble Servant,

"DE KUSCHELEFF."

July 4th.

Every word of the letter sunk deep into my heart. The Governor sent me at the same time a bundle of newspapers, and a short congratulatory note from M. Becker, who by chance had been present when the dragoon was sent off, and who offered me his house, in the most pressing manner, on my return to Tobolsk.

M. de Gravi read to me the order which he had received. The substance of it was that I should be furnished with with whatever I might want, even with money, and that I should be sent off immediately.

I had not yet recovered my speech, but a flood of tears relieved me. I wept, and the greater part of the spectators wept with me.

Suddenly Sokoloff came in and fell upon my neck, pressed me in his arms, and shed many bitter tears. "I am again," said he, much affected, "alone

and forsaken, but what does it signify? God knows, I rejoice sincerely in your deliverance."

All the principal people of the town crowded about me; the room could scarcely hold them. Every one was eager to testify his joy, and to compliment me on this occasion. The worthy De Gravi, who naturally imagined such a crowd would at the present moment prove troublesome to me, dispersed them by degrees, and proposed my going to dine at his house. I could neither eat nor drink. "When do you think of setting off?" said he. "In two hours," I replied. "What shall you want?"—"Horses."—He smiled and left me.

I was now alone—I shall not attempt to describe the state of my mind. For several hours I could neither stand nor sit still. I walked backwards and forward without intermission, and mea-

sured the room in every direction. I had scarcely any ideas, I had merely sensations, confused images which rapidly succeeded each other, without leaving any distinct traces on my mind. I still saw my wife and my children fluttering before my eyes as in a mist. I felt my head grow giddy, and my whole frame was strangely affected; I endeavoured to think in a connected manner, to reflect, to read the newspapers, which was a favourite occupation with me; but all was in vain, my tears from time to time gushed out afresh, and all I was able to say was confined to this single exclamation; O God! O God!

As soon as my mind became more tranquil, I found that my cup of joy was not without a mixture of regret. The stranger to whom, in the first transports of delight, I had made a present very inconsistent with my means, informed me

among other things, that a senate courier had arrived from Petersburg, to conduct me thither: but, that having orders only to go to Tobolsk, he had refused to stir beyond that place; on account of which, it had not been in the Governor's power to spare me this circuitous route. This point, indeed, was sufficiently cleared up, but the dragoon could not solve a second question of much more importance to me, which was, Whether the courier had brought any letters from my family, or at least any account of them? Of this the dragoon was quite ignorant; and it seemed but too probable, in my mind, that the courier had no such letters or accounts to bring me, since the well-known humanity of the Governor would certainly have induced him to mention the circumstance in his letter. He well knew how much I was attached to my wife;

he had witnessed the tears I had shed for her, and in sympathy often mingled his own with mine. As therefore he mentioned not a word of her in his note, I dreaded that he had something very shocking to conceal from me.

Thus ingenious was I in tormenting myself; but happily the preparations for the journey in some degree diverted my attention. I was as impatient as a child: all my things were crammed in haste into my portmanteau, and thrown into a kibick. I hastily acquitted myself of my last duty at Kurgan, and took leave of all my good friends. It will be supposed I did not stay many minutes in one house. I remained longer with my excellent friend De Gravi, and he exacted a sacrifice from me on leaving him, which gave me no small pain, but which I could not refuse, as he solicited me in the most pressing manner.

The 7th of July was a solemn festival, the true meaning of which I was never able to discover. It chiefly consisted in transporting the image of the Saint of a neighbouring village into the town. The Saint of the town was carried in procession to meet it, received it with politeness, and bore it company to its own temple; honoured it with certain prayers and hymns, and accompanied it back in the evening. All the inhabitants of the place escorted their Saint on this little excursion, singing psalms as they marched along. The worthy De Gravi thought it his duty to be at the head of this procession, and it was at this ceremony that I was compelled to be present. He assured me it would not last half an hour, and I accompanied him.

Borne by six pretty country girls, and attended by a priest with a long beard,

the Saint of the village met us in the skirts of the town. Every one sung and made the sign of the cross. The images of the two Saints politely ex. changed salutations. We returned with them to the town; the stranger Saint went to the house of its host, and I flew to mine to make my last preparations.

I found my good friend Sokoloff there, whose heart was much oppressed on account of our separation. The night before we had both observed, that the liberty of the one would render the captivity of the other doubly painful. The following day the circumstance was to take place! I made him a present of my gun, my shooting apparatus, all my powder and shot, and every thing else that I could spare. He accepted them without saying a word, and I could read in his moistened eye, that he had much

rather have had my company than my presents. I pressed him to write to his family, and promised to transmit his letters safe into their hands. His conscience, however, which was scrupulous to excess, would not permit him to embrace my offer. He was determined in no respect to disobey the severe orders he had received, and deemed it meritorious rather to suffer every thing than incur the imputation of a single fault.

The idea that this excellent man would have been far less unhappy at Kurgan, had he never found a fellow-sufferer in me, embittered the moment of joy which I had experienced on regaining my liberty. In fact, I had been the cause of his having resumed his former habits of society and friendship, and having again tasted some of the enjoyments of life. He could always pour forth his complaints to me; my

ear and my heart were ever open to him, and my sudden departure plunged him once more into his former solitude! It had been my intention to have taken him out of his melancholy dwelling, and have lodged him with me during the winter, had not my departure condemned him again to his garret. I embraced him and shed many tears; he wept also and left the room. I did not see him any more, for when the greater part of the inhabitants of the town were assembled in the yard at the moment of my departure, Simon Sokoloff was not of the number.

I was obliged to wait an hour for the horses. Never in my life did I feel myself so much upon thorns. I was hardly capable of acknowledging the marks of kindness which the Kurganians lavished upon me. One had made me some punch; another loaded my kibick with

provisions; a third presented me with a pot of cucumbers.* I must have walked on foot by the side of my carriage, had I accepted all their presents. May the benediction of heaven fall on these good people! I shall see them no more, but I bear in my heart a tender and grateful remembrance of their hospitality.

The horses at length arrived. I was embraced by the whole circle, and put into the kibick. Good old De Gravi got in with me, determined, as he said, to accompany me out of the gates. Benedictions and prayers were showered upon me at parting, and I was lost in a transport of delight. After proceeding about two verstes on my journey, De Gravi stopped

* At Kurgan cucumbers are considered as a great delicacy; they are cultivated as melons are in Germany, and are served to the guests, as part of the desert, cut into small slices.

the postilion, fell upon my neck, embraced me and wept; pressed my hand, and alighted from the carriage; left me, returned again, shook me once more by the hand, sobbed, bid me farewell, and departed. I raised myself in the kibick, kept my eyes a long while upon him, and contemplated with emotion the spot of my exile; and then, having cast behind me the painful dream of my misfortunes, I bid the driver make the best of his way.

I was not obliged to go so far round as Tiumen; the water had in a great degree subsided; and being provided with a gauze fence to keep off the gnats, I was enabled to go on during the whole night, which, without such precaution, had been impracticable at this season of the year. The gnats of this country resemble those of Europe, except that they are of a yellow colour, and are still more venemous.

Towards evening I fell asleep, and after an easy slumber, I awoke to new enjoyment. I was a full minute before I could well recollect what had so lately happened to me; but this minute, during which the idea of my liberty gradually unfolded itself in my mind, was a celestial one.

In the afternoon we passed through a little town called Jaluterski. It contained a great number of exiles, among whom was Prince Simbirski, formerly Commander in Chief of the Russian army, who had been sentenced to banishment on account of mal-practices in the delivery of a cloth contract, of which he in fact had not been himself guilty, though charged with conniving at the guilt of others. It is scarcely to be imagined that he deserved so heavy a punishment, and still less easy to believe that it could have been inflicted in so cruel a

manner. He was loaded with irons, and dragged into exile with a guide three times as cruel as mine, and obliged, in spite of the bad state of his health, and the incumbrance of his fetters, to give up, almost continually, his place in the kibick to his guide, and to walk. There was no sort of ill-treatment, no kind of humiliating outrage, but what he had experienced at the hands of his executioner.*

A scene of happiness nevertheless awaited him on the inhospitable banks of the Tobol, which I have often envied him, and which must have considerably alleviated his misfortunes. On his way from Tobolsk toward Jaluterski, the place of his destination, having been obliged, as I had been, to measure back

* He was afterwards found to be innocent of the charges exhibited against him, and he has been since reinstated in all his honours and dignities.

the high-road for some hundred verstes, he saw, at the very moment in which he was leaving the Tobol and striking up the country; he saw, I say, a raft on the other side of the river begin to move, with several persons and their baggage on board. Let the reader judge of his joy, when he recognized by degrees his wife and his children! He uttered a loud shriek, and it was echoed from the raft; it was the dear and well-known voice of his family. Their arms were extended towards him: he rushed into the water, met the raft, and sprung into it. Heavens! What a moment! Some peasants, who were spectators of this scene, related it to me. They had felt as they ought on this occasion, and they yet speak of it with emotion.

When I passed through the town, Prince Simberski was ill; he was surrounded, however, by his family, and

was the object of their most tender solicitude.

I never saw finer pastures than in this country. Any one has liberty to mow them, and yet the greater part remains unmowed, in consequence of the thin population, and scarcity of cattle.

I must not pass over in silence a phenomenon which I met with in a village near Jaluterski. It was a male idiot, about eighteen years old, who walked on all-fours: he might be cited in behalf of the hypothesis, that man originally walked in that manner. He not only trotted very fast whenever he chose, but at the same time held his head in a vertical position as other men do. The muscles of his neck must certainly have given way, and become accustomed to this direction. He seldom stood erect, and never walked in that attitude, but often squatted upon his legs in the manner of a bear.

Between Jaluterski and Tobolsk, we drove through several villages inhabited by Tartars. This nation does not appear to me to merit the contempt with which the Russians, their conquerors, choose to treat them. An accident which befel me in one of these villages, gave me an opportunity of learning some particulars.

One evening, near sun-set, the axle-tree of my carriage broke down, when two or three Tartars immediately ran to my assistance. One of them was a sort of carpenter. I stopped before his door, and learning that the repairs would take up three hours, I desired my servant to make some tea. The inside of the Tartar houses being very dirty, I preferred passing the evening, which was exceedingly fine, before the door; and having procured a table and a chair, I began to open my travelling trunk to take out

what was necessary to make my tea. Curiosity had drawn all the inhabitants of the village about me, who seemed to be totally ignorant of the use of utensils of luxury. An old silk bed-gown, that my wife had often wished me to throw aside, attracted their attention and admiration to such a degree, that every one of them was desirous to handle it. But what delighted them to ecstacy was the looking-glass that lined the lid of my travelling box. They sat cowering in groups before it, laughed aloud at the sight of their own faces, and explained to one another, by droll gesticulations, their astonishment at seeing before them the country that lay behind them. I took the glass from the lid, and presented it to the carpenter's wife, who at first cast a look by stealth upon it, then by degrees grew more familiar with it, and at last admired herself with no small

satisfaction, for she was very pretty. It appeared to me that the female Tartar peasants were not so scrupulous as the women of Cäsan in hiding their faces; at least all I saw here were without veils.

Tea being ready, I lighted my pipe*, and sat myself down upon a pile of timber which stood just opposite my carpenter's house. It was a picturesque nocturnal scene. A score of Tartars were seated about me, upon the rude steps formed by the beams of timber; at my feet a little fire was kindled, at which the carpenter was working; and across the way, close to the house, stood several women, girls, and children, who were too bashful to approach nearer.

By degrees a very singular conversa-

* Lest the Printer should be innocently accused of a blunder, the Translator begs to inform his countrymen, that the Germans frequently take a pipe with their tea and coffee.

tion took place between me and the surrounding group. The moment they had discovered I was not a Russian, they took courage; I gained their confidence; they overwhelmed me with inquiries: Who was I? Where was I going? What countryman was I? How did people live in my country? The crowd and myself were alike ill versed in the Russian tongue, and we had infinite trouble to understand each other. Having told them I was a Saxon, they conversed for some time in the Tartar language together, and then asked me if Saxony was not situated upon the Caspian Sea. I knew not how to give them an idea of the geographical position of that country. They were ignorant of all Germany, except Prussia, and of that they had but very confused ideas. They had never heard of the name of France, of its revolution, nor its wars. Happy people!

A young woman, whom the looking-glass had attracted so much, having in the mean while drawn nearer to us to profit by the conversation, I took an opportunity of asking her if polygamy was common among them; and it appeared, that in all the village there were but two men who had more than one wife, and my carpenter was one of these. I was asked if I did not think it very agreeable to have several helpmates and several companions. Each by-stander strove to prove the advantages of polygamy. "When a man's wife grows old," said one of them, "she is associated with a younger woman." "When the old one is sad," added another, "the young one may smile and be merry."

"Very well," said I, "but does this arrangement please your females?" On saying this, I cast my eyes upon my pretty hostess. The by-standers explain-

ed what I said, as she scarcely understood a word of Russian, and when she had comprehended the question, she shook her head, as if she would say, "you are right to doubt it." After this she turned her eyes in a timid manner towards the door of her own house, where a woman of about forty, and of a crabbed look, probably her companion, was sitting. My eyes followed her's, and I was convinced that I had discovered a family secret.

I had evidently gained the good will of this young woman, by the part I had taken in favour of her sex, for she soon after brought a pot filled with eggs, though I had not asked for any thing of the kind, which having placed upon the fire that was burning before me, she squatted down in such a manner that the flames reddened her countenance in a high degree: having boiled the eggs,

she presented them to me upon a wooden dish.

I had never before had an opportunity of being convinced of the inveterate hatred which the Tartars bear the Russians. My dragoon had fallen asleep; my servant and myself were strangers, and they could venture to explain themselves with freedom, which they soon began to do without the least reserve.

As far as I have been able to observe the Tartar nation, I have found them frank, ambitious, quick in perception, of strong feelings, and much addicted to revenge. The men are in general tall, stout, and hardy. With such faculties and dispositions, it is impossible that the conduct of the Russians towards them should produce any other effects than hatred. The Tartars are considered as the reprobate descendants of certain Finlandish colonies. The name of Tar-

tar in this part of the world is an expression as injurious as that of *Tsuchon*,* which is bestowed on the wretched inhabitants of the north of the Baltic. They are used in the most cruel and ignominious manner. When any accident happens to a Russian on the road, he claims, as the bounden duty of a slave, the assistance of the first Tartar he meets, without condescending either to pay or thank him for his service. They even ridicule his prophet during the very time the man is at work for them, and while they themselves remain idle lookers-on. I have been present at a scene of this kind, in which Alexander Schulkins behaved with great indecency, and I could observe, that when he began to speak prophanely of the prophet, the

* The true name of the Finlanders, but which is now degenerated into a term of reproach.

Tartar grew pale with anger, and was scarcely able to restrain his indignation.

I afforded this injured people some consolation, by informing them, that several of their *mirzas* were treated with great respect at Petersburg. I named Derschawin in particular, a man equally celebrated as a poet and a statesman; advising them at the same time to make application to him whenever they stood in need of redress.

If my conversation seemed to afford them much delight, their frank and unreserved behaviour gave me no les pleasure, except that they pressed too closely about me.

As soon as the carriage was repaired, I prepared to depart. The carpenter received a trifle for his labour, but refused to take any thing for his hospitality; and though this accident was far from being agreeable, as it impeded my jour-

ney, yet I cannot help congratulating myself on having employed the period of the delay in a very satisfactory manner.

I continued my journey without any farther accident, and arrived on the 9th of July, early in the morning, at the last post before Tobolsk. The spring floods had not long subsided, and I was obliged to travel the last four German miles, as I had formerly done, in a miserable bark. But the weather was fine, and my mind was as serene as the atmosphere. I saw the same objects with far different sensations, and my soul resembled the smooth surface over which we were gently gliding.

At ten o'clock I arrived at Tobolsk. M. Becker, as I have already said, had offered me his house, but I waved going there immediately, being uncertain whether such a step might be agreeable to

the Governor, who was obliged above all other men to observe every measure of prudence and circumspection.

Under this impression, I preferred going directly to my former quarters, where I was received with open arms by the master of the house, and shewn into the apartment which I had before occupied, and in which another unfortunate exile had lodged since I left it. I announced my arrival to the Governor by means of the dragoon, and as soon as I had changed my dress I followed him.

The courier who had been dispatched to me, and whose name was Carpow, lodged in the same house with us. He was, however, from home, and I was still obliged to reserve all the anxious questions I had to ask relative to my family in my own bosom. I flew to the Governor, and found him, as before, in

his garden. He pressed me to his heart, and his eyes sparkled with sincere delight.

My first enquiry was respecting those who belonged to me. Alas! he was unable to afford me the least information; he however strove to console me by every argument in his power. He shewed me the ukase which related to me, and which contained only a few lines, written in the Court Advocate's hand, enjoining him, "to set the within-named "Kotzebue, committed to his keeping, "immediately at liberty; to send him "to Petersburg, and to furnish him, at "the expence of the Crown, with what-"ever was necessary or agreeable to "him." The Courier was also directed to defray all the expences of the journey.

In consequence of this order, the Governor asked me what sum of money would be sufficient for me. I had still

some hundred roubles in my possession, and I should not have accepted any assistance, had I not apprehended that my refusal of the Emperor's generous offers might be construed into pride or disdain. On the other hand, I was fearful of asking too much, and it was as necessary to avoid the imputation of presumption as that of haughtiness. I mentioned my scruples to the Governor; and requested him to assist me with his advice. He was of opinion that by taking three hundred roubles I should observe a proper medium. I fixed upon that sum, and had then no other wish than to proceed on my journey within two hours. In vain did the Governor press me to stay a few days at Tobolsk; I answered with some degree of impatience, that I considered every hour which did not convey me nearer to my wife as a robbery committed upon her.

He acquiesced in this reasoning, and turning with apparent emotion towards a lady that sat near him, he explained to her, in the Russian language, what I had just said. He promised to give orders to hasten my departure, and even offered to compel the man who had so shamefully cheated me in the purchase of my carriage to return it to me for the same sum which he had paid for it. I thanked him for his kindness, but preferred rather to pursue the journey in an inconvenient kibick than be liable to stop every moment on the road to repair the carriage.

I did not, however, depart so speedily as I had hoped. The payment of the three hundred roubles, which I would gladly have renounced, required many formalities. The Governor was obliged to write to the city-chamber, the members of which attended on public busi-

ness only in the forenoon; it was too late that day, and I was under the necessity of passing that night at Tobolsk.

I dined with the Governor, and went afterwards to see my good friends Kiniäkoff, Becker, and the excellent Paterson, who all received me with expressions of the sincerest friendship. On my return home I found my Courier, but he was unable to give me any information relative to my family. His private instructions, which he gave me to read, proved indeed that the Emperor was perfectly convinced of my innocence, since he was charged to take the greatest care of me on the route, and to treat me *wsäkie udowolst-wre*, that is to say, to do every thing that could contribute to my satisfaction.

For this purpose, indeed, a bad choice had been made in the person of the Courier. M. Carpow was one of the most

ill-bred and slovenly young men in the world, extremely fond of his ease, and as lazy as a spoiled lap-dog; never giving himself the least trouble about any thing. It was a matter of indifference to him whether we travelled fast or slow: he did not even possess the talent so common to people of his condition, of hurrying the post-masters and drivers by assuming an air of importance, and bestowing threats and curses upon them. He was a mere log; and his invincible apathy has often put my patience to the severest trial. In other respects he was a good sort of a fellow; he had been formerly an apothecary's apprentice, and perhaps was well enough calculated for his post at the mortar. He was much vexed at not being able to stay and indulge himself a few days longer at Tobolsk. It was likewise rather difficult to satisfy him in respect to money: when I gave

him a hundred roubles on our first interview, it seemed the sum did not equal his expectations.

During the whole evening my room was crowded with people, who came to congratulate me, some of whom were known, and others quite unknown to me. The Governor himself honoured me with a visit, and the whole town vied in paying me the same compliment.

This night was the first I had passed in Siberia in pleasant and uninterrupted repose. I rose early next morning, in the hope of being able to set off by nine o'clock, for which purpose I had already engaged a boat; but unfortunately I was obliged to wait till the evening, before the petty business of the three hundred roubles was decreed, signed, and concluded! I ought perhaps to consider this delay as a most fortunate circumstance, as during the whole day there

were several storms, which might have overset the boat. I derived also another advantage from this delay. I had consented, out of mere complaisance, to take the son of a German taylor to Petersburg in the capacity of a servant. His friends had concealed from me that he was subject to sickness and fits, and I should have had a very troublesome travelling companion in the poor youth, had not my further detention given me an opportunity of discovering his infirmity.

It was, however, much against my will that I dined and supped once more with my friends at Tobolsk. Towards evening every thing was ready, when the wind and rain still compelled me to defer my departure for some hours. I fixed it for three the next morning, and threw myself upon my bed without taking off my clothes.

I was the first person awake in the house, or, to express myself with more accuracy, I did not close my eyes. At day-break I caused my lazy companion to be roused from his slumbers. The tempest was rather increased than diminished, yet I resolved to wait no longer. At four o'clock we were on the banks of the Irtisch, and I saw with delight that my carriage was already on board the agitated vessel. "Will the passage be dangerous?" said I to the pilot. "Not extremely so," replied he *(ne otschen apasno)*. This expression was somewhat alarming, yet inclination got the better of fear, and in spite of all my companion could urge, I told the boatmen to proceed.

My Italian servant had accompanied me to the river. He appeared to be affected at taking leave; but his grief, if not feigned, most probably arose from

the loss of his opportunities to pilfer me: for although I gave him a considerable gratuity, besides paying him the wages due to him, I discovered, on opening my portmanteau, that he had divided with me the few things which I possessed. I say *divided*, for he had left me exactly one half of every thing: he had even cut the sheet which I carried with me in half. May he enjoy soft and pleasant slumbers upon it; and no doubt but he may, for what is called *conscience* was far from being the foible of this fellow.

At length we put off, and the joy with which I beheld the water that rippled between me and the shore cannot be described. My eyes were fixed upon the town as it receded from my view; upon the mass of buildings which gradually disappeared; and I should have continued to enjoy this charming scene, at once so affecting and so pleasing, had

not the increasing violence of the tempest, the motion of the bark, and the cries of the pilot and boatmen, aroused me from my reverie.

As long as we steered over the deluged fields, as long as we coasted the forests, we went on pleasantly enough; but when we were obliged to venture out at sea, (the reader will pardon the expression) or cross the *sinuosities* of the Irtisch and the Tobol, the danger became imminent. The waves rolled over the boat every moment, and we were obliged to scoop out the water with our hats, or in any manner we could. No one could stand upright without being in danger of falling overboard, and at the moment when we endeavoured to cross the Tobol in the teeth of the wind, our bark was on the point of foundering. The day before, such an accident had actually happened. It was only by crowding all

together on the elevated side of the vessel, that we could have preserved an equilibrium, and thus have saved ourselves from instant death.

We likewise met with shallows, where the grass that grew in the meadows over which we passed appeared above water; here we often ran aground. It was then necessary for the rowers to wade halfway up their bodies in water to push the barge afloat again, which often required much time and labour.

At length, after toiling for more than seven hours, we happily arrived on the opposite shore, and from this moment all our fatigues on water were at an end, as every one of the other rivers which had so much incommoded me on my way to Siberia, had now sunk into their usual channels. The gloomy Sura, the beautiful Kama, the majestic Wolga, the rapid Wiatka, had all subsided, as if

they had been averse to interrupt my return.

A new danger, however, threatened me a little before my arrival at Tiumen. I felt myself exceedingly indisposed. I was ignorant of the cause of this malady, the symptoms of which were quite new to me. My whole frame underwent such violent agitations, that I could no longer bear the motion of the carriage, even at a moderate rate. I had unfortunately no remedy at hand, except a little lemonade powder. My good friend Paterson had offered me some medicines when I was at Tobolsk, but as I had no idea that so happy a journey could be attended with sickness, I had refused them; indeed had I taken them, I should not have known what to have used, as I was ignorant of the cause of my illness. There was no remedy then but patience; and the tormenting idea of being so near

the end of my journey, and yet to die before I had embraced my family, was ill calculated to inspire patience.

I was conveyed slowly on as far as Tiumen, where we arrived in the afternoon. My Courier advised me to remain here till I grew better, but I was averse to all delay; and the best assistance I could have procured at Tiumen would perhaps have been an ignorant surgeon, as there was no physician in the place. I preferred, therefore, at all events, to continue my route. Am I not, thought I to myself, on the frontiers of Siberia? At least I will pass beyond the limits of my exile before I die.

We proceeded, but my pains increased to such a degree, that at the next post I was unable to bear the least motion of the carriage, and was obliged to pass the night in a miserable village. It was already evening: I caused a bed to be

made in my kibick in the best manner it could be done, and endeavoured to sleep. I was, however, unable to close my eye-lids; my illness was now at its crisis: it was long and violent, but my constitution triumphed at length, and to this struggle I am perhaps indebted for that health which I enjoyed all last winter, during which I was in better health than I had experienced for the twelve preceding years.

The next morning I was able, though extremely weak, to continue my journey, and at ten o'clock I again saw the direction-post in the forest that indicated the boundaries of Tobolsk, and which I had before beheld with such heart-felt grief.

On my former journey I had been allowed to purchase at Moscow a few bottles of Burgundy to strengthen my stomach. I paid at the rate of four

roubles a bottle. The state of my finances not permitting me to indulge in extravagance, I had only purchased three bottles: two were emptied on my arrival at Tobolsk; the third accompanied me to Kurgan: I had preserved it as a treasure, and destined it for the celebration of the day of my wife's arrival. I now drew the cork, in the face of this post, with the assistance of a corkscrew my dear mother had given me last new-year's-day, and which I now used for the first time. I drank several glasses. I shed tears of joy. I made the courier and the driver drink with me, and then broke the empty bottle against the post; after which, with a light heart, and as if I had nothing more to fear, I gaily cried, "Drive on postilion."

As my health continued to mend, I recovered my accustomed flow of spirits, and quickened the progress of my jour-

ney. I had, however, two difficulties to combat with: the first arose from the bad condition of my kibick; it was old when I bought it, and had carried me, including the journey to and from Kurgan, more than four hundred leagues. It grew more and more out of order every hour, and at length began to crack in the most alarming manner. I had been obliged to stop a dozen times to have it repaired, and I was aware the moment was not far off in which I should be left in the middle of the highway. I determined, therefore, to dispose of it at the next stage, and to make use of the post kibicks, notwithstanding they are the most incommodious of all vehicles. They are in fact mere carts, generally without any covering, and so short, that the traveller cannot lie in them at full length. They are changed at every stage, which, besides the trouble

of loading and unloading the baggage, exposes the traveller to the inconvenience of quitting his bed in the coldest night, and in all weathers. Scarcely perhaps has he, by covering himself up to the chin with the bed clothes, began to feel warmth, when the kibick stops, and he is compelled to quit it for another.

My Courier made all these representations to me: aware how much he should suffer by this plan, he of course employed all his rhetoric to dissuade me from adopting it. I had, however, calculated that we must lose a day or more in case the kibick broke down on the road; I had considered the possibility of my dear wife being ill, perhaps dangerously ill; that my arrival might contribute to her recovery; and that an hour's delay might possibly render my arrival too late to save her life. These considerations triumphed over every difficulty, and de-

termined my conduct. At the next stage I enquired who was the poorest man in the village; to him I made a present of my old kibick, and in this manner removed the first obstacle. It was far more difficult to overcome the second; for what steps could be taken to give activity to my lazy automaton of a Courier? Every expedient had hitherto proved of no avail; presents, threats, ridicule and reproaches were all in vain; his indolence was invincible: he was perpetually yawning, and crying out that we had time to spare. It was surely as a punishment for my sins that this most dilatory, most stupid of all couriers was selected.

In the midst of all the distress which I felt on this occasion, an angel of deliverance appeared in the person of *Wasili Sukin*, whom the Emperor had dispatched with all possible speed from his

anti-chamber to restore to liberty a merchant whom Prince Potemkin had banished to Siberia eight years ago. The Courier, who had arrived at Tobolsk before I left that place, had waited for the prisoner there, who had been exiled, if I am not mistaken, to Pelim, a thousand verstes farther up the country. They could not have set out till some days after my departure. The Merchant arrived at Tobolsk with his legs swelled and full of sores, but in spite of the shattered state of his health, impatience furnished him with wings. He set off, and, thanks to the laziness of my friend Carpow, he overtook us in the neighbourhood of Ekatarinabourg.

From this moment we proceeded with rapidity. Wassili Sukin was a spirited, active young man; he looked after the relays of horses himself, and either kind or rigid, as circumstances required, knew

how to handle the whip, and to spur on both man and horse. Carpow, thus finding himself relieved from all kind of trouble, had nothing more to do than follow Sukin. Even in this, however, he failed, and we always arrived a quarter of an hour later at each stage. However, we found our horses always ready, and were never detained a moment. Had it not been for the service Sukin rendered me, I should not have arrived at Petersburg so soon as I did by ten days.

I must add one word more on the subject of the merchant who accompanied me. He had been *podrädschick* to the Crown (a contractor for provisions and buildings); he had acquired great wealth, had a house at Petersburg, and another at Moscow. Being exasperated at some unnecessary delays, and a variety of frauds that had been practised

upon him by Prince Potemkin, he one day uttered some inconsiderate expressions in the anti-chamber of that favourite, and was instantly sent into banishment, and deprived of every thing he had, even to his very cloak. At Pelim, in the very heart of Siberia, he became what is called *forgotten*, and earned his bread by working as a common labourer. He had even, according to his own account, been announced as dead, in a formal report delivered to Government. This gentleman was ignorant by whom, or in what manner the Emperor had been informed of his innocence, and of his being still alive. When sent into banishment he had not been allowed to see his wife or his children, and since that time he had not heard any thing concerning them or his property. Let the reader imagine with what ardour he burned to see his family again. Although he was

old and feeble, and obliged at every stage to have his wounds dressed, he never during the whole journey deferred the moment of our departure, but would even have travelled faster.

On the 15th of July we arrived at Ekatarinabourg, where we rested. I purchased some fine Siberian stones at the polishing manufactory, where they are sold very cheap. These I intended to present to my daughters for necklaces, which from them might pass to my latest posterity, in memory of the most unhappy event of their father's life.

As we were proceeding on our journey, after quitting Ekatarinabourg, and were passing through an ill-paved town called Kungun, I very narrowly escaped being killed, in the following manner: We were driving very swiftly down a hill, when the axle-tree snapped, and the

kibick was overturned. My head touched the pavement, and as the horses continued galloping, I was dragged over the stones, in the most imminent danger of being dashed to pieces. My hat preserved me in the first instance—but I soon lost it, and must certainly have perished, had not some peasants, whom a fair had drawn to the town, stopped the horses. I received a severe contusion; the postilion suffered still more, and bled very much; while the passive Capow, who was sitting with his legs dangling over the side of the kibick, was gently pitched into the mire.

On the 18th we arrived at Perm, where I lodged with the honest clock-maker, Rosenburg, and peaceably rested my weary limbs upon the self-same sofa, on which two months before I lay agitated with despair.

From Perm to Cäsan nothing parti-

cular occurred, and the good spirits I enjoyed were only damped by the sight of the exiles we continually met with on the road. Some of them, like myself, were in their own carriages, others in open kibicks; and a far greater number, chained together in couples, travelled on foot, and were escorted by parties of armed peasants, who were relieved from village to village. Some of them had forked pieces of wood fastened about their necks, the handle of which hung over their breasts, and fell down to their knees. In these handles were two holes, through which their hands had been thrust by force. The spectacle was truly shocking—all those who walked on foot asked our charity, and with what pleasure did I relieve them! I, who was returning from my captivity! I, who was flying to the arms of my family.

I likewise met several companies of emigrants destined to people the new city which was building by the Emperor's orders on the confines of China. The men and women walked on foot; the children were perched upon the waggons, among bales and boxes, dogs and poultry. Their countenances did not express either hope or satisfaction.

On the 22d of July, at noon, I entered the city of Cäsan, and lodged in a very handsome house, designed for purposes of public festivity, the mistress of which was extremely attentive and obliging. I did not neglect paying a visit to the hospitable Justifei Timofeitsch, whose house was so infested with taracans, to thank him once more for his former kindness.

I was induced to spend the rest of the day at Cäsan, as a relation of my wife was married and settled there, with

whom I wished to speak, as I knew she corresponded with her friends in Estonia, and I flattered myself with the hope of learning some tidings from home! I trembled as I entered the house; she received me with open arms; but alas! had not a word of consolation for me, being totally unacquainted with the state of my family. One of her brothers, indeed, had just written to her, and mentioned that Baroness Dellingshausen, my wife's sister, was preparing for a journey to Germany; but of my wife, not a word was said! If this brother of her's had been aware what pain his silence occasioned me, he certainly would not have carried his dread of the Government to such an excess; he would have inserted a few lines, however insignificant in the eye of a stranger, and without making any mention of my name, at that moment so odious, would simply

have observed, " Our cousin is here or there ; is in good health, lives in such or such a manner." I could indeed draw this consoling inference from his letter, that she was not dead ; for surely, said I, he would at least have ventured to have stated such an event as that.

On my arrival at Cäsan I enjoyed a very agreeable surprise. Every one, whether known or unknown, Germans, French and Russians, crowded to see me, and expressed, in a thousand ways, the good-will they bore me. They had heard two months before that I had passed through the town, and had given themselves much trouble to find me out, but in vain ; for my amiable Counsellor had taken effectual measures to prevent my being known.

Cäsan is a large and populous city, well built, and has a lively appearance.

The custom-house is not inferior to that of Petersburg, or Moscow, in the size of its structure, or the extensiveness of its business. The antique fortress of the Khans of Tartary, which was demolished by Iwan Wassilewitsch, rises above the heights of an adjacent rock, and forms a grand and picturesque spectacle. The building is very extensive; part of its ruins has been lately restored, and is now inhabited by the commander of the town.

The strangers resident at Cäsan are sociable, and their manner of life very agreeable. Were I obliged to live in the interior part of Russia, this would be the spot which I should prefer.

On leaving Cäsan I was accompanied by half a dozen *droschkas*,* and other

* A kind of small carriage, composed of a mere bench, sometimes stuffed, and mounted upon four wheels.

carriages, as far as the banks of the Wolga, which, on my first passage over it, reached to the very walls of the city, but now flowed in its regular bed seven verstes farther on. At Cäsan I purchased a kibick to continue my journey with more convenience.

Having crossed the Wolga, Carpow shewed me the spot where he had met my Counsellor and Schulkins, whom he very much astonished by the news of my recal. The Counsellor particularly regretted his not having foreseen the favourable turn that my affairs had taken. This regret did not arise from a very pure source.

Between Cäsan and Novogorod, I saw at different times, and on both sides of the road, a group of armed men, seated round a great fire, the meaning of which my curiosity at last induced me to enquire into. The information I received

was not of the most agreeable nature: They were parties of peasants under guard to cover the road, which was much infested by robbers, whom the fair of Makariow* had drawn in bands to this neighbourhood. Hitherto I had observed nothing suspicious on the way, a traveller, however, who meets the mail for the first time in this country, naturally concludes that the roads are very dangerous, which in fact they are. The kibick, in which the Courier rides with the mail, is always accompanied by four or five peasants armed with guns and swords, who are hardly able to keep up with it. This precaution, however, has only lately taken place, in consequence of an order of Paul I. which makes every Governor responsible for the mail within

* Busching, the Geographer, mistakes in making Makariow a mere convent, and not a town.

the precincts of his jurisdiction. It is therefore natural that the Governors, especially of thinly-inhabited countries, should provide against danger. This order, however, appears to me to be very severe; since, in a country where immense forests afford the robbers an impervious retreat, no human power is able to prevent their depredations.

On approaching Nischnei Novogorod, my eyes were regaled with the sight of two objects which I had not for a long time met with. These were cherry-trees and bee-hives. It is well-known, though not accounted for, that there are neither bees nor cherries to be found in Siberia; and that all fruit-bearing trees are unknown, or rarely to be found. The joy I felt at the sight of my old acquaintances was transporting. "I am now in Europe," I cried exultingly, "I am now near my native home!"

At Nischnei, I would fain have dined in the European manner, but could find nothing but a miserable Russian hut, without any thing to eat; nor was there a better inn in the whole place. Returning, after this fruitless search, to the door of the post-house, I began to make preparation for eating my bread and cheese in my kibick, while Sukin was gone into the house to hasten the arrival of fresh horses. Through him it was discovered who I was, and immediately a servant came from the mistress of the house to invite me in the most polite manner to dine with her. My long beard, uncombed hair, and my torn night gown, were sufficient apologies for excusing myself, but they were not admitted as such. The servant was sent back to inform me I should dine alone in a private room and be incommoded by no one.

I could not long resist such polite intreaties, and having been ill-supplied with food for several days past, I was tempted to accept the invitation. I came down from the kibick, and entered the house very much resembling poor Tom in King Lear. I was shewn into an elegant room, in which I found a table prepared, and where I was left to myself for several minutes. A young and handsome woman, the mistress of the house, exceedingly well dressed, then made her appearance, and addressed me in German, and ascribed the rudeness she had been guilty of to her desire of being acquainted with me.

Although a great admirer of the fair sex, I must confess this unexpected introduction threw me into the greatest embarrassment. I considered myself as Diogenes before Aspasia: all her affability could not relieve me from the

false shame that had wholly taken possession of me. Every time I cast my eyes upon my old night-gown, or took a peep in the looking-glass, I felt myself shrink into nothing. My perplexity was increased when I observed that the room was filling apace with men and women of the first consequence, both Germans and Russians, who all accosted me in the politest manner, while I alone sat eating, like a King of France or Spain dining in state. At one time the spectators interested my feelings, by expressions of the most affectionate concern which they took in my welfare; and at another put me quite out of countenance by the extravagant praises they bestowed upon me. Nor was this all; the scene was not ended till the first volume of my dramatic works had been sent for, in order to compare the portrait with the long-bearded original.

Although my appetite and my vanity had been sufficiently pampered, I must confess, it was not till I had returned to my kibick, that I was able to relish the gratification of the last hour. Then it was (and why should I deny it?) that the reflection on this singular scene on the confines of Asia, and in an uncivilized country, touched and flattered my heart. To have found at Nischnei-Novogorod admirers of my muse, who were anxious to serve, to console, to honour me, because they recognized in me an old acquaintance, who had long since gained their esteem, was a singular kind of triumph! And I prefer this recompense to all the adulation of the public prints, since at the present day their praises of living authors is rarely pure or disinterested.

I was again threatened with new perils on the road from Nischnei to Moscow,

and from which I escaped through my own vigilance. I had passed four nights without having slept, when towards evening, as it began to rain, I resolved to remain in a village till day-break. I ordered the horses to be ready at four o'clock in the morning, and desired that I might be called at that hour. I was called accordingly, when looking towards the window, it appeared as if the day had begun to dawn, and I hurried into my kibick. Wasili Sukin and his merchant set out before me, and I followed them closely. They had a young lad for their driver, and mine was a man with a black beard and a savage countenance.

I soon perceived that the light which I had taken for break of day was nothing else than that of the moon. I took out my watch, and found it was only one o'clock. This surprised me

exceedingly: The Russian postilions, like all others, I knew had rather rise too late than too early; and I was at a loss to account for my having been called three hours before my time. I resolved not to fall asleep on the road, and having nothing to fear, while the two carriages kept together, I ordered my driver not to loiter behind, which he often attempted, under various pretences, to do.

My indolent Carpow, according to custom, was soon fast asleep, yet, as I was not fully persuaded that my suspicions were well-grounded, I was unwilling to awaken him. The postilion often turned his head round, and eyed us one after the other. I looked him, however, full in the face every time he cast his eye towards me, as much as to say—I am still awake. At length I determined to try what he would do in case he thought I

had fallen asleep, that I might take my measures accordingly. I closed my eyes therefore, but peeped from time to time, whenever the motions of the postilion excited my suspicion. This precaution seemed the more necessary after I had observed that he carried a long knife, in a sheath, by his side. I had caught a glimpse of this formidable weapon as he was getting down from his seat to fasten a cord that had given way in the harness. Both I and the Courier were unarmed, and two backward stabs, which he might have given us without getting off his box, would easily have dispatched us had we been asleep.

Scarcely had I begun to play my part, and appeared to be fast asleep, when he turned towards me and looked at me for some time, in a very steadfast manner. Hitherto intimidated by my threats and

maledictions, he had followed the other kibick rather closely; but from this moment he began to slacken his pace. The better to be convinced of his bad intentions, I suffered the first carriage to advance a little before ours; but the postilion had soon occasion to stop to repair his harness, an accident that commonly happens every quarter of an hour on the road. My driver likewise alighted on pretence of fastening a belt. It began to grow light however, and I could plainly see that the belt had not been loose; and that the fellow appeared to be busy in adjusting it, the better to observe whether I was asleep or not.

As soon as he thought himself safe, he called out to the young lad in a low voice, and said several words which I did not understand: I judged by the answer of the latter, that he had asked what the

two travellers were doing, for the boy replied by the single word *spit*, " they are both asleep."

They now began a conversation in a kind of whisper, which lasted a considerable time, and during which, it will not be supposed, I was at all at my ease. This conversation I soon thought fit to interrupt, by a volley of maledictions, and calling the postilion a scoundrel to his face. He protested that he was innocent of any bad design ; but I maintained, in a firm manner, that I had overheard all their discourse, and at the same time took care to speak of the importance of the dispatches I had with me, and threatened to shoot him with a pistol, though I had not one in my possession. I likewise roused my Courier, and told him what had passed ; and leaping out of my kibick, I hastened to awaken the merchant and Sukin. We were all

on our legs in a moment, and my voice, which echoed in the forest, seemed to acquire new strength. We all joined in the most violent reproaches; the postilion mounted his seat, grumbled, and drove on without looking either on one side or the other.

At the distance of a verste from the spot where this happened, we perceived two men in the middle of the road, who appeared to be waiting for us; for I had remarked, some time before we came up to them, that they were standing still. The moment the postilion saw them, he began to make a noise with his horses, as if he wished to signify to these men that we were not asleep. We drove very fast by these fellows, who stared at us very attentively, but durst not venture to attack us, and we arrived in safety at the next stage.

I am fully convinced that a scheme had

been formed to assassinate, or, at least, to rob us. This project was chiefly directed against me, and the affair explains itself naturally enough. The merchant travelled in an open kibick; it was easy to discover what he had with him when his baggage was handed from one carriage to another, and it afforded nothing worth the trouble of stealing; while, on the contrary, it might be supposed that my covered kibick contained hidden treasures. I had likewise opened my travelling box the evening before, in which a silver coffee-pot, and other plate, might have been noticed. Nor was it necessary to be a deep physiognomist to perceive that Carpow was a stupid fellow that might easily be dispatched. The plan, according to all appearance, was to let Sukin and the merchant gain ground upon us; we should then have lagged behind to the spot where the two fellows

were posted to way-lay us: there we should have been robbed, perhaps murdered, and the postilion in either case could have maintained that he was innocent of all connivance. What still further confirms me in my conjecture is, that the postilion, at the beginning of the stage, was always complaining that he could not make his horses move; and afterwards, when his scheme was defeated, and he had no interest in retarding them, they went on with more spirit than those which the young lad drove.

On the 28th of July, having at length escaped all the dangers of a long journey of so many dreary, solitary miles, I beheld the immense city of Moscow rising majestically before me.

I stopped a while on an eminence to enjoy the fine scene it afforded, but soon hastened within its walls, full of the

pleasing hope of hearing at last some account of my family; and after having driven through a number of streets, I alighted at an hotel which belonged to a good old French woman, whom M. Becker had recommended to me. After a few hours necessary repose, of which I stood in great need, and which I had hardly patience to take; and after having cleaned myself, and with the assistance of the comb and razor, recovered the appearance of a human creature, I waited on M. Francis Courtener, a bookseller, of whom M. Becker had spoken in the highest terms of approbation. I found him just as he had been described to me, and he received me with the most cordial hospitality.

My first question was, whether he could give me any information of my wife. He remembered to have heard, in a vague manner, that the Emperor had sent for

her to Petersburg, and had received her in the most gracious manner. I interrupted him to enquire whence he had the account, but he could not recollect it.

I accompanied him on a visit to M. Karamsin, an entertaining writer, known even in Germany by his "Letters of a Russian Traveller." He received me in a very friendly manner, and informed me that he had likewise heard the above-mentioned rumour: he knew not however from what source it had arisen, but both he and M. Courtener promised that they would endeavour to trace it out.

The reader may imagine what pleasure I felt in the society of authors and booksellers, after having passed four months almost wholly destitute of literary food! M. Karamsin's cabinet too, was furnished with engravings of the principal authors

of Germany; and I could speak to him of Wieland, of Schiller, of Herder, and Göthe, and of my dear native country, to which he seemed to be very partial.

I passed this and the following day at Moscow, and amused myself in examining the curiosities of the place. My hopes of hearing farther particulars relative to my family proved fruitless, and I quickly considered the story of her arrival at Petersburg, as an unfounded report.

I should have been glad to have paid a visit to General Mertens, to have recalled to memory the melancholy moments we passed together on the Wolga, but he was making a tour through his government.

At Wischnei Wolotschok, which lay no more than four hundred and thirty-two verstes from Petersburg, I determined to separate from my worthy

Wassili Sukin, who hitherto had accompanied me out of mere complaisance, on account of the laziness of my Courier, and to suffer him to go forwards, that in case my wife should really be at Petersburg, he might inform her of my speedy arrival. I gave him a note for her, in which I begged her to meet me at the first stage. I gave him, at the same time, the address of my old and faithful friend Graumann,* from whom he might learn if she was at Petersburg, and where she lodged.

He set off, accompanied with my best wishes, and I calculated that he would arrive at the capital twenty-four hours before me. It seemed that the mark of confidence which I had just given Sukin, roused the ambition of my slow and

* An intimacy of twenty-four years has produced no alteration in our reciprocal sentiments.

heavy companion, for he now became much more alert and attentive than usual. We passed through the city of Novogorod, famous for the Hansiatic alliance, without making any stay, and at every stage we came to, we learnt that Sukin had set off but a few hours before.

At the last stage but one he had left his passport, without which he could not have ventured to enter Petersburg. He waited our arrival, at the last post, under great apprehension; fortunately, however, we had taken care of his papers, which we gave him. It was now about four in the afternoon, and I stepped into my kibick, for the last time, with a palpitating heart.

At Zarskoxelo, a country palace of the Emperor's, we were stopped three or four times by the piquet-guard, whose tedious examinations cost me many a sigh. But my patience was now put to

a severer test: A number of troops having received orders to march on this day to Gatschina, the Emperor's favorite residence, to be reviewed there, I met, within a dozen verstes of Petersburg, six regiments on their march, with their ammunition waggons, forges, &c. through which it was impossible to make my way. I had a long hour to wait, during which my impatience became intolerably painful.

Nor was this all; I had very nearly fallen into serious trouble. The Grand Duke Alexander was on horseback at the head of the troops. I did not know him, and even had I been acquainted with his person, I was ignorant of the order that required every person to get out of his carriage when any of the Imperial family passed by. My indolent Courier seemed to know as little as myself, and we remained in our

places. I should infallibly have been arrested and carried to the police prison, if the gracious Prince, who, notwithstanding he looked us full in the face, had not shewn himself superior to noticing our involuntary neglect.

At nine in the evening we arrived at the barriers of the capital, where we underwent, as we did soon after at the gate, a long and troublesome examination. A Cossack on horseback accompanied us from thence to the commander, who lodged in the Imperial palace. The two Couriers alighted and went in, while I remained on this well-known spot, in the most tormenting state of anxiety and distress.

A quarter of an hour passed in this manner, after which we were taken to Count Pahlen, the military Governor of the city. He was from home, and we had to travel still farther. I was ex-

tremely desirous, late as it was, to be set down at my friend Graumann's, but the Couriers had received strict orders to deliver us up to the Court-advocate, and we were driven to his house. He was at Gatschina, and his deputy in the department of *secret dispatches*, M. Fuchs, Counsellor of State, lived at a great distance from thence. What was to be done? The Couriers left the merchant and myself in the open street under the guard of the Court-advocate's servants, who had crowded to the door out of mere curiosity; and hastened to M. Fuchs' lodgings.

I remained full half an hour leaning over the parapet wall of the Moika, contemplating its peaceful current, while my heart was torn by a thousand different emotions. At length the Couriers returned, and M. Fuchs came soon after them. He spoke to me with great po-

liteness, and provided me with a small chamber at his office for that night. To the request I had made of being allowed to be driven to my friend Graumann's, he replied, that although I was no longer absolutely a state-prisoner, it was his immediate duty to make his report at Gatschina, for the purpose of obtaining final orders; and that he would instantly send off an express. The answer could not arrive before the next day; and he begged I would accept of such accommodations as he could procure for me that night.

I enquired after my wife, but he was unable to give me any account of her; the dream of hope, therefore, which had accompanied me in so agreeable a manner, from Moscow to Petersburg, was now at an end.

I likewise asked him, why I had been exiled? All the information he could

give me on this subject was, that every thing had been done by the special order of the Emperor, who, he added, had enquired a few days since whether I was returned. He assured me all my papers were in the hands of the Court-advocate, and would be faithfully restored to me. He then took his leave, and retired to hasten the departure of his Courier.

The night passed away in a very melancholy manner, and I was unable to close my eyes. I felt myself more deluded than ever, as my desire of seeing my family had never been so strong, nor my expectations so well founded. To the vexation of this disappointment was added the gloomy impressions arising from the chamber in which I lay. It was a low and narrow room, into which both innocent and guilty were indiscriminately thrown, as soon as they

fell into the power of the Secret Inquisition. Excepting a bed, a table, a bedstead and a chair, nothing but the four walls was to be seen. The bedstead swarmed with vermin, which prevented even an attempt to sleep. With what delight did I behold the break of day! With what impatience did I await the return of the Courier, who was to bring me liberty, and enable me to fly to my friend Graumann!

At about eight o'clock M. Fuchs called upon me again. He had not received any answer from Gatschina; but how great were my transports, when he informed me that my wife was in Petersburg. It was the sensation of a palsied man restored in a moment to the use of his limbs by an electric stroke. I was frantic with delight: tears of joy started from my eyes. "Where is she?" was all my answer. He could not tell me,

nor was he able to release me from the restraint I still lay under ; but he informed me I was at full liberty to send for any person I wished to see.

I immediately dispatched Sukin in quest of M. Graumann ; he quickly came back and informed me of the transports of my worthy friend, who had made him a handsome present, and sent me the following billet :

" Your wife and your children are well, and lodge not far from me. Before you see them, call on me, that I may prepare Madame de Kotzebue for this meeting ; sudden joy may prove fatal to her."

Sukin returned to inform him, that I was not yet allowed to go out, but that I might receive any one where I was ; and I conjured him by the friendship that had subsisted between us, to let me see my family as soon as possible.

He came. I shall not speak of our mutual joy; the scene was the first step only that led me to my domestic paradise. He told me my wife was in good health, though still weak, in consequence of a miscarriage my misfortune had occasioned. He convinced me of the necessity of preparing her by slow degrees for my reception, notwithstanding she had expected me for some time past. I saw the propriety of his advice, and yielded.

Before he came to me he had been with her. His chearful countenance appearing to her a good omen, she had received him with these words, "You have certainly some news from my husband!" He replied he had, and that I was not far off. Upon this he shewed her the note I had written him from Wischnei Wolotschok, in which I had begged her to meet me at the first stage.

Wassili Sukin had given my note, tho' now of no use, into his hands, with that I had written from the *secret expedition office*, and my friend had been able to convert it to a good purpose. My impatient wife, quite wild at seeing my note, immediately sent to order post-horses, and determined to set off in an instant. She requested Graumann to hasten to the military Governor of the city to procure a passport, without which no one, at that time, was allowed to go beyond the gates. This he was obliged to promise, in order to appease her; and under pretence of going to the Governor, he left her and repaired to me.

He found me equally restless and impatient. I blessed and condemned his prudence at the same moment, and he now left me with the promise of bring-

ing my wife to me as soon as he thought it could be done without danger.

As he entered her room, she cried out, "Where is the passport?" "You have no occasion for one," he replied. "He is arrived!" said she, and then flung her arms about his neck.

In vain he attempted to reason with her: he was obliged to conduct her to me that very moment in his coach, and all he could obtain from her was, that she would stay some minutes in the carriage, while he gave me information of her arrival.

I was conversing with M. Fuchs, when Graumann, with the countenance of an angel, burst into the room: "Your wife is here," said he. I could not contain myself, but uttered aloud cry of joy. M. Fuchs had the delicacy to retire, to avoid disturbing the first moments of our re-union. Graumann was gone to con-

duct her to me. I stood trembling at the window, which was just over the gateway: I saw my wife enter; I staggered towards the door; she rushed in, and fainted in my arms.

Who can attempt the description of such a scene! I pity the man who cannot enter into my feelings on this occasion. Yes, there are moments in life which counterbalance years, that compensate for a series of years of misery! I would not at this moment have relinquished for the world the remembrance of what I had suffered: the enjoyment of this one moment over balanced it all.

With the assistance of my friend, I had placed my wife on the only chair the room afforded. Kneeling down and hiding my face in her lap, I wept such tears as I had never wept before, and waited till her senses should return. She recovered, and hanging affectionately

over me, mingled her tears with mine. My friend walked silently about the room; he was much affected; he was not an indifferent spectator of this affecting scene; he shared in the transports of it. Generous man! This hour has recompensed thee for all thou hast done for me and mine: Thou hast enjoyed a scene which is not often represented on the great stage of the world, and thou felt that thy disinterested friendship had contributed to prepare it.

After the first transports of delight had in some degree subsided, after we had recovered our speech, what questions we had to ask! What answers! What broken recitals and narrations! How often did we interrupt each other, and smile and kiss off the tear that bedewed our cheeks! It seemed as if our graves had been opened, as if we were rising from the earth, and had become two

celestial substances, enjoying a new union in a better world, and casting a last look upon the sufferings we had undergone in our terrestrial career.

My dear wife then related what had happened to her from the moment of our separation. She mentioned her recovery from her first swoon, the death-like silence that surrounded her, and which was only interrupted by the sobs of our eldest daughter, who was seated on the ground in the corner of the room, and weeping in silence.

In vain had I flattered myself, under my affliction, that the Governor of Courland and his family would have taken pity on them : neglected by them and the world, she only found compassion and consolation in a quarter where she had no right to expect it ; at the inn at which we had alighted. The landlord and his wife (the name of these

worthy people is Räder) treated her with humanity and delicacy, and afforded the finest example of disinterested feelings, even in a condition of life in which their absence would have been excuseable.—Obliged by misfortune and our separation, as much as by reason and necessity, to observe the strictest œconomy, my wife intended to deny the children their accustomed dainties, but Madame Räder supplied them by stealth, and likewise placed jellies and other delicacies of the kind upon the table of their sick mother, without making any extra charge in the bill.

General d'Essen,* to whom we are

* The same who commanded in Holland, after the unfortunate battle in which General Herman was taken prisoner, and who was soon after dismissed from the service, because —— hated the witness of his exploits.

related, came regularly twice a day to see my wife, without caring for the danger to which he was exposed, although he himself had already been so much the object of calumny. He did all he could to console and divert his kinswoman.—May God reward him for it!

M. de Wächter, Counsellor of the Regency, and his lady, whose acquaintance we had first made at Reval, and with whom we had been but slightly connected, proved on this occasion, that misfortune strengthens the bonds of friendship.

With what pleasure! with what gratitude do I here mention the small number of generous-minded people, who assisted my wife, as much as was in their power, to support the burthen that bowed her to the earth.

M. de Weitbecht, the Secretary, had one single time the goodness to pay a

visit to my wife, and *to be angry* that she wept. "Do not weep, Madame," he cried, over and over again; "of what use are your tears?" She insisted on seeing the Governor. "The Governor," replied he, "has as great an aversion as myself to see people cry." "Ah," replied my wife, "if he is determined not to see the unhappy, let him resign his office."

At last she obtained an audience. M. de Driesen received her in his morning gown, with his pipe in his mouth, and said a thousand pretty unmeaning things to her, but never asked her to sit down. He made excuses for Madame de Driesen, who, he said, was not able to receive her, on account of her pregnancy; as if that circumstance would not allow her to be seen by an unfortunate sufferer of her own sex. After some moments of vague conversation, during which

he concealed every thing that related to my situation; he put an end to the visit, conducted my wife to the door, and from that time took no further notice of her. She continued to expect my return from Petersburg every moment; at the rumbling of every carriage that passed by, she would run to the window. Every letter which she wrote was inspected by the Governor, and she was forbidden to mention a word relative to my misfortune or her own situation. Not one of these letters were transmitted to the persons for whom they were intended; but all of them were transcribed and the copies sent to Petersburg. A single letter happily reached my friend Graumann, the worthy Räder having put it into the post-office with his own hands.

Thank heaven, I can now, without the least danger, submit to the public

eye every incident, and every trait of character connected with my history.

At length, after fifteen days of anxious expectation, my wife obtained the Emperor's leave to retire to Estonia, to one of her relations. She left Mittau, and arrived at Riga, where she was obliged to make some stay on account of her health. The master of the hotel de Petersburg, M. Langwitz, was imprudent enough to reply, when asked by her, if I had lodged there in my way through Riga; "O no! they took him directly to Tobolsk."—What must have been her horror! She had not, till then, entertained the slightest idea of my banishment! She, however, soon began to discredit the account, and my friend, Eckhardt, Counsellor of the Regency, with the assistance of some other humane people, at last succeeded, in some degree, in tranquillizing her mind.

I snatch this opportunity of naming, at the head of these compassionate and worthy persons, M. de Richter, Governor of Riga. He instantly visited my wife, and treated her in the moſt delicate and generous manner; and by the contrast made her doubly sensible of the hardſhips she had undergone at Mittau. The only thing he refused her was, the information where I was; he assured her, however, that I was neither ſhut up in the fortress of Riga, nor in the neighbourhood; and that he had received a very satisfactory account respecting my existence and my health.

I must mention also, with gratitude, two other persons, whom the ties of blood, and the feelings of humanity, equally attached to my unhappy wife; and these are Count and Countess Sievers de Wenden. This generous pair flew to their relation, and treated her with

the most delicate attentions. Let them not, on reading these lines, mistake them for the measure of my gratitude, but assure themselves, that it can only be equalled in extent and force by their own noble sentiments.

Though my wife was consoled by the kind interest which the Governor of Riga, and the whole town, took in my extraordinary affair; though she was comforted by the tender and brotherly attentions of my friend Eckhardt, who softened the anguish of her most painful hours; and though she was treated with as much skill as disinterestedness by Dr. Stoffregen, there were nevertheless moments in which the weight of her affliction threatened her destruction. Our little ones would frequently play before the door; the passengers would stop and enquire to whom they belonged, and after having learnt this, would often

shed tears as they left them, and exclaim, "Poor children!"—This was so often repeated, that one day they ran in to their mother, and asked her why they were always called poor children? Another time one of them, of her own accord, asked her mother to let her be fettered and sent to her father, to bear him company. It may easily be imagined what effect these scenes had upon a mind so distracted and a constitution so shaken, as were those of my poor wife.

As soon as she had, in some degree, recruited her health, she continued her journey, and passing through Dopart, arrived at our favourite Friedenthal. The most painful sensations were renewed in her mind, the moment she beheld, from an adjacent hill, the spot where we had passed together so many years of uninterrupted felicity. She

had not resolution enough to take up her abode in our beloved habitation, in which every apartment, every piece of furniture, would have brought to her recollection her unfortunate husband; she chose rather to alight at the house of M. Koch, the minister of the pariſh, and as worthy an ecclesiastic as ever preached the Gospel of Truth. His wife, of French origin, having been Madame de Kotzebue's instructress, has the merit of being the first who enriched her mind with knowledge, and her heart with sentiment. She is not inferior to her husband in education, mind, or talents. They became acquainted first in the paternal mansion of my wife, where he was tutor and she was governess. They soon became attached to each other, and at last were married. M. Koch is likewise my old college friend, so that our families have always conti-

nued upon the most friendly and affectionate terms. My dear good wife was received by this respectable couple, as a daughter would have been by her father and mother. They consoled her, they bestowed upon her the most unremitting attentions, and the most cordial caresses.

Officious people were not wanting, who advised this worthy man to withdraw his protection from my wife, to avoid danger to himself; to these counsellors, however, he replied with great firmness, that were he certain to be sent to Siberia for his conduct, he would still persist in it.

May heaven bless this excellent family, who in a distant corner of the world exercise their benevolence, without pomp or ostentation; and who unite the simplicity and integrity of rural manners with the culture and politeness of Courts!—May heaven, I say, bless

them! and should, sooner or later, the caprice of fortune frown on any of their children or descendants, let these lines serve for me and my posterity, as a sacred and valid promissory note of hand at their service. I declare in the face of all Europe, that as long as my children shall continue to respect my memory, and value my blessing, every member of this worthy family shall find my house and my heart open to them, as well as the houses and the hearts of my descendants.

Here, in the circle of her respectable friends, my wife at last received the letter which I had written to her from Stockmanshof, and which had undergone many strange adventures before it came to her hands. The young man to whom I had entrusted it, with the other two, appears to have wanted resolution or address to forward them according

to their direction. M. de Bayer, or perhaps the cautious M. Prostenius, probably sent them to the Governor of Riga, who must have forwarded them to the Court Advocate of Petersburg. The letter to Count Cobenzel, had been instantly suppressed; and such was then the gloomy state of the political horizon, that I consider the precaution as prudent and necessary. The Court Advocate shewed these letters to the Emperor, who was angry at my having called Count de Pahlen his favourite, and that I had applied to him in that capacity for his protection. It was one of the singularities of this Prince, not to suffer it to be said that he had any favourite, nor allow any one to boast of having an influence over him. It may likewise be supposed that the Court Advocate, the declared enemy of the Count, did not fail, on the present occasion, to do

him all the injury in his power, and to represent the matter to the Emperor in the most odious point of view. In short, the Emperor, though he saw Count Pahlen every day, caused my letter to be transmitted to him through the Court Advocate. He did not, however, speak a word to him on the subject, and looked cool on him for a long time. The Count has since given me to understand, that I had very nearly been the cause of his disgrace.

As to the letter to Madame Kotzebue, although it would have been more delicate to have suppressed it, as it had been written in a moment of despair, the Emperor gave orders that it should be forwarded according to its address, and delivered on having a receipt for it. It was therefore sent to the Governor of Estonia, who, in his turn, dispatched it to Ba-

ron de Rosen, the provincial Judge* of the circle of Wesenburg, who at last delivered it to my wife, and took from her a receipt subscribed by her trembling hand.

This fatal letter produced, as I had but too well foreseen, the most dreadful effects. My wife, reduced to the last extremity of grief, fell into labour and miscarried: her recovery was long doubtful, and more than once she was on the brink of the grave. Had it not been for the tender assiduity, the inexpressible attentions of the Koch family, I, with six helpless orphans, should at this moment be deploring her loss; and what Emperor, what empire, could indemnify me for such a calamity?

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* The Judges and provincial Counsellors of Livonia and Estonia superintend the police of the country.

She recovered.—As soon as she had gained a little strength, she accepted the invitation of my intimate friend Knorring, at Reval, and went thither to concert with her relations and friends, not on what she intended to do, for she had already resolved to follow me into Siberia; but how she should put that intention into execution, and previously to arrange with them our pecuniary affairs.

Many of our former friends at Reval behaved in a very equivocal manner on my wife's arrival among them. I pass over their names in silence, to do justice to my real friends, De Knorring and his lady, Huek, and many others, who gave themselves up without the least scruple or fear, to the impulses of their own hearts. In vain did several timid-minded persons advise De Knorring to shut his doors against my unhappy wife. He remained firm; his friendship wa-

vered not, though he has since acknowledged to me, that he expected to be involved in some unpleasant dilemma, and even to be obliged to take a journey to Petersburg to clear up his conduct.

My wife had now but one idea which engrossed her attention—her journey to Siberia. Whatever could be urged to dissuade her from it was of no avail; she was not to be moved; and even when she was given to hope that my exile would not be of long duration, and the step consequently useless, she replied with warmth, that if it only contributed to soften my afflictions for a few days, it would more than repay her trouble! Her chambermaid, Catherine Tengmaun, (she deserves to have her name mentioned, it is an homage of gratitude) offered to accompany her, although she would have left behind a mother seventy years of age. "I have

partaken," said she, "in your prosperity, and it is but just I should share your misfortunes." My wife intended to bring our youngest girl with her, and to leave the other children at Reval. She had engaged to pay a considerable sum to a man whom she could trust, to escort her on the journey, and her departure was fixed for the 1st of July.

Such was the state of things on the 17th of June, when my wife, having passed the morning under great dejection of mind, after dinner retired to her chamber, and threw herself on the bed. M. de Knorring was enjoying the fresh air at the balcony, from whence he saw a Courier galloping along the avenue, who passed by, made enquiries, returned, held his dispatches over his head, and alighting from his horse, darted into the hall. My friend flew to meet

him, half-hoping and half-afraid, and his family began to tremble for Knorring himself.

"Good news!" exclaimed the Courier with a shout of joy, holding in his hand a letter from Count de Pahlen to my wife. Knorring would have taken the letter, but the Courier begged to deliver it into her own hands. The family, though wild with delight, had nevertheless recourse to every necessary precaution. On the one hand, they were averse to disturb my wife; on the other, they were impatient to communicate the happy tidings. Their friend, however, was not asleep; she perceived the door to be a little a jar, and several faces peeping in to see if she was awake, and upon every face she observed an impression of satisfaction, which they had not worn for some time past. "What is the matter?" said she, raising herself up a little.

"Nothing at all," replied they; "we only came to see if you were asleep."

"No, no, you have some good news to tell me; I see it on your countenances."

"Well, we have: we bring you good news from your husband; a Courier from Count Pahlen waits for you below."

She sprung to the door, and in a moment was in the hall. She seized the letter, tore it open, and with eyes half-blinded with tears, read as follows:

"MADAM,

"His Majesty, the Emperor, condescends to permit you to come to Petersburg, and to reside there with your husband: I hasten with the most sincere satisfaction to inform you of this special favour on the part of our most gracious Sovereign, that you may set off as soon as you think proper. An express has been sent to your husband, in order that

he may be at Petersburg on your arrival, or soon after you. I shall with pleasure take upon myself to provide you with a suitable lodging.

" Accept, Madam, the assurance of my sincere joy at this event, and the perfect esteem with which I have the honour to be your devoted humble servant, DE PAHLEN."

Petersburg, 15 *June*, 1800.

The accounts which my friends gave me of the effect which this letter produced on my wife, affected me extremely. Her joy had the appearance of madness: She, who had scarcely strength enough to move from one chair to another, leaped about the room like a fawn, and was unable to stand still. For a long time she kept running here and there, looking for a thousand things that she thought she wanted, and laughed and wept in the same moment. She gave

the Courier all the money which she had in her possession. She would instantly have prepared for the journey, wished to set out the next day, and declared that she should consider every one as her enemy who counteracted her intentions.

Fortunately her physician, Doctor Bluhm, was not fearful of incurring her displeasure: he was able to make her feel that her high spirits were not symptoms of strength, and she consented to wait a few days longer.

In the meanwhile a messenger from the Governor of Reval, who lived in the country, arrived. The Court-advocate had communicated the same information to him, with instructions to furnish Madame de Kotzebue with every thing necessary for her journey, and to make a report of the amount. He likewise mentioned that the military Go-

vernor of Petersburg had received orders to provide a suitable lodging for my wife and me.

Madame de Kotzebue felt herself under the same embarrassment, relative to the Emperor's offer to bear the expence of the journey, which I had suffered some weeks after at Tobolsk. Unwilling to ask much, at the same time fearful of incurring the imputation of arrogance, should she accept nothing, she consulted her friends, and confined herself to the mere travelling expences to Petersburg, which were immediately paid her.

The manner in which the greater number of the inhabitants of Reval acted on this occasion is entitled to my warmest gratitude. In half an hour the news had spread over the whole city. It was repeated in the streets: people were stopped in their carriages to be informed

of it, and they, in their turn, stopped every acquaintance they met to impart it to them. "Have you heard the news?" cried one, when he saw a friend at a distance. "Yes, I have heard it," was the common reply. It was not my *friends* alone that exulted; every *heart* partook in the general satisfaction of the day, and the good town of Reval proved itself to be peopled with benevolent beings.

On the fourth day my wife was able to undertake her journey: she travelled the whole hundred leagues from Réval to Petersburg without stopping to sleep, in the hope of finding me there; a hope which, in fact, Count de Pahlen's letter had encouraged. The good wishes of the Count could alone have suggested such an idea, for the Courier who had been dispatched to Siberia, not having set off before the 15th of June, it was

impossible that I could arrive at Petersburg in less than seven weeks from that time; and even to effect this, it was necessary to travel, as in fact I did, faster than the mail; my wife therefore arrived long before me, and went to an hotel, as the lodging intended for us was not yet fitted up; nor was it indeed ever compleated, owing to an excess of delicacy on her part, which prevented her from taking any steps about it.

I should not mention this circumstance, if it had not furnished me with a new occasion of discovering the noble conduct of my friend Graumaun. Being aware that the expences of an hotel, for a large family, were heavier than my wife, in her present situation, could well bear, he hired apartments in the most secret manner, fitted up the rooms in the best style, and one day begged Madame de Kotzebue to accompany him

to them. How great was her surprize, when on entering she found herself in an elegant and commodious set of well-furnished apartments; a kitchen provided with every culinary utensil; linen, china, cupboards stored with sugar, tea, coffee, wax candles, &c. in great abundance; even silver plate was not forgotten; so that she felt herself suddenly transported into a new establishment, without being able to learn from the generous man, whose magic wand had created it, what sum he had consecrated to this act of friendship!

Such was the account I received from Madame de Kotzebue, and the hours gayly danced around me and the dear companion of my life, who had just been restored to my arms. The walls which inclosed us, those walls which had echoed to the 'plaints of so many unfortunate people, now resounded with expressions

of the purest rapture, the tenderest love, and the most grateful friendship.

Nothing indeed was wanting to render this scene of happiness compleat, but the presence of my children. Their mother hastened to fetch them; they had waited for this moment with the most impetuous eagerness: they arrived; I saw them get out of the carriage; I heard their little footsteps upon the staircase; I felt them hang round my neck—A man must be a father to conceive what I felt.

It was noon, and later than noon, without our having perceived it. The express had not returned from Gatschina, and I had not noticed the delay, for had I not in my little chamber, or, as it really was, my prison, all that my heart desired.

An event, which took place towards the evening, excited in us the tenderest

emotions, and even added to our joy :— The Russian merchant, the companion of my journey, had cherished hopes of obtaining, on his arrival at Moscow, some account of his wife and daughter ; with this design he had called on one of his relations there, and returned overwhelmed with grief and despair. " I was so joyful," said he, with the most affecting simplicity, " but God has turned my joy into sorrow ; my wife and my daughter are dead ! From that moment he mentioned the subject no more, and during the rest of the journey he scarcely uttered a word. I often saw him weeping in his kibick, till the tears trickled down his grey beard. On our arrival at Petersburg he lodged in the same room with me. When my wife came, he was seated in a corner of the room, lost in silent affliction, and witnessed our felicity without uttering a

syllable, while the deepest sorrow was imprinted on his countenance.

Towards evening his Courier, Sukin, suddenly entered the room; "*Iwan Semenowitsch*," cried he, "your wife and daughter are alive, and here they are!" The old man awoke as from a dream, and starting from his seat he staggered to the door, and his wife and child rushed into his arms. This was an affecting repetition of the scene we had ourselves just been acting; and what tended to increase the interest of the meeting, was the long duration of their absence. He had been torn from his wife when she was in the prime of youth and beauty: he found her less blooming, but she was still in good health. His daughter, who was only eight years old when he left her, was now a fine girl of sixteen. He could scarcely believe his eyes, or give credit to his own happiness: He

took the candle, from time to time, and examined her in every point of view: his features brightened up, and the tears stole apace down his cheeks. An inarticulate sound of joy and surprise was all he was able to utter.

Thus passed away the day, and night now approaching, I ventured to ask M. Fuchs to allow me to go to my own lodgings, on the promise of returning the next morning. He had the goodness to grant my request, and made himself responsible for this permission. With a heart overflowing with delight and gratitude, I now entered the abode which love and friendship had vied together in preparing, and my faithful servants received me with transports of joy.

Scarcely had I been an hour at home, when a note from M. Fuchs came to inform me the order was arrived from

Gatschina, and that I was at liberty: I then retired to rest; and it was now, for the first time for four months past, that I freely enjoyed that blessing.

The next morning I waited on Count de Pahlen, agreeably to my duty: But duty alone did not lead me to his house, he was intitled to my gratitude; for in the midst of his innumerable avocations he had found time to announce my enlargement, not only to Madame de Kotzebue, but likewise in the most obliging terms to my aged mother. The great crowd with which he was always surrounded, prevented me from saying any thing beyond what the formality of custom prescribed, and to which he replied likewise in the same style.

On the 13th of August I received the copy of an ukase, by which the Emperor bestowed on me, free of service, the estate of Worrokull, situated in Livo-

nia, and belonging to the Crown. This estate, which contains four hundred souls, and brings me in four thousand roubles a year upon lease, together with a commodious mansion-house, and advantages of various kinds, was a gift truly Imperial, and affords the most unequivocal proof of my innocence.

I could have wished, the sooner to forget the whole dream of my misfortunes, to have returned to Germany; but my friends advised me, for very good reasons, not to ask the Emperor's permission. I followed their counsel, as they knew the Monarch better than I, and contented myself with just hinting in my letter of thanks, that I was on the point of retiring into the country, the better to enjoy his Majesty's gracious benefaction.

My letter produced an effect which I had not expected. On the very next

morning I received the following note from M. Briskorn, the Emperor's secretary.

"On beginning to read your letter to his Imperial Majesty, I had the pleasure to hear him order me to draw up an ukase which appoints you manager of the company of German comedians, with the title of Aulic Counsellor, together with a salary of twelve hundred roubles. When I came to the passage in which you speak of your design to retire into the country, his Majesty deigned to order me to propose your acceptance of the above-mentioned place. I therefore acquit myself of this duty; and, begging you to inform me, as soon as possible, whether it be your intention to accept the offer of our most gracious Monarch, I remain, Sir, with particular consideration, &c. &c.

BRISKORN."

"P. S. In quality of manager you will act under the immediate orders of Count Narisckin, grand marshal of the court."

My embarrassment on the receipt of this letter was equal to my terror. I was again to undertake the management of a play-house—I, who at Vienna, notwithstanding the singular kindness of Baron Braun, had refused longer to continue in so thankless an employment, and who had so often vowed to my wife, and to myself, to tread no more a path of thorns, deceitfully strewed with roses—I, who knew by sorrowful experience, that the best performers are often the most immoral and untractable of men; that a single word of disapprobation renders the actor to whom we venture to whisper it our most implacable enemy, though he had asked our judgment with apparent frankness and modesty—I, who knew that the

greater part of dramatic performers, even among the most distinguished, love not the *art* but the *artist*; that they are delighted with a piece composed of scenic caricatures and grotesque figures, provided their own dear persons appear with *eclat* therein—but where is my painful experience of twenty years now carrying me? I intreat the reader's pardon for this digression, and beg he will just allow me to parody the words of Shakespear;

"Vanity, thy name's a player!"

With such a disposition, together with sad experience collected from so many theatres, I was now to put myself at the head of a Company which one Mirè had collected from several strolling parties, and improved by the addition of a few good actors brought from Germany; but which, after all, was far

from being complete. Hitherto a Society of Merchants had supported the Company by subscription, but it was now in a very embarrassed situation, and upon the point of breaking up. The Emperor, on the representation of Count de Pahlen, determined to take them into his own service; unfortunately the circumstance of my return coincided with the plan, and his Majesty naturally enough wished to charge me with the management of it. Doubtless there was much goodness on his part, and a wish to oblige me in this business, which further induced me not to refuse the favour which he conceived he was offering me.

I endeavoured, however, in my answer, with all the art I was master of, to extricate myself from this unpleasant affair; and displayed, in colours equally strong, my boundless gratitude,

and invincible aversion to such an office. But all was in vain; instead of an answer came the copy of three ukases; the first of which, addressed to the Grand-Marshal of the Court, appointed me manager of the German Theatre; the second named me Aulic Counsellor; and the third secured my salary on the Emperor's privy purse. To this salary, which otherwise might appear but small, was added eighteen hundred roubles, charged on the treasury of the theatre, for the expence of a carriage; and I was besides allowed fire and candles, with a large and commodious lodging. As to the pecuniary part of the business, the Emperor had done all, and more than I could have hoped from him; and, in that respect, my gratitude was extreme. I had, including the produce of my estate, an annual income of at least nine thou-

sand roubles, besides the receipts of the second representation of my new pieces, which added a few thousand roubles more to my revenue.* But what occasion had I for this additional fortune? Can repose, tranquillity, or health, be purchased with gold? Did I not possess at Weimar, at Jena, a dwelling less splendid indeed, but more chearful? an income less considerable, but yet sufficient for every purpose of happiness? Though I lived there under a Prince less powerful, yet did I not live free from every apprehension of danger? In fine, (and what alone is worth all the rest) had I not a good and tender mother there? a mother to whom I owed

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* I lately read in the Gazette *für die elegante Welt*, that I had sixteen benefit nights during my residence at Petersburg. The truth is, that I had no more than six, which produced me about three thousand roubles.

the culture of my mind; and who was waiting for my return with the most ardent impatience, and whom it was my duty to aid to bear the encreasing burden of age?

At the same time, I received from the Secret Inquisition, all the papers which had been taken from me on the frontiers: not a sheet was wanting; and I shall here mention a very remarkable circumstance attending them.

From the first moment of my arrest to the end of my exile, I had thought there was not a passage to be found among all my papers, that could in any respect authorize the Government to act as it had done towards me, yet there was *one single line*, which, had it come to the knowledge of the Emperor, would have perhaps aggravated my captivity, and certainly prolonged it. This line was in the journal I had kept

at Vienna. I had been on my arrival, and before I was known there, suspected of Jacobinism. Soon after my new vocation, I mentioned my fears on this head to Baron de Braun. "Make yourself easy," said he, "if you are conscious of your innocence; the Emperor is just, and condemns no one without the most strict and impartial examination." On inserting these words, I added the following reflection:—"I am now at ease, I have gained much: the *E—— P—— seldom thinks it worth his while to examine affairs.*"

This unfortunate remark, these words which in truth were harsh and offensive, had intirely escaped my memory; and how great was my tremor, when on turning over my papers they caught my eye! but, at the same time, how great was my joy, and what were the emotions I felt, on observing that some

generous hand had blotted the line with so much care, that it was not without great difficulty I could at first guess at the tenor of it! Here then is a proof that under all the terror which the Secret Inquisition in general created, the members of whom it was composed merely obeyed the severe orders enjoined them; and whenever they had an opportunity, yielded to the better feelings of their own hearts. This eulogy, in particular, is justly due to M. Makaroff, Counsellor of State, whose tears have often mingled with those of the unfortunate; and whose heart has often bled when he has been obliged to deliver them up into the hands of their executioners. I know not whether it was this gentleman, or M. Fuchs, or a third person, that was charged with the examination of my papers; having in vain endeavoured to obtain any information respect-

ing it, although I have done every thing in my power to discover it. I muſt therefore satisfy myself with declaring my gratitude to my unknown benefactor in the face of the world, and before the throne of heaven. How fortunate to have fallen into such hands! This single line might have ruined me for ever!

I likewise observed several trifling passages among my papers which had been underlined with a pencil, but none of them could have done me any injury; they consisted only in satirical remarks, anecdotes, incidents I wished to remember; and to which I had added some reflections.

My Gustavus Vasa was returned me in a cover, with orders not to make any use of it. A single passage had condemned this unfortunate piece.

"Whene'er a Monarch's voice commands a crime,
A thousand arms are rais'd to strike the blow."

I flatter myself that the reader will be anxious to learn to what circumstance I am indebted for my liberty. He already knows it could not have been in consequence of the memorial transmitted from Tobolsk, as the Courier who brought the ukase which enlarged me, met the bearer of my memorial near Cäsan. I shall therefore relate all the information which I have been able to collect on that subject.

I was assured, that the inhuman Court Advocate suffered my papers to lie in a corner of his office for the space of a whole month, without paying the least regard to the situation of the unhappy man who, in consequence of such neglect, was pining in exile. The Emperor himself at length enquired into the contents of my papers, and the proofs which they afforded of my innocence, was doubtless one cause of his

Majesty's change of disposition towards me; yet I doubt whether my innocence alone would have effected my deliverance: for in general it is much easier for the rulers of the earth to persevere in the injustice they have once committed, than to acknowledge and repair it. The Emperor Paul, and some other Sovereigns, are however honourable exceptions from this charge. My good fortune gave birth to another circumstance, which could never have happened more *à propos*.

I have already spoken of a little piece, intitled *The Emperor's Head Coachman*, which I had written with a kind of enthusiasm, some years ago, to celebrate a generous action of Paul I. without dreaming it would ever have any influence on my own welfare. This piece had just been translated into the Russian language, by a young man of the name

of *Krasnobolski*; who, being desirous of dedicating it to the Emperor himself, had applied to several persons of consequence, who dissuaded him from his intention, or at all events advised the omission of the name of Kotzebue in the title-page, since that odious name was sufficient to ruin every thing. The Russian and German playhouses had long since discontinued the insertion of my name in the bills of such of my pieces as were represented.

The honest youth was above having recourse to plagiary. "The piece is his," said he, "I am but his translator: I will not deck myself in borrowed plumes; and I shall let his name remain at the head of the work." Finding, however, insurmountable difficulties in having his translation presented in this form to the Emperor, he determined to transmit it by the post.

The reception of this piece made a singular impression on the mind of the monarch: he perused it, and it affected and pleased him. He ordered a valuable ring to be given to the translator, and at the same time forbad the printing of the manuscript. Some hours after this, he asked for it again, re-perused it, declared that he would allow it to be printed, on condition of certain passages being omitted; and among others, which is hardly credible, the following one: *My Emperor saluted me; he salutes all worthy people.* In the course of the day he asked for the piece a third time, read it over, and then allowed it to be printed without any alterations at all. At the same time he declared: *he had done me wrong; that he owed me reparation, and that he thought it incumbent on him to make me a present equal to that conferred on his*

*father's coachman.** That very moment he dispatched the Courier to Siberia.

Soon after this my memorial arrived: the Emperor, notwithstanding its length, read it twice over from beginning to end, and being affected at its contents, he gave instant orders to the Governor of Estonia to look out for some valuable estate belonging to the Crown, and situated in the neighbourhood of Friedenthal. He was not satisfied with merely making me the present, he would also confer it in a manner likely to prove the most agreeable to me; and the order did as much credit to his head as to his heart. In all the neighbourhood of Friedenthal there was not another estate of so much value as that intended for me.

Such is the substance of all the infor-

* Twenty-thousand roubles.

mation I have been able to procure relative to my restoration to liberty. Of my arrest and exile I am far from being even so well informed, and I doubt whether the hand of time itself will be able to withdraw the veil of mystery which hangs over that event.

Notwithstanding all these acts of benevolence on the part of the Monarch, terror had laid such fast hold on my mind, that I could never see a Senate Courier or Chasseur pass by me, without experiencing the most violent trepidation; nor did I ever set out for Gatschina, without providing myself with a considerable sum of money, and holding myself in readiness for a second journey to Siberia.

On the 9th of October I received, for the first time, an order to repair to Gatschina. It was scarcely day-break when I set off: the express had been

sent in the night, and I trembled as I took leave of my wife. From the haste with which this order was communicated, it was natural to imagine that something of the utmost importance had given birth to it. On my arrival, I was simply informed of the Emperor's orders, that I must be very particular in the choice of my dramatic subjects, and in the omission of all suspicious passages. He had, it seems, the day before, talked of the necessity of establishing a Censorship, and had intended me to fill that office. It was easy to foresee, that sooner or later this task would prove a shoal upon which my frail bark, so recently saved from destruction, would finally be wrecked. I urged the propriety of appointing some other person to that office, alledging that an author could not be the impartial censor of his own works; that

self-love would render him blind, and that, without knowing it, he would often act contrary to the will of his Sovereign. In short, I endeavoured strenuously to evade this intention of the Emperor, and at length I succeeded; my scruples were even applauded by the Monarch, and he was pleased to appoint Aulic Counsellor Adelung to that office, a learned man, whose "Monuments of German Poetry," collected with both care and diligence, have rendered him celebrated and esteemed in Germany.

It is difficult to form an idea of the scrupulousness which M. Adelung and myself were obliged to exert in the execution of this painful office; it will be sufficient to name a few instances, to shew how often I must have been overwhelmed with disgust, and what aversion I must have entertained for the vocation which had been imposed upon me.

The word *Republic* was not allowed to be pronounced in my play of *Octavia*; nor did Antony dare to say,

"Die, like a Roman, *free!*"

In the *Epigram* it was necessary to change the word *Emperor* of Japan into *Master* of that island. It was likewise necessary to strike out the dangerous assertions, that *Caviar came from Russia*, and that Russia was *a distant country*.—The Counsellor of the Chamber was not allowed to think himself *a good patriot*, in having refused to marry a foreigner; neither was it allowed to be said, that a valet could be *an insolent fellow*. We struck out the passage which observes, that *his Highness is neither blind nor sick*; the Princess was not permitted to have a greyhound, nor the Counsellor to tickle the dog behind its ears; neither were the pages allowed to muffle up the Counsellor.

In *The Two Klingsbergs*, the *Russian Prince*, of whom Madame Wanschel speaks cursorily, was transformed into *a great foreign nobleman*; and instead of a Polish cap, this same Madame Wanschel was made to wear an *Hungarian* one. The word *fortress* was changed to *prison; courtier* was changed to *flatterer*, (which by the by is not very flattering to courtiers) and instead of *my uncle the minister*, was inserted my *all-powerful uncle*. The exclamation of young Klingsberg, after having seen his aunt and Amelia,—*at last they will be princesses!* appeared offensive, and was therefore struck out.

In the *Abbé de l'Epée*, *citizens* were not allowed to live at Toulouse. Franval durst not say, *woe to my native country*; but *woe to my country*, because an ukase had positively forbidden the Russians to have a native country. The Abbé de

l'Epée, who, as it is known, arrives from Paris, was not allowed to come from thence; nor durst he make any mention of the Lyceum in that city, nor of France.

The *physical knowledge* of *Buffon*; the *science* of *d'Alembert*; the *sensibility* of *Rouſſeau*; the *wit* of *Voltaire*, were all most unmercifully effaced by a single stroke of the pen.

In the piece intitled *The Secretary*, the part of the conjuror was struck out.

These instances, which I have quoted at random, in order to avoid entering too much into detail, are sufficient to give an idea of the extreme severity which the Censor, in spite of himself, was obliged to exert in the execution of his office. How often have I been amused formerly at the stupidity of the Censor at Riga, who, for instance, in my play intitled *The Reconciliation*, effaced

the following words, which are put into the mouth of the shoemaker ; *I will go to Russia, where, they say, it is colder than it is here* ; (he felt himself consuming with the flames of hopeless love) and substituted these in their stead ; *I will go to Russia, where none but good people are to be found.* I little thought in those times, that one day *fear* would do the same thing at Petersburg which *stupidity*, in the person of the conceited Mr. Tumanski, had done at Riga.

If however the Emperor had cast his eyes upon many of the passages which were changed, and had asked the cause of such alterations, he would, I must confess, have thrown us into no small embarrassment. I shall mention two passages for instance, from Octavia : It is there said,

" And to a cook, who chanc'd to hit his taste,
" He'd give a house he could not call his own."

"What!" the Emperor might have said, "have I done any thing of the kind? and if I have not, why do you consider the passage as offensive?"

Again,

"And Charmion knows, and Marion knows it too,
"That Antony doth many a master own."

"What!" might the Emperor have said, "do you think I am governed by chambermaids and favourites? and if you do not think so, why have you struck out this historical trait?"

From these examples, and a thousand more that might be produced, it may be seen how dangerous is the business of a Censor to the man who exercises it, and how embarrassing to the author upon whom it is exercised. M. Adelung, with the best disposition in the world, could not render this task less disgusting either to me or to himself.

Besides this constraint, a thousand other unpleasant circumstances contributed to disgust me with my situation. I do not here speak of the eternal quarrels of the performers ; their reluctance, their boundless self-love ; they are every where the same. A more powerful obstacle, which impeded the advancement of the German theatre, was the jealousy of the French company, or rather the jealousy of Madame Chevalier, who was at their head, or, in other words, who was the soul of them. Not that this lady was apprehensive that the German drama would eclipse the talents of the French comedians ; she was too well aware of the mediocrity of our company, and the predeliction of Russians for every thing that is Gallic, to be at all alarmed with such idle fears ; but she was determined to allow no one besides herself to amuse the Emperor. She had already

effected the annihilation of the Italian and Russian comedians of the theatres of Gatschina and the Hermitage, and she rarely condescended to allow the French tragic Muse to make her appearance in the person of Madame de Valville. It was indeed possible that the German comedians, merely from novelty, might excite the attention and gain the approbation of the Monarch, in which case Madame Chevalier would have appeared less frequently on the stage before him; a circumstance of which she not at all approving, determined to prevent.

Four times the Emperor had commanded a German play; four times I was ordered to hold myself in readiness; and four times Madame Chevalier found means to prevent its representation.

Being pretty well acquainted with the

Emperor's taste, and having been expressly commanded by his Majesty to bring forward one of my own pieces, I had chosen *The Reconciliation* for the first night, and *The Bachelors of Iffland* for the second. It is necessary that the play which the Emperor honours with his presence should be short, and not take up more time than an hour and a half; or, at most, an hour and three quarters in the representation. I had therefore taken upon myself the disagreeable task of curtailing these two pieces; but I had been labouring in vain. Madame Chevalier was able to prove, on this occasion, that the race of pretty scornful Sultanas (mentioned by Marmontel) was not extinct.

What could I do? I could have addressed the Emperor in person, and obtained an order that would have rendered all contradiction vain; I was, how-

ever, too well acquainted with the Court, and was therefore determined to submit with a good grace to that which I could not remedy.

In all other respects, in every personal consideration, Madame Chevalier conducted herself perfectly well towards me; desirous, perhaps, of indemnifying me by this method for the troubles she had brought upon the company, and their manager. I was indulged with the special and uncommon favour of having free aceess to her house and table. She did me the honour too to play the part of Gurli in my *Indians in England*, which a certain Marquis de Castelnau, had the *barbarous goodness* to metamorphose into a comic opera; and into which the able Sarti, Master of the Chapel, infused a little life and colour, by his excellent composition of the music. She carried the confidence she had in

my talents so far, as to request me to write a French comic opera according to my own fancy, and circumstances obliged me to set seriously about the task.

All this politeness, which, at best, could only affect me individually, did not render my public situation the more agreeable; and I was firmly determined to solicit my discharge on the first favourable opportunity.

In justification of this resolution, I must describe with a strong, but true pencil, my own situation and the state of my mind. Alas! I shared in common with almost every inhabitant of Petersburg the alarms and disquietudes of the times. A set of wicked men, having abused the confidence of a Monarch, whose heart was prone to gentleness and benevolence, were always talking to him of phantoms which had no existence,

and the existence of which they themselves did not believe; and at length introduced, and established the system of terror. Every night I went to bed full of the most gloomy apprehensions. I started from my rest in the wildest surprise at the least noise, or whenever a carriage stopped in the street. My first care every morning was to anticipate all the possible disasters of the day, with a view of avoiding them. When I went out my eyes were constantly looking for the Emperor, to be able to alight from my carriage in due time. I watched with ceaseless attention over the whole economy of my dress, the choice of the colours, the cut and fashion of the garment. I found myself under the necessity of paying my court to women of doubtful reputation, and men of shallow understanding. I had the insolence of an ignorant ballet-master (the husband of

Madame Chevalier) to combat with.—On the representation of every new piece I tremblingly expected that the Police, ever on the watch, or the Secret Inquisition, would discover some passage to be either specious or offensive. Every time my wife took an airing with the children, and staid a few moments later than usual, I was fearful of hearing that she had not got out of the carriage quickly enough on meeting the Emperor, and had been dragged to the common prison, as had lately happened to the wife of Demuth the innkeeper. I could rarely disburden my heart of its vexations to a friend; for, as the proverb says, "walls had ears, and one brother could not trust another." Nor could I fill up these disastrous hours with reading, for every book was prohibited. I was even obliged to forego the use of the pen; for I could not venture to

commit my thoughts to paper which might be seized and taken from me perhaps the next hour. Every time my business obliged me to walk near the palace I risked injuring my health; because at every season of the year, and in all kinds of weather, a man was compelled to keep his head uncovered on approaching or leaving that mass of stones.—The most harmless walk became a torment, for one was almost sure to meet some unhappy wretch on his way to prison, and often to the knout.

I call the whole town of Petersburg to witness if the colourings of this picture are too dark!—O if the monarch had known all this! what redress might not have been expected, for certainly he had the good of his subjects at heart!

How great was my terror, when in the very midst of these continual alarms, on the 16th day of December, at eight

o'clock in the morning, Count Pahlen sent me an order to hasten to him immediately. Although he had chosen a young man of easy and polite manners, and with whom I was acquainted, for the messenger; and although he had been expressly enjoined to assure me I had nothing to fear, and ought not therefore to be alarmed at the summons, the mere sight of him drove back the blood to my heart; and my wife was so much terrified on the occasion that she became seriously indisposed.

On my arrival, Count de Pahlen told me that the Emperor had determined to send a challenge to all the Sovereigns of Europe and their Ministers; and that his Majesty had made choice of me to draw up the form of the challenge, which was to be inserted in the newspapers. He added, that Baron Thugut in particular must be mentioned with ridicule;

and that Generals de Kutuscoff and de Pahlen were to be named as seconds to his Majesty. The article of seconds, it may be observed, had been communicated but half an hour before in a note written with a pencil, and which still lay on the Count's table. This singular challenge was to be ready in an hour, and I was ordered to present it in person to the Emperor.

I obeyed; and in less than an hour returned with the challenge which I had drawn up. The Count, who knew the Emperor's intentions better than myself, did not think it satirical enough. He made me sit down at his desk, and I composed a second, which pleased him better. We both went to the palace; and I was now, for the first time in my life, to be presented to a man, who, on account of his severity and beneficence, the terror and the joy which he had

caused me, and the aversion and gratitude with which by turns he had inspired me, was become a most important personage in my eyes. I had not desired this honour, and had much doubted of ever receiving it; for the sight of me could not fail to excite sentiments of regret and self-reproach in his Imperial Majesty.

We waited a long time in the antichamber. The Emperor was gone out on horseback; he returned late; the Count went in to him with my paper, and staid some time; at length he returned much out of humour, and spoke these words to me as he passed by:—"Come to me at two o'clock; the challenge is not yet strong enough."

I went home, fully persuaded that it was not in this manner I was likely to gain the good graces of the Sovereign; and scarcely had I been half an hour in

the house, when a running footman of the Count's came to me quite out of breath, to inform me I must repair that instant to the Emperor.—I obeyed.

The moment I entered the cabinet, in which were only himself and Count de Pahlen, he rose from his seat, and walking two or three paces towards me, said in a manner peculiarly graceful and with his body inclined;—" M. de Kotzebue I must in the first place be reconciled to you."

I was much struck at a reception I had such little reason to expect. Princes carry in their hand a magic wand called *clemency*, which renders them all-powerful:—every resentment was banished from my breast the moment the Emperor pronounced these words. Agreeably to etiquette, I was going to kneel and kiss his hand; he lifted me up however in the kindest manner, kis-

sed me on the forehead, and in very good German said:

" You know the world too well to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and you must know likewise in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool,*" added he with a laugh, " and it is but just I should be punished; with this view therefore I have imposed a chastisement on myself. I wish," continued he, holding a paper in his hand, " that this should be inserted in the Hamburgh Gazette, as well as in some other public prints."

He then took me under the arm, in a confidential manner, and leading me to the window, read the paper to me, which was written with his own hand in French;† it was as follows:

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* His own expression.

† The following is the original French, pointed, &c. exactly as his Majesty wrote it:

' On

" We hear from Petersburg, that the Emperor of Russia, finding that the powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous to put an end to a war which has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot, to which he will invite all the other Sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat; bringing with

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" On apprend de Petersbourg, que l'Empereur de Russie voyant que les puissances de l'Europe ne pouvoit s'accorder entr' elle, et voulant mettre fin à une guerre qui la desoloit depuis onze ans, vouloit proposer un lieu où il inviteroit tous les autres Souverains de se rendre et y combattre en champ clos, ayant avec eux pour écuyer juge de Camp et Heros d'armes leurs ministres les plus éclairés et les generaux les plus habiles tels que MM. Thugot, Pitt, Bernstorff, lui même se proposant de prendre avec lui les generaux C. de Pahlen et Kutosof; on ne sçait si on doit y ajouter fois, toute fois la chose ne paroit pas destituée de fondement, en portant l'empreinte de ce dont il a souvent été taxé."

them, as seconds and 'squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Meſſrs. Thugut, Pitt, Bernstorff, &c. and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by generals Count de Pahlen and Kutosof: We know not if this report be worthy of credit; however, the thing appears not to be destitute of some foundation, and bears strong marks of what he has been often taxed with."

At the last period he laughed most heartily; and, courtier-like, I laughed too.

"What do you laugh at?" said he, twice in one breath, and very rapidly, still continuing to laugh himself.

"That your Majesty is so well-informed of things."

"Here," resumed he, putting the paper into my hands, "translate this

into German; keep the original, and bring me a copy."

I took my leave, and set about my task. The last word, *taxed with*, embarrassed me much. Had I chosen the German word, which signifies *accused*, the expression, I thought, might appear too strong, and give the Emperor offence. After mature reflection I went indirectly to work, and I wrote, *what he has been often judged capable of.*

At two o'clock I returned to the castle. Count Kutaissow announced me; I was immediately introduced, and I found the Emperor alone.

"Sit down," said he, in a very affable manner: not obeying him at first, from motives of mere respect, he added, in a severer tone, "Sit down, I say."—I took a chair, and sat opposite to him at his table.

He took the original French and said,

" Read your translation to me:"* I read slowly, and eyed him occasionally over the paper as I proceeded. He laughed when I came to the words, *single combat*, and he gave a nod of approbation, from time to time, till I came to the last word.

" *Judged capable of!*"—resumed he, " no, that is not the word; you must say *taxed with.*" I took the liberty of observing to him, that the word *tax*, in German, signified to estimate the value of goods, and not of an action. " That is very well," replied he, " but *judged capable*, does not express the French word *taxé.*"

I then ventured to ask in a low voice, " if I might be allowed to employ the word *accused.*"

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* It appeared word for word in No. 9. of the Hamburgh Gazette of the 16th of January, 1801, dated from Petersburg, the 30th Dec. 1800.

"Very well, that is the word;—accused, accused:"—he repeated it three or four times, and I changed the expression agreeably to his order. He thanked me very cordially for my trouble, and dismissed me, equally touched and delighted with the manner in which he had received me. All who have nearly approached him will bear witness, that he knew how to be extremely engaging, and that in such moments he was quite irresistible.

I did not feel it incumbent on me to omit the smallest circumstance relative to a fact which has made so much noise in the world. The challenge appeared two days after in the Court Gazette, to the great astonishment of the whole town. The President of the Academy of Sciences, who had received the manuscript in order to have it inserted, could not believe his own eyes. He

went in person to Count de Pahlen, to be assured there was no foul play in the business. At Moscow, the Gazette in which it appeared was stopped by order of the Police, as it could not be imagined there, that the Monarch wished to make the article public. The same thing took place at Riga.

The Emperor, on his part, could hardly wait till the paragraph was printed; and such was his impatience, that he made enquiries about it several times in the interval.

The next day he made me a present of a snuff-box set with brilliants, of the value of about two thousand roubles.* I do not believe that a translation of twenty lines was ever better paid for.

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* The editor of the Gazette *für die elegante Welt*, asserted it was worth four thousand. He was mistaken.

The Emperor soon after told the Empress, that he had become acquainted with me. "He is now," said he, "one of my best subjects." I have this anecdote from one who was present; but I am ignorant why his Majesty thought me a better subject then, than I was before my journey to Siberia.

There are persons who blamed me for not availing myself of these opportunities of soliciting new favours. It is true his Imperial Majesty seemed to expect this, and his kind and affable deportment appeared not a little to encourage such views; but I always felt an undescribable reluctance on these occasions; and whatever I might have lost by this diffidence will never cost me a single regret.

On the other hand, I had gained the inestimable blessings of tranquility, to which my heart had been so long a stran-

ger; for having now spoken with the Emperor, and seen and discovered the nobleness and benevolence of his disposition, the greater part of my alarms subsided. I now admired him more than I had hitherto feared him, being persuaded, as I still am, that a decent freedom, a frank and open manner, without meanness, without servility, was, of all kinds of behaviour, the most agreeable to him. All that was necessary, was to give way to his little singularities, which was far from being a difficult task; for admitting there was no greatness on his part in exacting the rigorous observance of certain trifles, it must likewise be allowed, there was less in submitting with repugnance to those formalities, as they did not absolutely disturb the happiness of society.

From this moment I received a thousand little marks of good-will at the

hands of his Majesty. I never met him in the street but he stopped to converse with me. His conduct towards me never changed to the day of his death; he continued to shew himself to be benevolent, affable, and noble. Why should I be ashamed to confess that my eyes are bathed in tears, while gratitude strews these flowers upon his grave?

In the month of January he ordered *Misanthropy and Repentance* to be acted by the French Company at the Hermitage. It is well known that except the officers of the guards, none but the four first classes have access to the interior circle of the court. The Emperor however condescended to make an exception in favour of the author of the piece, and invited me to the representation; and from that moment I was admitted every time a play was acted at the Hermitage.

It will readily be believed that my

heart beat violently at the representation of *Misanthropy and Repentance.* To the perfect acting of Madame de Valville, I am principally indebted for the visible emotion which the piece excited in the Emperor. Aufresne, a man turned of seventy, whose talents have been known and applauded in Germany, acted the part of the old man. His Majesty sat just over the orchestra, and I observed, that during the whole representation he had a centinel on duty behind his chair, dressed in the Maltese regimentals.

About this time the Emperor wished to have *The Creation* of Haydn performed in French, and asked me to translate it into that language. To have any idea of this work, a man must be thoroughly acquainted with the difficulty of adapting words to music already composed. What rendered this task still

more irksome, was the extreme exactness, not to say tedious minuteness of good old Sarti; who being employed to accommodate my words with the music, was eternally talking to me of long and short syllables; while it is well known that the French tongue cannot be said to have either long ones or short ones. The work however was almost completed, and was intended for the Easter holidays, but the Empeor did not live so long.

If notwithstanding all the distinguished kindness of the Court-Marshal, whose noble conduct I shall ever remember with gratitude, a thousand little plagues had not contributed to disgust me with the management of the playhouse, I may with truth reckon this among the most happy periods of my life; for I had formed round me a circle of select and amiable friends; their number indeed

was small, but their merit amply supplied that deficiency. Among these I may name Aulic Counsellor *Storch*, known in Germany as an excellent writer, and well known to me for the goodness of his heart and the generosity of his sentiments; the worthy Counsellor of State *Suthof* and his lady were of the number, as well as the Counsellor of State *Welzien*, a most modest man, and endowed with original comic humour. We had established among ourselves a little well regulated circle, where I have passed hours, the remembrance of which will be long attended with the most agreeable sensations; and I am sure that on their parts, the friends I have named will often think of me.

END OF VOL. II.

T. GILLETT, Salisbury-Square.

THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR

IN

THE LIFE

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

HIS EXILE INTO SIBERIA,

AND OF

The other extraordinary Events which happened to him

IN RUSSIA.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

THE REV. BENJAMIN BERESFORD,

English Lecturer to the Queen of Prussia.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

MOST REMARKABLE YEAR OF MY LIFE,

&c. &c.

AT this period I found myself suddenly emancipated from the troublesome business of the theatre, and in the most agreeable manner. The Emperor had just finished his famous palace of *Michaïloff*. Enamoured with this fairy castle, which rose out of the earth as it were by magic, and which had cost between fifteen and eighteen millions of rubles, he preferred it to all his other habitations, and left, among the rest, his *Winter Palace* as it is called, an healthy and commodious building, to shut himself up among damp walls, down which the water still continued to trickle. His Physcians were ordered to examine at several different times the state of this

new edifice, and each time they warned him of the danger he would incur by residing in it. But perceiving they were continually sent to repeat their examination, in order to weary them into a more favourable judgment, they at last surrendered up their sincerity.

The Emperor took up his abode in this mephitic mansion in the depth of winter, and was highly delighted with it. He felt much pleasure in conducting his guests over the whole edifice, and in shewing them the various treasures which he had procured at a vast expence from Paris and Rome. The extravagant praises which were of course lavished upon mere trifles, and the exclamation a thousand times repeated that "all was divine, *unique!*" at length possessed him with the idea of having drawn up a detailed description of this eighth wonder of the world. He charged me with this task

in the most flattering manner. More than once he was pleased to tell me that he expected to see something extraordinary produced by my pen, and threw me into great embarrassment by the high expectation he had formed relative to my work. He lent me *The Description of Berlin and Potsdam*, written by *Nicolai*, from his own library; at the same time expressing a wish that my description might be *still more detailed* than Nicolai's.

I complied immediately with the Monarch's orders.—I observed however that I was deficient in many branches of knowledge necessary to produce this work; that I knew not how to describe, in proper terms, the several beauties of architecture, sculpture, and painting; that I presumed therefore to request that I might be allowed the assistance of able men in these different departments. The request was instantly granted. I

proposed for antiquities the Aulic Counsellor *Kohler*, keeper of the cabinet of curiosities at the Hermitage, a man equally able and obliging. For architecture I named *Brenna* the Roman; and for painting the two brothers *Kugelkhen*, whose admirable talents and amiable manners are generally known.

His Majesty with great goodness consented to every thing I proposed; and gave orders that I should have access to every part of the palace at all hours. The Grand Marshal, as captain of the palace, made the tour with me the first time, and I then set about my task.

I spent the greater part of every day in this edifice: I was there in the morning, the afternoon, and often late in the evening. I frequently met the Emperor as I was busied in noting down my observations. He always stopped, and spake to me in a very friendly manner;

and often exhorted me to describe nothing superficially, but to enter into the most complete detail.

I availed myself of this opportunity to request my discharge from the managership of the theatre, and presented my petition in writing to Count de Narischkin the 8th of February. The Count made many flattering objections; but perceiving that I persisted in my solicitations, he postponed the matter to a future day. In a short time however I renewed my solicitation, nor did I cease my importunity till I clearly discovered the inefficacy of my applications. I then petitioned for some alleviation of the burthen imposed upon me; alledging that my attendance at Michailoff did not allow me sufficient time to superintend the affairs of the theatre; and that if my discharge should be denied, I had no expedient left but to ask

for a colleague. This last request was granted; and the choice of the colleague was left to myself. In this manner I obtained, in the person of one of my friends, an assistant, with a salary of fifteen hundred rubles and a yearly benefit; and upon him I was thus enabled to throw a great part of that load of troubles inseparable from a situation of that nature.

I must take this opportunity of refuting an absurd paragraph which has crept into the gazette *für de elegante Welt*. It asserts, in the first place, that *I wearied out the actors in making them study their parts*. I apprehend that the man who furnished this article is himself some idle player, constantly imperfect in his part, since I never allowed less than a fortnight for the most trivial characters. In the same place he asserts, that my pieces alone were represented. A

most ridiculous reproach! The greater part of the new pieces in fact were mine, because it was not possible to obtain others. All Europe knows that no manuscript was suffered to pass the frontiers; that all books, even the bible, were proscribed. How then could I procure new plays? I had only *The Remembrances* of Iffland, and *The Incognito* of Ziegler, and two or three more which Miré had left in the stock of the theatre. These I had given, and others *I could not give.* I appeal to the testimony of Iffland himself, who will declare that I had written to him to send me some of his new pieces, closely transcribed in the form of letters. Even this was a dangerous expedient; and since I obtained nothing in this manner, I could only give old stock pieces; for I was nearly at the end of my own. Such an attack is really scandalous, since the

writer, if he actually wrote from Petersburg, must have been fully convinced of the injustice of the charge.

What he has further written against me has been already refuted, or shall be in the sequel. The reader, I trust, will pardon this digression on a subject in which my honour is so materially concerned.

The description of the palace was nearly completed when the Emperor died. As the greater part of the valuable articles which it contained were soon after removed; and as the building itself, as well as the whole arrangement of it, throws considerable light upon the taste, and even the character of that Prince, I shall gratify the wishes of several of my friends, and I trust indulge the curiosity of many of my readers, by the insertion of an abridgment of a long and painful work.

A Short Description of the Imperial Palace of Michaïloff.

This edifice stands at the confluence of the Moïka and the Fontanka, and occupies the ground on which the summer palace of Peter the Great had been erected. The Empress Elizabeth caused many alterations to be made therein: being built of wood however it soon fell into decay; and a Phœnix has risen from its ashes.*

The garden street terminates with a portal. Eight doric columns of red marble, the produce of the country, support a number of trophies, and three gates open between four pillars of granite. The Emperor's cypher (interwoven with the Maltese cross) with eagles, crowns, and garlands, in gilt bronze, ornament the gates and pallisades. The middle gate is never opened except for the Imperial

* For a description of the Moïka, the Fontanka, the summer palace, &c. see Storch's Picture of Petersburg.

family. These gates lead to a triple row of linden and birch trees, three hundred feet long, planted in the reign of the Empress Anne. This alley is bounded on the left by the exercise room, an immense edifice of an oblong square, which is never warm during winter, although furnished with twenty four huge stoves. On the right the walk is bordered by the stable walls: it is terminated by two pavilions intended for the lodgings of the officers of the Imperial household.

A drawbridge leads over a canal thirty feet wide, faced with free stone, to the grand area before the palace, which is three hundred and thirty feet long, and sixty feet wide. In the middle stands a colossal equestrian statue in bronze of Peter the Great, upon a marble pedestal, raised upon four steps. The horse seems in motion; the rider is

dressed in a Roman habit, and crowned with a laurel wreath. An Italian of the name of *Martelli* cast this statue in the year 1744, in the reign of Elizabeth; and it had lain forgotten under a shed ever since. The esteem the great grandson entertained for his ancestor drew it out of its obscurity. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

PRODAEDU PRAVNUCH.*

On the right and left sides of this pedestal are two bass-reliefs in bronze, representing the battle of Pultava, and the taking of Schlusselburg.

We now come to the front of the palace. Each side of this edifice measures two hundred and ninety four feet, independent of the salient angles. The building is surrounded on all sides by canals, which are supplied

* The great grandson to his great grandfather.

by the Fontanka: they are ornamented with quays of granite, over which are thrown five drawbridges. The foundations of the palace are nine feet deep, and composed of large piles driven close to each other, and cased with strong pieces of timber.

The subterraneous part, and the first story, are built with blocks of granite, and the two other stories with brick, incrusted in part with marble. The rest is covered with a reddish stucco, which colour tradition ascribes to a trait of chivalrous gallantry. A lady of the court having one day appeared in gloves of that hue, it is positively said that the Emperor sent one of them as a pattern to the plaisterer. It must be confessed, however, that such a colour suited a pair of gloves much better than the walls of a palace. Many of the inhabitants of Petersburg seized that opportunity of

flattering the Emperor, and daubed their houses with this colour. Madame Chevalier carried this species of flattery still farther; she made choice of the colour for the part of Iphigenia.

The reader may form some idea of the impression with which a stranger must be struck on approaching this edifice. It is a monstrous mass of red stone, environed with ditches and drawbridges, and encumbered with twenty pieces of large brass cannon, many of the various ornaments of which are directly contrary to the common rules of art. The two large obelisks of grey marble, for instance, at the entrance of the principal front, reach to the top of the edifice and support the Emperor's cypher in bronze, with trophies of white marble; and near them are the two statues, Diana and the Belvedere Apollo, which being placed in small niches, produce a mean

effect, merely on account of their situation: above these is a colonade of the doric order, sustaining a rustic portal; a frontispiece of Parian marble, the work of the two *Stagis*, likewise catches the eye, presenting History under the figure of Fame, as she appears on Trajan's column: on the attic two goddesses of glory support the Imperial arms, and on the roof, which is over-laid with green varnish, appear struggling groups of statues, representing Cybeles crowned with towers and bearing on their shields, the arms of the Russian provinces. Upon the frieze, which is composed of porphyry of the country, we read the following words.

DOMU TVOJEMU PODOVAJET
SVATUNA GOSPODNA V'DOLGOTU DNEI.*

---

* Holiness becometh thine house for ever. *Psalm* xciii, *verse* 5.

And lastly, above the gate, upon a ground of black marble, we behold this inscription;

VOSKRESENSKIJA.*

Such is the grotesque assemblage of objects which excites the stranger's surprize, each of which, if taken separately, would display many beauties; but which, grouped as they are, produce an effect disgusting to true taste. The architect, whose name is *Brenna*, ascribes the whole composition to the Emperor himself, who, according to his account, even sketched the designs; but some people doubt this assertion.

The church starts out in the form of an oval from the second front. It is incrusted with grey Siberian marble, and decorated with bass-reliefs, representing the four Evangelists, with a cornice of cherubs, together with two statues

* The Sabbath gate.

standing in niches, the one of Religion, and the other of Faith.* On the attic are two statues of St. Peter and St. Paul on each side of a cross. A gilt tower finishes the dome of the church; the cupola is hung with four chandeliers, which, as well as the dome itself, and the cross, are of gilded bronze.

Over a door, not far from the church, we read this word, inscribed on a black marble ground:

ROSCHESTWENSKIJA.†

I endeavoured in vain to discover the Monarch's intention in the choice he had made of the two last inscriptions. A man of high consequence, however, advised me to leave them untranslated in my description.

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* These two beautiful statues, by Conradini, were brought hither from the summer-gardens, and are more fully described in Storch's Picture of Petersburg, p. 431.

† The gate of the Resurrection.

The third front overlooks the summer-garden: a circular stair-case, containing twenty-six steps of Serdopol granite, leads to a large hall, supported by ten doric pillars of red marble. The floor is white; on each side are two Egyptian statues of *bardiglio de Carrara*, a hard stone, resembling in colour a basalt. The landing-place of the stair-case is graced on each side with six doric columns of red marble, over which rises an attic, surrounded by a balustrade, which serves as a *belvedere*. To these ornaments are likewise added the statues of Prudence and Strength, which stand in two niches. In the cupola of an adjacent pavilion, is the palace-clock; and when the Emperor is here, the Imperial flag is hoisted on a small tower, which forms a part of the pavilion.

Having thus surveyed the exterior of the palace, we shall enter it on the side

of the grand front; and the *Sabbath-door* will lead us under a peristyle, which forms an oblong square. On each side the coach-way, which divides the peristyle, rises a colonade containing twenty-four doric pillars: each pillar is composed of a single block of granite; the bases and capitals of which are of Raskol marble. In the midst of the colonade are placed the copies of the Medicean and Borghesian vases,* in white marble, and on one side stand two colossal statues in niches, the one, representing Hercules with his club, and the other, Alexander the Great.

After having traversed the peristyle, we come to the interior area of the palace, an octagon of one hundred and ninety-eight feet diameter, and which

* Brought from the Tauridan palace, where they were placed by prince Potemkin, and are of exquisite workmanship.

lies six feet higher than the circumjacent level. The Imperial Family and Ambassadors are alone permitted to drive through this court.

It would be impossible to count how often the Emperor's cypher is repeated within and without this edifice; in the interior court the piers of the windows and all the adjacent parts are filled with it. In this area, in eight niches, stand as many statues of wretched workmanship; they are intended to represent Strength, Plenty, Victory, Glory, &c. but they are miserably executed, and furnish new proof of the disgusting contrast of the luxury and want of taste which prevail through the whole palace.

Four large flights of steps, and two of less dimensions, lead from the area to the inside of the palace, and are terminated by large glass doors; but without passing through the court we enter on

the left side of the peristyle into an oval room, where thirty soldiers and one officer of the regiment of life-guards remain always upon duty. This party is continually relieved by another of the same regiment, while the rest of the palace is guarded by soldiers of several different regiments. The spot where these thirty men mount guard has been very judiciously chosen; the hall they occupy extending on one side to the extremity of the peristyle, and on the other to the state stair-case; no one could approach the Emperor without passing close to the guard-house. The granite steps of this stair-case rise between two balustrades of gray Siberian marble, intermixed with pilasters of polished bronze. The walls are incrusted with various kinds of marble, and the compartments were intended to be painted in fresco. On the landing place stood

a fine copy in white marble of the Capitoline Cleopatra; on each side were seen the statues of Prudence and Justice in niches. At the top of the staircase two grenadiers stand always upon guard.

I have led the reader as far as the grand mahogany doors, the pannels of which are richly ornamented with shields and arms, and Gorgons' heads finely worked in bronze. The door on the right opens into the state apartments of the Emperor.

From an oval anti-chamber, in which we behold with pleasure the bust of Gustavus Adolphus, and with pity an allegorical ceiling painted by a Russian dauber of the name of *Smuglevitsch*, we pass into a spacious room plaistered with spotted yellow stucco. For the sake of brevity, I shall mention only the principal ornaments of each chamber. In this room were six historical pictures,

sixteen feet in height and twelve in width. The subjects are as follows: *The battle of Pultava*, by *Schebujeff*, a fine composition, full of force and expression, in which Peter the Great and General Schermetoff are the principal figures. *The taking of Casan*, by the Czar Ivan Vasilevitsch, painted by *Ogrumoff*, a well-grouped piece. *The Coronation of Michael Fedorowitsch Romanow*, Grandfather to Peter the Great, a good picture, the work of *Ogrumoff*, who deserves to be ranked among the best historical painters of his time. *The Union of the Russian and Turkish Fleets*, and their common passage through the Dardanelles, by *Pretschetnikoff*, an indifferent representation of a memorable event, though not deficient in aerial perspective. *The Victory of Prince Demetrius Ivanovitsch Donsky* over the Tartars of the Don in the Plains of Kulikoff, and *The Baptism of the great*

Duke of Vladimir, painted by an Englishman of the name of * *Atkinson*, whose pencil has a bold and striking effect, though he is far from being faultless with regard to his outlines.†

I shall now introduce the reader into the throne-chamber, which is seventy feet long and thirty wide. It was perfectly well fitted up, and the sight of it created respect and confidence. I shall not speak of the hangings of green velvet embroidered with gold, nor of the magnificent furniture, nor the colossal stove, twenty-six feet in height, and almost covered with bronze. The throne was covered with red velvet richly worked in gold. On the back were displayed

* Mr. John Atkinson, a young artist of great talents. He was brought up under his father-in-law, Mr. James Walker, and finished his studies at the Academy of Arts.

† The Emperor's funeral decorations have since been erected in this room.

the arms of Russia, surrounded with those of the kingdoms of Kasan and Astrakhan, of Siberia and Great Russia. In various niches, directly opposite to the throne, and over the doors, were filled with antique busts of Julius Cæsar, Antoninus Pius, Lucius Verus, and others. Above these appeared colossal statues of Justice, Peace, Victory, and Glory; and round the chambers were displayed the arms of all the provinces subject to the Russian sceptre, seventy-six in number, emblematically representing the different inhabitants of this vast empire. It must be confessed, that these decorations, which were invented by the Monarch himself, could not have been better chosen, and they manifested, whatever the world may choose to say, the noble and chivalrous spirit that animated his breast.

Among the superb furniture of this chamber, a looking-glass, the largest in

the palace, is worthy of notice. It is of one single plate, nearly twelve feet in height and seven wide. There are likewise three magnificent tables worthy the admiration of the curious, one of *verde antico*, and the others of oriental green porphyry. Each of these is upwards of six feet long and two feet wide; they are supported by brass and bronze columns four feet high. A vast sconce of bronze hung from the ceiling, which is decorated with two allegorical paintings, very indifferently executed, by *Vareliani*. The banner of the Order of Malta was introduced into both these pictures.

From the throne-chamber we pass into the Arabesque gallery, through a door placed between two beautiful doric pillars of oriental porphyry, which were purchased at Rome. On the cornice stood the busts of Marcus Aurelius, with several large vases of red Siberian por-

phyry. Five niches were filled with as many statues, copied in Italy from antiques, and representing the Venus de Medici, Antinous Germanicus, the Apollo of Florence, and the Venus Callipygia. The architecture of this gallery is in the style of the famous chamber of Raphael at the Vatican, and like that wholly ornamented with arabesques in different colours, by *Pietro Scoti*, the figures were painted by *Vighi*; the work, however, remains unfinished.

From this room we pass through a large glass door into the laocoon gallery, so called from the celebrated group of that name, copied at Rome from the original, composed of one single block of marble without spot or vein, and transported to Petersburg without the least accident.

The walls are decorated with four superb Gobelins hangings, twelve feet

square, representing *Saint Peter fishing —Jesus driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple—The Resurrection of Lazarus*, and *Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of our Saviour*. Two groups taken from ancient fable form a strange contrast with the above scriptural subjects: these are copies by *Pacetti*, from the celebrated *Canova* of *Diana and Endymion*, and *Cupid and Psyche*. At one glance the eye catches the figure of Jesus Christ and that of the perpetual sleeper.

Over the doors are two pictures by *Dallera* of Rome, in wax colours; the subjects are *Ulysses finding Penelope*, and *Hector taking leave of Andromache*. They are already damaged by the dampness of their position; the latter is almost cracked in two.

I shall not speak of the valuable tables of *breccia* and oriental alabaster, the chairs of velvet, the various bronzes, all executed at Paris, &c. I shall only men-

tion some of the innumerable clocks that were to be seen all over the palace. In this room there was one, in which the four Seasons were represented in bronze in a car drawn by lions, and conducted by one of the Genii. The wheel served as a dial-plate. The observer, by looking upwards, would soon dissipate all the effect this curious piece of mechanism might have produced on his mind, by the sight of pictures which disfigure the cieling; that in the middle, representing *the Choice of Hercules*, is the least objectionable of the three; on the right is *Courage accompanied by Merit*, on the left *Justice and Peace embracing each other*; these are all painted by *Smuglevitsch*, an abortive son of the Muses and Graces. It must be observed, however, that the Emperor himself had furnished the subjects of this cieling; he it was who associated justice and peace, courage and merit together. It had been well had he

committed the execution of these designs to a more able hand. But such was his general conduct. The source of his actions was always pure and benevolent, but the agents of his intentions were frequently corrupt.

Two life-guard subalterns stood centinel, with spontoons in their hands, at the entrance of an oval apartment, in which sixteen Corinthian columns of stucco supported an attic, the ceiling of which rested upon as many caryatides, executed by *Albani*. Five allegorical basreliefs, that set all explanation at defiance, filled up the intervals. The furniture of this room was of flame-coloured velvet, worked on silver, which produced a fine effect.

The ceiling painted by *Vighi*, and of a different description from those just mentioned, represents the Gods in Olympus. Jupiter seems to be absorbed in a

flood of glory, and the whole composition bespeaks the hand of a distinguished artist.

Near this apartment is the Marble Hall, the guard-house of the Knights of Malta, which measures ninety feet in length, thirty in breadth, and near forty-two in height. The architecture is composed of two different orders; the walls are divided, as high as the attic, into vast compartments, decorated with *breccia corolina de Genova*, and black Porto-Venese marble. The long and flat sconces of polished bronze, which are fixed at proper distances in the walls, produced a good effect upon the black ground. At one end of the wall is an orchestra of white marble, surrounded by a balustrade of polished bronze, on which were ranged ten large vase chandeliers. The ceiling was naked, a Parnassus was then painting at Rome to cover it.

A large niche, formed and supported by two superb Ionic columns of Siberian marble, divided the hall into two equal parts. A chimney-piece of white marble, sustained by four termes, and incrusted with lapis lazuli and agate, is constructed in this niche. Two other chimnies are built on each side, in similar niches, and afford fine specimens of *gipolino antico*, a rare marble, resembling green petrified wood. The niches were adorned with statues, copied at Rome from the antique, representing Bacchus, Mercury, Flora, and Venus. I pass over the clocks, sconces, vases, small statues, and all the curious ornaments in bronze, which contributed to the decoration of the apartment.

At one end of this hall is a grand niche formed by two large Ionic columns, and containing a door-way,

through which we pass into the circular throne-chamber.

Sixteen Atlases of colossal size sustain the dome. The walls are hung with red velvet embroidered with gold, and decorated with gilt carvings. The windows are concealed by curtains of the same stuff except one, which is composed of a single pane of glass, and framed in solid silver. The throne differs in no respect from that already described, except in the number of steps, the former being composed of eight, and this of only three. One sconce of nine, and eight others of seven feet in height, ornamented this apartment; they were all of massy silver, highly polished, worked in one piece, and were purchased at the manufactory of the ingenious M. Buch, Counsellor of State in the kingdom of Denmark. The ceiling, which

is painted in *camæin* and gold, intermixed with arabesques, was executed by *Carlo Scoti*.

Some time before his death, the Emperor had ordered several alterations to be made in this room. The red velvet hangings were to have been stripped off, to give place to others of yellow velvet, finely embroidered in silver. In the corners were to have been placed large roses of massy silver, with medallions and wreaths of laurel of the same metal. The two tables, the stands, the clocks, &c. were likewise to have been of silver, and the court goldsmiths had already been furnished with fourteen hundred pounds weight of that metal for this purpose.

From this room a door opens into the inner apartments of the Empress. The first chamber was hung with tapestry of sky-blue ground, upon which were re-

presented various views of the Castle of Pavlofsky. At the bottom of the room is a niche sustained by two superb Doric columns of porphyry, before which is placed the group of Apollo and Daphne, copied in Carrara marble from Bernini. Vases, clocks, tables of porphyry, agate, oriental alabaster, *rosso antico*, and bronze were ornamentally scattered over the chamber. Paintings in wax-colours by *Dallera* adorned the door-tops; and the ceiling, as well as most of the others in the palace, was painted in fresco by *Cadenacci*.

Two doors formed of mahogany, rose-wood, and cedar, embossed with gilt carvings, and encrusted with white marble, lapis lazuli, and malachite, lead us into a cabinet as much overcharged with ornaments as the doors themselves, and with which the eye quickly grows distracted and fatigued. The walls are

of grey Siberian marble, with compartments of lapis-lazuli, &c. and a wainscot of *giallo* and *nero antico*; the cornice lapis lazuli with lions heads in bronze; the cornice is topped with bass reliefs raised upon a polished golden ground. The *divans* or sofas, the stools, and the curtains were cloth of gold: a niche was formed by two Corinthian columns of fine oriental alabaster of entire pieces; the pedestals encrusted with *verde antico* and lapis-lazuli; there was likewise a group in white marble, representing Castor and Pollux, the work of *Albagini*; and in two small niches the Tragic and the Comic Muses. The chimney-piece was of *verde antico*, malachite, and bronze; besides these were tables, vases, and small statues in agate, bronze, &c. together with a quantity of fine china painted with arabesques in the manner of Raphael. All these and many other articles which I have not

named, were crouded into a closet of twelve feet square.

The closet opens into the state bedroom, which is more plainly, and therefore more agreeably furnished. This chamber is very spacious. The walls are of stucco, covered with festoons painted upon a polished gold ground.

The bed, which is richly carved and gilt, is surrounded by a balustrade of massy silver of four hundred and ninety pounds weight. Over the bed is a sky-blue velvet canopy, suspended by six silver strings. The cornice is supported by Corinthian columns, and painted in arabesque, upon a polished gold ground. The interstices of the columns are furnished with *divans* of blue velvet, and vast looking-glasses, composed of single plates. The chimney is of white Carrara marble, with a cornice ornamented with lapis-lazuli, and Florentine Mosaic work

of amethyst and other fine stones, representing various kinds of fruit in the most natural manner. An allegorical ceiling, indifferently painted by *Valerini*, seemed to be very difficult to unravel.

The chamber next to the state bedroom was fitted up in a plain style, and has served at one time for an eating, and at another for a concert room. Besides two chimney-pieces and some porphyry vases, the room affords nothing remarkable. It interested me however exceedingly, as it was the play-room of the young Grand Dukes. I have many times found them here; they are two lively spirited princes, and extremely affable and polite to all ranks of people. The tenderness of the Empress mother, whose soul is wrapped up in her children, had provided against accidents by having caused pillows to be piled against

the glass doors which open upon the balcony, to the height of four feet.

Leaving this apartment on the left, and the common apartments of the Empress on the right, we pass through a room of no grand appearance into her Majesty's throne-chamber. The throne itself resembles that of the Emperor, except that it is less, and only stands on a single step. A grand niche sustained by two colossal caryatides, contains a fine chimney piece of white marble, representing the nine Muses. The splendour of the furniture may be compared with that of the other chambers. I shall only mention a beautiful clock, representing Phœbus in his car drawn by two horses, and performing his diurnal course. The dial-plate is fixed in the wheel of the car, the whole is highly finished, and exhibits a master-piece of

art. The ceiling, painted by *Mettenleiter*, represents the judgment of Paris, and is not ill done. Of the same description are the pictures by *Bessonoff*, a scholar of the Academy of Arts at Petersburg, which are placed over the doors, and represent Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

On one side of the throne-chamber is the gallery of Raphael, so called from four magnificent pieces of tapestry, which almost cover a wall of seventy-two feet in length. These are copies of four well-known pictures by Raphael in the Vatican. *Constantine haranguing his troops* on the day he gave battle to Maxentius. *Heliodorus driven out of the temple*, the famous *School of Athens*, and the no less famous *Parnassus*, in which Apollo plays on a modern violin. I refer the reader to M. Ramdohr's able description of these pictures, before even the copies of which I have passed many an hour in

silent admiration. A large ceiling-piece, and two small ones, painted by *Mettenleiter*, deserve attention; that in the middle represents the temple of Minerva, upon the steps of which the liberal arts are grouped; the Greek that represents architecture is a portrait of *Brenna*; and *Mettenleiter* has depicted himself in the allegorical figure that personates painting. The subjects of the two small ceilings are *Prometheus animating man*, and *Idleness and Industry*. This gallery is adorned likewise with fine bronzes, marble chimney-pieces, &c.

The gallery leads to an oblong saloon, in which are a very fine antique statue of *Bacchus*, and a modern statue, perhaps as fine, of *Diana*, executed by *Houdon*. The whole room is filled with busts, bass-reliefs, sarcophagi, antique vases, &c. of very different degrees of merit.

This saloon lies contiguous to the

guard-hall, where a detachment of horse always remained on duty. The room merely exhibits four Ionic columns, and a ceiling-piece by *Smuglevitsch*, in which Curtius leaps into the gulf in a very awkward manner.

We are now upon the grand staircase again, after having gone through the state chambers of the Emperor and Empress, to the right and to the left. On the 8th of November, 1800, his Imperial Majesty celebrated the inauguration of the palace with the greatest pomp. He dined for the first time in this edifice, and gave a grand masked ball to the public, during which all the apartments which I have described were thrown open, and lighted up with several thousand wax candles.

The reader will doubtless be curious to be acquainted with the rooms which the Emperor and Empress commonly

inhabited. From Raphael's gallery a door opened into the apartments of the monarch: an anti-chamber plainly painted, had no other ornament than seven pictures by *Charles Vanloo*, representing the legends of Saint Gregory.

The second room, inlaid with white and stripes of gold, was decorated with fine landscapes, and several views of the palace itself. The ceiling had a very striking effect; it was painted by *Tiepolo*, and represented Mark Antony and Cleopatra dissolving the pearl in vinegar. The ignorance of the painter has committed several ridiculous faults against costume.

In the third apartment the walls are almost entirely covered by six landscapes, painted by *Martinoff*, which exhibit views of the palaces of Gatschina and Pavlofsky. Six elegant mahogany cases, upon which are fixed twenty beau-

tiful vases of porphyry, oriental alabaster, &c. contain the Emperor's private library. This room was the post of his Majesty's body hussar. A back door leads from hence into a kitchen which supplies the table of the monarch, and in which he had designedly established a *German cook*, who always dressed his victuals. He had lately fitted up a similar kitchen near his own apartments at the *winter palace*. Where is the man, who with all these precautions, (perhaps very necessary ones) could envy the condition of the most powerful monarch upon earth?

Another private door opens into a small room intended for the body-hussars, and which, communicating with a winding stair-case, since become very celebrated, leads into the court, through a door guarded by a single centinel.

From the library we pass immediately into the Emperor's bed-chamber, in which likewise he chiefly remained during the day, and in which he died. The room is very large, being, if I mistake not, between thirty and forty feet square. The walls are wainscotted in white, and were hung with a great number of landscapes, the greater part by *Vernet*, some by *Wouvermann*, and *Vander Meulen*. In the middle of the chamber, behind a screen, stood a small camp bed without curtains. Over the bed was an angel, (not a guardian one) by *Guido Reni*. In one corner hung the portrait of an ancient knight banneret, painted by *Jean le Duc*, which the Emperor greatly valued.

A bad picture of Frederick II. on horseback, and a well-known plaister-figure of that monarch, placed in a corner upon a marble pedestal, formed a

strange contrast with these magnificent pictures.

The Emperor's writing table was remarkable in more than one respect. It was fixed upon four ivory pillars of the Ionic order, with bronze bases, and capitals. An ivory edge of fine workmanship, ornamented with small vases of the same, was fixed to it. Two chandeliers with ivory branches inserted in blocks of amber, displayed four paste medallions, in the manner of Leberecht, representing the Emperor, the Empress, the two Grand Dukes and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth. The table and the candlesticks were the work of the Empress; that princess, who patronizes the arts and cultivates them with success, turned the ivory with her own hands and formed the pastes.

On one of the walls hung pictures

representing all the different regimentals of the Russian army.

A report has been a thousand times repeated, that the Emperor had a trap-door in his bed-room, together with several private doors: I am, however, enabled to declare and maintain the falsity of such assertion. The magnificent carpet that covered the floor rendered the very existence of such a door impossible; neither did the stove stand upon feet, and consequently there was no hollow place under it, as has been likewise pretended. There were indeed two concealed doors in the room, but one of them led to a corner that served for a well-known use, and the other shut up a recess in which the swords of such officers as were under arrest were deposited. The folding doors between the Emperor's chamber and the apart-

ments of the Empress remained shut and bolted on both sides.

The passage from the bed-chamber to the library was furnished with double doors, and on account of the great thickness of the walls, there was space enough between them for the construction of two private ones; in fact there were two: that on the right, shut up a dark closet where the imperial colours were kept; and that on the left opened upon a back stair-case which led to the Emperor's apartments on the ground floor.

Contiguous to this stair-case we enter a large wainscotted chamber, in one of the walls of which was fixed an old clock, made at Dresden by *Dinglinger*, in 1714. Three silver hands point out the hour, the temperature of the air, and the direction of the wind. This clock had formerly stood in the garden of Peter the Great.

From hence we step into a circular closet in which stood two Italian statues, a Vesta, and a woman sacrificing: besides these was a statue of Apollo, which was wrought at the Academy of Arts at Petersburg; and likewise a collection of fine vases of Séve-porcelaine, and a valuable table of *rossa antico*.

The next room, which is likewise wainscotted, contained an embroidered portrait of Peter the Great, of exquisite workmanship, several fine vases of Séve-manufactory, and some of the height of a man, made at the manufactory of Petersburg.

The last room, and in which the Emperor usually transacted business, was wainscotted with walnut tree, and bordered with varnished carved festoons. The compartments were ornamented with pagan divinities surrounded with garlands, on which various kinds of

birds were perched. The general effect of this room was soft and agreeable; the furniture was superb, particularly a chest of drawers, the work of the famous Rontgen, of Neuwied. A little monument that stood on a table, bearing this inscription—*Mary, the* 21 *April*, 1791*, was probably the work of the Empress. A breakfast service of porcelain of the Petersburg manufactory, which stood in this room, and on which were painted several views of the palace of Michailoff, afforded new proof of the Prince's predilection for this work of his own creation.

The way to the Empress's apartments lay through the concert-room already described. A chamber of a gay and elegant appearance communicated with a state-room, the walls of which were

* The birth-day of Catherine II.

of grey Siberian marble, the compartments of lapis-lazuli and porphyry, the borders of variegated marble richly ornamented with gilded bronze. Antique busts were placed at proper distances round the walls, upon porphyry grounds; the pannels were of *breccia*. The chimney-piece was supported by alabaster columns; the frieze was of *verde antico*, &c. The furniture was suitably splendid: the sconce, which was of the finest crystal, cost twenty thousand rubles.

The Empress's dressing and working room lay contiguous to this state chamber. It was wainscotted, and the bookcases and chests of drawers were of the most beautiful mahogany. A golden toilet caught the attention in a less forcible degree than four fine original pictures in the same room, one of which was painted by *Marie Gerard*, the other

three by *Greuze*. (One of the latter represents a young girl being scolded by her mother for giving herself so much up to love affairs as to suffer her bird to die for want of food.) Diderot gives an ample description of this picture in his treatise on painting. A writing-table stood in the middle of the room, and bore marks of the noble and frequent use that had been made of it. The Empress, as I have been told, lately slept in this chamber on account of its being perfectly dry.

(The last room is a *boudoir* or round closet, resplendent with magnificence. The walls were hung with light blue velvet richly embroidered with gold stripes; and every part of the chamber displayed the finest specimens of art, either in bronze, or in lapis-lazuli and other valuable stones. I was particularly struck with a large red porphyry

vase standing upon a pedestal of the same, intermixed with malachite; the whole was five feet in height. The floor was covered with a splendid French carpet.

This closet, which is situated in a corner of the palace, behind the bedrooms of the Emperor and the Empress, connected those two apartments together by a single wall, but of such thickness, that we are not surprised her Majesty was ignorant of the death of her husband for some time after the event.

Besides the Emperor and Empress, the Grand Duke, his consort, and a lady of honour, no one lodged on this story. In the chamber of the Grand Duchess Anne I remarked a time-piece which was inscribed with the following words: *Love reduced to reason.* The god appears in fetters, and Reason holds the end of the chain. In the presence of such a

beautiful and amiable princess, the punishment, however, did not seem at all severe. In her husband's apartment I saw a copy of the Borghesian hermaphrodite, and one of the Venus coming out of the bath in the Florentine gallery.

On the ground floor, there is nothing remarkable besides an unfinished theatre and the church. In the latter, the choir is supported by fourteen Ionic columns of Serdepol granite. The grand altar, which is of an octagonal form, is constructed of black and white marble. Three doors lead to it; that in the middle is of massy silver, in open work, and ornamented with six medallions, painted on copper, by Professor *Giovenco*. Over the door are silver rays of glory; and the whole altar is incrusted with lapis-lazuli and bronze. The altar-piece represents *the*

last supper, and was painted by *Akimoff*, one of the professors of the academy. On either side the middle door stands a magnificent Corinthian column of porphyry, with a bronze base and capital; the pedestal is incrusted with lapis-lazuli. Silver lamps are hung before various images, and in the middle of them appears a golden one set with brilliants. The further end of the edifice is terminated by a large picture, alas! by *Smuglevitsch*, representing the archangel Michael, the patron of the church, hurling the devils headlong into the dark abyss. The decorous artist, who was obliged to paint this group naked, has had recourse to a singular expedient in order to avoid giving the least offence to modesty. Every devil, as if by accident, covers either with his hands or feet such parts of the adjacent figures as the painter thought fit to

conceal; which, in fact, rather transgresses against than preserves decency. The ceiling of the cupola was painted by *Carlo Scoti*, and, happily for the artist, his work is almost defaced by the dampness of the situation. A gallery, containing four separate pews, was erected on each side of the altar for the use of the imperial family.

The rest of the ground-floor was occupied by the Grand Duke Alexander and his consort, the young Grand Duke Nicolas Pavlovitsch, Princess Gagarin, Count Narischkin, and Count Koteitzoff, the Emperor's favourite. I shall confine myself to the description of the Grand Duke's apartments, which, though less magnificent, were, in my opinion, more agreeable than those on the first story. At the same time, I cannot but remember with gratitude the polite and engaging behaviour of

every one about that prince's person. The goodness of the master had warmed the hearts of all his attendants, and every one of them spoke with enthusiasm of the noble pair they had the honour to serve.

The dressing-room of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, now reigning Empress, was hung with rich Lyonese silk. Two fine Ionic columns of red and white Olonetz marble ornamented a niche, and sustained an entablature decorated with antique busts. On each side this recess stood a statue of Carrara marble; the one representing a woman under affliction supporting her head with her hands; the other, a young girl playing with a dove.

In the same room I remarked a table which was inlaid with different specimens of the marbles of the country, and a clock representing Bacchus sit-

ting astride a tun, on the head of which the dial-plate was fixed.

Contiguous to this chamber was a beautiful closet hung with looking-glasses. A recess, supported by two columns of French marble, contained the *divan* *, which, together with the rest of the furniture, was of uncut rose-coloured velvet, and had the appearance of being covered over with fine lace. It is not easy to describe the pleasing effect of the whole closet and its furniture. A desk filled with books and a piano-forte made by Longman and Broderip shewed that more than one muse had taken up her residence here.

The bed-chamber was singularly striking. The compartments of the walls

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* A kind of sofa formed of mattrasses piled one upon another.

were half hung with purple velvet and half with gold stuff; they were connected together in a serpentine manner, and ran horizontally round the room. The bed was fitted up in the same style. The apartment contained several bronze and marble statues, and the whole had a magnificent effect without at all distracting or fatiguing the eye. The spot was, however, uninhabitable on account of its excessive dampness, and the Arch-Duchess had suffered considerably during the time she had occupied it. The wax-coloured paintings over the doors are entirely defaced.

This bed-chamber opened into the saloon of antiques, which contained about fifty statues, several busts, sarcophagi, and other ancient monuments. I shall only mention the principal.

1. A fine colossal bust of Juno, two feet five inches high, placed upon a sar-

cophagus ornamented with three bass-reliefs, and containing an inscription. The first represents the figure of a woman with a floating robe, holding something in her hands, which are lifted up. Two masks lie at her feet. The same subject is repeated on the other side. The third bass-relief represents Bacchus crowned with bunches of grapes, with the mystic basket, in which a dog is seated, placed near him: on the other side appears a serpent. The inscription runs thus:

P. SCANTIUS PI.
OLIMPUS
FECIT. SIBI. V. A. LXX SINE CRIMINE.
VITÆ ET SCANTIÆ ABELE CONLIBERT.
OPTIMA ÆDESE. BENE MERITÆ *.

* This may be read as follows: *Publius Scantius Pius Olimpus fecit sibi, volventi annum* LXX *sine crimine vitæ, et Scantiæ Aureliæ conlibertæ optimæ de se bene meritæ.*

2. A fine bust of a young Apollo with flowing locks.

3. A very fine Silenus about three feet high, holding in one hand a cup, and in the other bunches of grapes.

4. A triangular altar with bass-reliefs, one of which in particular is remarkable. It repreſents a man wearing a pointed crown. In one hand he holds a sword, in the other a human head. The other two represent a satyr with a cock and a basket of fruit, and a female bacchanalian.

5. A sarcophagus with goats heads and garlands of fruit, with two dead children lying upon a protuberant part. A swan is likewise represented on the point of taking its flight. The inscription is as follows :

D. M.
M. MUTIUS. M. L. AURILIUS
AGITATOR.
FAC. CARAMANTINIC.
VIXIT ANN. XXXV.
AGITAVIT ANN. XII.*

6. A round pedestal, which probably supported a funeral urn. It is encircled with a very prominent bass-relief finely executed, and in high preservation. The subject is a wild-boar hunt. On one side is seen the animal, and at his feet a dying man; behind him are two hunters in mantles: on the other side appear a naked youth in a helmet, and a dog near him; and behind him the figures of two men. Aulic Counsellor

* It may be read in this manner: *Diis Manibus. Marcus Mutius Marci Libertus Aurelius, Agitator factionis Garamantinicæ, vixit annos* XXXV. *agitavit annos* XII.

Kohler takes the latter for Castor and Pollux; or the whole for an allusion to the dead person, which seems the more natural of the two. The young man perhaps is represented, on one side, gaily setting out with two of his friends to the chase, and on the other, overthrown and killed by a wild boar. The inscription, which begins with these words D. M. CORNELI . . . has been mislaid among my papers: all I recollect is, that it contained no reference to a hunt.

7. A very fine bust of Achilles, which was procured from Greece; it is three feet high, and wrought in Parian marble.

8. A Bacchus three feet two inches in height, of exquisite workmanship. In one hand he holds a bunch of grapes, in the other a cup. His shoulders are covered with a goat skin and crowned with ivy. Upon the *cippus*, which

stands in the stead of a pedestal, we read the following words:

D. M.
ANTISTIÆ.
TERSIPIDI.
V. A. XX D. V.
ANTISTIA. APATE.
SOROR. GEMELLA.
FECIT PIENTISSIMÆ.

9. A muse in meditation leaning against a rock. This figure is three feet nine inches high: the drapery is exceedingly well executed.

10. A fine torso of Hercules, three feet two inches long.

11. A double bust of the Indian bearded Apollo and Ariadne.

12. A graceful bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Such are the pieces which particularly interest the antiquarian.

The amateur of painting will also find ample gratification in this saloon, and will be peculiarly struck with eight large landscapes by *Chedrin*, containing views of Pawlowsky, Gatschina, and Peterhoff; and likewise with two ceilings painted by *J. P. Scoti*, which represent Cephalus and Procris, and Venus rising from the sea.

The apartments of the Grand Duke (the present Emperor) were small, and less remarkable for the sumptuousness of their furniture, than for some original pictures of great value. Of these I shall only mention Achilles discovered by Ulysses among the women, the work of *Angelica Kauffmann*; a woman weeping over a dead body, with an angel at her side pointing to heaven, by *Carlo Maratti*; a Juno and a Diana, by *Pesca*.

These apartments are contiguous to a

fine bath, which Count Narischkin had fitted up with much taste for the Grand Duchess. The walls and ceiling are hung with muslin upon a rose-coloured ground, and the floor was overspread with white cloth. There was a fountain that played on turning a cock. A canopy was suspended over the bath, from whence sweet-scented waters distilled at the pleasure of the bather. Other pipes introduced warm water. One of the walls was covered with a vast looking-glass, and in the shade of a recess, a Turkish sofa invited to repose.

This pretty cabinet communicated with a vapour-bath. I know not, however, if the beautiful and delicate Grand Ducheſs (a German by birth) was accustomed to this Russian usage; for my own part, I think these kind of stoves detestable things, and I could never pre-

vail on myself to pass over the threshold of any of them.

Besides his lodging rooms, the Grand Duke had several state apartments, and a superb hall divided in two by an arcade supported by Ionic columns of white marble: the hall was decorated with several valuable original pictures, among which was one painted by Reubens, representing a fawn embraced by a female bacchanalian. At one end of the apartment, a second arcade is constructed upon four Ionic columns, between which stood two magnificent statues of a fawn and a bacchanalian, by *Cavaceppi.*

Through this hall we arrive at the throne or audience chamber of the Grand Duke, the walls of which were hung with purple velvet embroidered with silver. The prince gave his audiences under a canopy, but not seated,

and the carpet on which he stood was not raised above the level of the floor.

The second story of the palace was inhabited by the Grand Duchesses Mary and Catherine, with the Counteſs de Liewen their governess. Their apartments were less superb than those which have been described, but were nevertheless extremely elegant.

In the area stood another guard-house, containing a company of the body guards. The report that the number of such guards about the palace was small, is destitute of all foundation, though it was generally believed, and has been every where propagated. The back parts of the edifice form a mere labyrinth of dark staircases and gloomy corridors, in which lamps are continually burning day and night. For two or three weeks, I stood in need of a

guide to lead me through these intricate turnings and windings.

Nothing could have been more detrimental to health than a residence in this palace. In every part, the destructive effects of humidity were to be observed; and even in the apartment which contained the great historical pictures, I have seen ice an inch thick in each corner, from the roof to the floor, notwithstanding the continual fires that were kept up in the two chimneys. The wainscotting of the Emperor and Empress's apartments had in some degree counteracted the bad effects of cold and moisture; but all who occupied the other rooms of the palace were materially affected in their health. The palace was likewise extremely inconvenient to all who had business to transact therein. It was continually necessary to run across the peristyle, along

corridors exposed to the air, or over the open court. Few even of the higher orders were allowed to alight at the grand staircase: almost every person was obliged to stop at a low door, and wander up and down the back staircases, till they found the place they were in quest of.

The Emperor, however, was so captivated with this production of his own fancy, that the most delicate censure irritated as much as the coarsest panegyric pleased him. One day he met an elderly lady on the staircase:—"These stairs," said she, "have been represented to me as inconvenient; but I find they are extremely pleasant." His Majesty was so delighted with this praise, that he kissed the old lady. All the courtiers knew how to turn this disposition to their own advantage. Their praises never ceased; and I am well informed, that when every expression of

praise, exclamation, and admiration, were exhausted, some have fallen upon their knees before the bronze statues, and worshipped them in silent extacy.

Had I obeyed the repeated injunctions of the Emperor to omit no trifle in my description, I should have filled a large volume, and have wearied both the reader and myself. Some weeks before his death, I presented his Majesty with a specimen of my labours; of which he was pleased to express his satisfaction.

There are many palaces in the world that contain a greater number of scarce and valuable articles, but not one which has been erected, furnished, and inhabited within so short a period as that of Michailoff, which was completed in less than four years. A magnificent service of gold, and another of china, ornamented with views of the palace, were not finished.

A few weeks after the Emperor's death, all the valuable articles that were moveable, were removed from this palace, and placed in others, to preserve them from the effects of humidity. At present it is uninhabited, and resembles a mausoleum.

On the 11th of March, at one o'clock, and consequently about twelve hours before his death, I saw the Emperor Paul for the last time. I met him on the state staircase close to the statue of Cleopatra. He stopped, as usual, and spoke to me. The subject of our conversation was the statue before us. He called it a fine copy; examined the different kinds of marble that composed the pedestal, and asked me the names of them: then touching upon the history

of the Egyptian Queen, he expressed his admiration of her heroic death. He seemed by a smile to approve of a remark I made, that she would not have destroyed herself had Augustus yielded to the force of her charms. He then asked me if my description of the palace was in much forwardness. I replied, that it was almost finished; and he left me after having observed, with great condescension, that he was happy to hear it.

My eyes followed him as he ascended the steps: when he arrived at the top, he turned towards the place where I was standing; neither of us then entertained the least suspicion that we had seen each other for the last time. This interview made a strong impression upon my mind, and I have more than once since the Emperor's death, indulged a melancholy contemplation of the statue of Cleopatra.

On the 12th of March, early in the morning, the accession of the young Emperor to the throne was announced. By eight o'clock the principal nobility had already paid him their homage in the chapel of the Winter Palace. The people gave themselves up to joy, and to the free indulgence of those hopes, which the well known merits of the young Monarch so naturally inspired.

The first measures adopted by Alexander, his proclamation, the first orders he issued, all tended to encourage and confirm the confidence with which his subjects beheld him ascend the throne of his forefathers. He solemnly promised to tread in the steps of Catherine II. of glorious memory; he allowed every one to dress according to his own fancy; exonerated the inhabitants of the capital from the troublesome duty of alighting from their carriages at the ap-

proach of any of the Imperial family; dismissed the Court-Advocate, who was universally and justly detested; suppressed the Secret Inquisition, that had become the scourge of the country; restored to the Senate its former authority; and set at liberty the state prisoners in the fortress. What a spectacle to see these unfortunate people released from captivity, mute with surprise at their delivery, taking their happiness for a dream, and with trembling steps seeking their respective homes!

I saw an old Colonel of the Cossacks and his son brought from the fortress to Count de Pahlen's apartments. The story of this generous youth is extremely interesting. His father had been dragged, for I know not what offence, from Tscherkask to Petersburg, and there closely imprisoned. Soon afterwards his son arrived, a handsome and brave

young man, who had obtained in the reign of Catherine II. the cross of St. George, and that of Wolodimer. For a long while he exerted himself to procure his father's enlargement by solicitations and petitions; but perceiving no hopes of success, he requested, as a particular favour, to be allowed to share his captivity and misfortunes. This was in part granted him; he was committed a prisoner to the fortress; but was not permitted to see his father; nor was the unfortunate old man even informed that his son was so near him. On a sudden the prison bolts were drawn, the doors were opened, his son rushed into his arms; and he not only learnt that he was at liberty, but at the same time was informed of the noble sacrifice which filial piety had offered. He alone can decide which information gave him most delight. I saw him several

mornings together in Count de Pahlen's audience chamber; he still wore his long beard, reaching down to his waist. He commonly sat in the recess of a window, with down-cast eyes, and without paying the least attention to the bustle of the surrounding scene. His son, whose noble countenance shone more resplendent from the consciousness of his own heroism, than did his breast decorated by the two orders which he wore, walked about the room and conversed with his acquaintances.

The audience-chamber was indeed a rich field of observation to a looker-on at all conversant with the human heart; and though I had no particular business there, I continued to pass several hours on the spot every morning; nor did I ever leave the groups that surrounded me, without having added to my stock of this species of knowledge. By way

of contrast to the affecting scene I have just related, I shall give the reader an anecdote of a livelier cast: It happened, I think, the day after the Emperor's death. The room was extremely full; there were probably some hundreds present: I was warming myself at a stove, when suddenly there was a great murmur, and the company, one after another, all rushed to the windows, and kept looking into the street as if something very wonderful had happened. Curiosity, at length, drew me from the stove; it was with difficulty I could share the interesting spectacle. At length I got through the crowd, and what was the mighty affair? Why truly *the first round hat that had passed by.* This round hat appeared to make more impression upon the minds of the company, than even the liberation of the state prisoners had done: nothing was

to be seen but chearful laughing countenances. Such creatures are men!

I have long wished to inform the reader, that the first days of the reign of *Alexander the Clement*, afforded me the most delicious enjoyments. In the course of this narrative, I have often been drawn into many heart-rending recollections. I now come to one that overwhelms me with delight. The Senate, by command of the young Monarch, printed and distributed three separate lists of the names of the exiles recalled from Siberia. No sooner had I heard of this, than I dispatched my servant to procure a copy. My eye ran over it in haste, till dimmed with tears of joy, it fell upon the name of Sokoloff. Yes! he obtained his liberty; and, at the moment in which I am writing this, is restored to his wife and children! May he, like me, have found them all well!

and of his long and painful dream, may nothing remain but the recollection of the companion of his misfortune, and the sentiment of friendship which united us under our common afflictions.

M. de Kiniäkoff and his brothers, M. Beecher of Moscow, and many more of my acquaintances, were included in the same list. The most remarkable case of all was that of M. S——, a clergyman. He had fallen into the infernal snares of M. Tumanski,* the atrocious Censor of Riga. Although M. S—— probably intends to publish his story, I think myself warranted to re-

* The reader must not confound his name with that of a distant relation of his, M. Tumanski, Counsellor of State, and head of the censorship at Petersburg, a person who never caused any one to be unhappy, and who has the reputation of being a well informed polite man.

late it to the reader, as I have the particulars from very good authority.

M. S——, minister of a parish in the neighbourhood of Dopart, had collected a small library for the use of his flock. Tumanski having been made Counsellor of the Province, and being desirous of giving proofs of his vigilance and zeal, applied to M. S—— for a catalogue of his books. The pastor, intimidated by *the complexion of the times*, replied, that he had discontinued the reading society, and such was in fact his intention. It was, however, necessary to collect the various books that were in circulation, which, within a few, he had been able to effect. Among that number was a small volume written by Augustus Lafontaine, and entitled *The Power of Love*. Not recollecting to whom he had lent the book, and still unwilling to lose it, he had recourse to the

usual way of advertisement, and inserted in the Dopart Gazette a request, that the person who had this volume in his possession, which made part of *the circulating library*, would have the goodness to return it.

The advertisement unhappily fell into the hands of M. Tumanski. It is, however, confidently asserted, that the intentions of that wretch were less inimical to M. S——, than to M. de Nagel, the worthy Governor of Livonia, to whom he bore a secret enmity, on account of some pretended offence. He reported the business to his friend and patron, Obuljaninoff, with the addition of many aggravating circumstances. The latter communicated it to the Emperor, with further aggravations. In a word, the clergyman was accused of having continued his circulating library in spite of the warning

given by the Censor; and of endeavouring to propagate dangerous principles among his readers, by furnishing them with *prohibited jacobinical books*, while in fact no catalogue of forbidden books at all existed. This conduct was represented to the Prince in such a false and odious point of view, that he gave orders that the minister should be immediately arrested and brought to Petersburg; M. Tumanski having previously surrounded his house with a detachment of soldiers, and caused all his books to be publicly burned.

When Tumanski set out to execute his agreeable commission, the whole city of Riga interceded in behalf of this unfortunate family, and conjured him to do every thing in his power to save them from ruin. He promised this; but, as it may be well supposed, took care not to keep his word. In the dead of

the night, the troops under the command of the noble Censor beset the parsonage-house, while the peaceful inhabitants were fast asleep. What must their surprise have been on waking? every avenue was stopped up, an inventory was instantly taken of the good man's papers, and seals put upon them; all the books, the bible not excepted, were piled in a heap and committed to the flames. The unhappy minister himself was hurried into a kibick, and conducted by an officer of the police to Petersburg.

Towards day-break, when he had recovered a little from his first astonishment, he requested his guard to allow him to write a few lines to his wife. The perfidious man pretended to yield to his entreaties, and even undertook to put the letter into the post-office; he detained it, however, and on his arrival in the capital, delivered it into the hands

of the Court-Advocate. The letter contained, besides some very natural complaints, a request, that his wife *would quiet the minds of his parishioners till his return*; from which it was inferred, that he had already incited the peasants to revolt, and that they only waited the return of their ringleader to rise up in arms. Others say, he had requested his wife to burn some letters of a friend of his, with whom he had formerly corresponded, and which contained some remarks upon the French revolution; and that a chasseur had really been sent to arrest this friend, who, very happily for himself, had been dead several years. Whatever it might have been, the whole matter was represented in such black colours by the Court-Advocate, that the Prince instantly ordered the tribunal to condemn M. S—— to corporal punishment, and afterwards to

be sent to the mines of Siberia. The judges were under no small embarrassment in consequence of this injunction. The sentence, which in the natural order of things ought to result from examination and evidence, was prescribed to them before-hand, and they felt themselves reduced to the situation of executive agents. The President ventured to remonstrate to the Court-Advocate on this point, who coldly replied, that the Judges might incur what hazard they pleased; but that for his part, he knew the will of the Emperor.

The unfortunate minister, then in the fortress, was one morning ordered instantly to put on his robes, and accompany M. de Marakoff to the public tribunal, in order to hear his sentence pronounced.

Full of hope, and the more so, as he had been directed to appear in his sacer-

dotal habit, he set out to meet his fate. When he arrived in court he was placed with his back against the wall, and the Secretary began to read his sentence. When the Secretary came to these words, "The minister S—— shall be deprived of his benefice, stripped of his gown and band, receive twenty strokes of the knout, and be sent in irons to the mines of Nertschinsk, to work there for life," the unhappy man seemed lost in despair; and after a convulsive motion of the head, he fell flat upon the ground. Proper assistance being afforded him, he recovered the use of his senses, and falling upon his knees, he implored the judges to condescend to hear him.

"This is not the place," replied the Court-Advocate. "*Where then?*" cried the wretched man, in a resolute tone of voice, "*Where? there! above, in heaven!*"

He was now dragged to the common prison. All Petersburg took an interest in his fate; every one interceded in his behalf; even the Russian clergy, to their great honour, among the rest. Count de Pahlen won the hearts of the public by his generous exertions to save him. But every effort was in vain! Obuljaninoff had laid too fast hold on his victim. S—— was led to the place where the punishment of the knout is administered; and when he had proceeded halfway there, he was ordered back to receive the sacrament at the hands of M. Reinbolt. After this he set out again to the place of torment.

Already were his hands tied to the posts, already were his shoulders bared to undergo the horrid punishment, when an officer arrived, and having whispered a word in the executioner's ear, the latter respectfully replied, *sluschu*,

(I understand you) and then brandished the knout twenty different times over the prisoner, without touching his body, very adroitly applying every stroke upon his clothes only. Hence it is manifest, that some humane personage, who had not been able to screen this innocent man from ignominy, had at least exerted his authority so far as to prevent his suffering the horrid torture to which he had been condemned.

M. S—— was led back to prison. Count de Pahlen, under various pretences, retarded his departure for the mines; and had several sharp altercations with the Court-Advocate on the subject. The Emperor, however, strenously insisting that the sentence should be duly executed, the Count was at length obliged to give way, and the unfortunate M. S—— dragged his fetters, step by step, as far as Nertschinsk. His

wife, who was determined to share his fate, could not obtain permission to accompany him.

This unfortunate man is now free. When I left Petersburg he was daily expected there; and doubtless the young Emperor will restore him to honour and fortune.

Some days after the death of Paul I. Prince Saboff gave a splendid tavern-dinner to a hundred of his friends, at twenty-five rubles a-head, exclusive of wine. The company drank between thirty and forty dozen of champaign, at five rubles a bottle. I should not have mentioned this *princely feast*, but for the purpose of recording a *princely act*. In the height of their jollity, the company recollected the case of the unhappy M. S——, and immediately opened a subscription in his favour, which, it is said, produced him ten thousand rubles.

It is the opinion of many lawyers, that the order intimated to the court of justice, to inflict corporal punishment on M. S——, did not oblige the judges to condem him to the knout, the most severe of all punishments.

The reader will not be displeased to learn, that M. Tumanski, who had been for so many years the scourge of Riga, has ended his career in the most wretched manner. Enraged at the contempt with which he was generally treated, he at last meditated the ruin of the whole town; and with that view denounced the inhabitants to the Emperor as arrant Jacobins, sending a long list of names, among which were those of the principal people, and men in office, with the venerable Governor M. de Nagel at their head.

The upright and clear-sighted Monarch having read this libel, declared,

with too much benevolence perhaps, that Tumanski was out of his senses, and immediately dismissed him from his employment. On my return through Riga, in the month of June last, he was living there, poor and despised, on the bounty of the very inhabitants whom he had devoted to ruin. In this manner has leaden-heeled Justice, as the poet calls her, overtaken the guilty, and condemned him to condign punishment; a punishment indeed much too gentle, when compared with the innumerable afflictions which his administration had brought upon so many unfortunate people.

Madame Chevalier and her husband, who had figured, though in another way, in the late reign, likewise experienced the clemency of the young Monarch, who contented himself with merely sending them out of the country. M.

Chevalier, who had acted a part no less public than dishonourable, and who has since endeavoured, through the medium of the French newspapers, to persuade the world of his innocence, challenges a scrutiny of his conduct, and without touching on his private life, I shall endeavour to shew in what manner he and his wife conducted themselves to the world.

Madame Chevalier was born at Lyons; her father, who was a dancing-master, died young, and left his family in indigent circumstances. M. Chevalier became acquainted with her in this situation, and married her. He is himself one of the most arrogant of men, and the worst *ballet*-master that ever existed, although he has often boasted of having danced a *pas de cinq* at the Opera-house, with Vestris, Gardel, &c. One day, as he was relating this gasco-

nade, a man of wit who had known him at Paris, where he was engaged as a mere figurante, observed aloud; "I think M. Chevalier very modest; he speaks of a *pas de cinq* only, whereas I have seen him dance a *pas ae seize*."—I know not if he was in fact a figurante; some say he was second *ballet*-master at the Italian theatre; this, however, is of no consequence. But I can affirm with great truth, that his ballets have ever appeared to me to be the most wretched I have ever seen. He always strove to hide the penury of his genius by the introduction of grand marches, and the splendid decorations which Gonzaza, a very eminent artist, afforded him; as well as with the assistance of the most superb dresses. His *ballets* were extremely expensive, though they were seldom repeated more than twice. He was likewise indulged with the privi-

lege, that none of his decorations, nor any article of his wardrobe, should ever be used except in his own *ballets*. The German company has often felt the inconvenience of this privilege; for whenever we had occasion for a foreign dress, and sent for it to the keeper of the wardrobe, the answer constantly returned us was, that the dresses belonged to M. Chevalier. I must, however, confess, that the hatred the French theatre bore the German one, has often suggested this pretext in order to cover a refusal. One Sunday, I remember, I found myself under the necessity of changing the piece I intended to have given (which was Octavia) for another, a little before the curtain drew up, because I could not obtain a few miserable dresses for the Roman soldiers, although my request had been backed by a note from the great Marshal of the Court.

I mention this as one of the thousand unpleasant circumstances which I had to encounter in the management of the theatre.

I now return to M. Chevalier. It is well known that he left Hamburg, and arrived, with his wife, at Petersburg, where, by means of her personal charms, for she is very handsome, she soon acquired connections of the most distinguished kind. To these connections her husband owed his office of assessor, and the victory he gained over old *Le Picq*, a *ballet*-master of distinguished merit.

Had he remained satisfied with this advantage, had he continued to reign within his own sphere, and had not made such display of his foolish self-love, the public would have been content with laughing at him, and I should not have mentioned his name. In spite of his protestations of innocence and probity,

it is clearly proved, that he has bartered his real or pretended influence for immense sums of money. I am acquainted with several instances of this sort. I am averse to expose any person, but *in case of necessity*, I can *prove* what *I advance ;* and I think it incumbent on me to make such declaration, lest I should be supposed to have attacked the reputation of an honest man wantonly, or merely upon report.

The most shocking transaction of this kind, and which is notorious all over Petersburg, is the very one M. Chevalier asserts, in the *Journal de Paris*, to be a mere fabrication. The fact is, that he has had art enough to take advantage of an accessary incident which had been erroneously stated, in order to break out into a general complaint of calumny and injustice. I am not now speaking of a *divorce*, respecting which, M. Che-

valier may, if he pleases, call heaven and earth to attest his innocence, but of a fraudulent and atrocious act, and therefore the particulars shall be related.

Madame de ——, of one of the first families in the Russian empire, bequeath-her fortune, which consisted of thirteen thousand peasants, to the amiable Count de R—. She had taken care to make previous arrangements with her husband's family, and consequently disposed of her dowry only. Catherine had confirmed the will; notwithstanding which, its validity was contested in the reign of Paul I, and annulled by an order of the Cabinet.

M. ———, upon the strength of this case, was desirous of attaining similar ends, and for which purpose he availed himself of the assistance of a Piedmontese (an honest man, and known as such), whose name I do not recollect,

and commissioned him to make application to M. Chevalier. A negociation was entered upon accordingly, and a magnificent necklace was promised to Madame Chevalier, and a sum of money to her husband, which is said to be so great, that for fear of committing a mistake, I shall not mention it. The necklace was deposited by way of earnest, and likewise one-half the stipulated sum. The affair was proposed to the Emperor, who, considering it unjust, set his face against it, and refused his consent. The ill success of the application was industriously concealed from the Piedemontese; however, he at last obtained information of it, and having demanded the restitution of the presents, he was answered with sarcasms, and menaced with mischief.

Driven quite to desperation, he applied to Madame de *Bonvel*, a French

lady, whose mysterious appearance at Petersburg was an enigma to every one, and who, having gained the protection of several great people, was tolerated by the Emperor, not only in the capital, but even at Gatschina. She was taken, with probability enough, for an agent of the French Government.

This woman instantly espoused the cause of the Piedemontese, and related his story to Count Rostopschen, minister of state, who being at that time at enmity with Madame Chevalier's *friend*, laid the whole transaction before the Emperor. Some say his Majesty was informed of the affair by an intercepted letter; however that may be, it is certain the Emperor received the information through Count Rostopschen.

The Monarch, who was naturally just, was thrown into a violent passion, and threatened to make a terrible ex-

ample of the Chevalier. The only step they had now to take, was to deny the fact. "Is it our fault," said they, "if offers of money are made us? It is enough that we never received any." At the same time they loudly demanded that the calumniator should suffer exemplary punishment. The wretched Piedmontese was arrested by order of the expeditious Court-advocate, and, all of a sudden, he was discovered to be a violent Jacobin, though he had been hitherto well known as a zealous royalist. He received the knout, had his nostrils split, and was sent to the mines of Siberia. This anecdote I have received from an impartial person of strict veracity, who had it from the first source. All Petersburg is well acquainted with the atrocious arts with which the justice of the Monarch had been in so monstrous a manner surprised and im-

posed upon. I may possibly be mistaken in some trifling particulars, but the story itself is strictly true. Let M. Chevalier explain, if he can, how he has been able, since that time, to enjoy one hour of undisturbed repose!

The luxury he displayed in his house was disgusting in the highest degree. His rooms vied in splendour with those of the palace of Michäeloff. One of them was hung with rose-colour silk, covered with fine flowered muslin, and seemed to be the very temple of voluptuousness. The family had a salary of more than thirteen thousand rubles, including Monsieur Augustus, the lady's brother, a very indifferent dancer. Besides this salary, the brother and sister had benefit nights, which produced upwards of twenty thousand rubles; for every one was eager to recommend themselves to this powerful family. I have

known tradesmen who have sent twenty-five rubles for seats, the usual price of which was one ruble and a half, and to whom their money had been returned with the most scornful disdain.—Every person who was already well received at Court, every one who wished to continue so, made sacrifices on these occasions frequently beyond their means, fully persuaded, that the idols to whom they thus bowed, might one day reimburse them, and that a sum which did not answer their expectations never escaped either their notice or their vengeance.

Madame Chevalier, indeed, had no occasion to use solicitations to fill the theatre on her benefit night. Her house was beset for places in the first boxes, and every one shewed their attachment by paying for them in coin. But Monsieur Augustus was often obliged to

take measures, of which no man of honour could avail himself. He wrote notes, or rather (as he could not write, a circumstance I learnt from ocular demonstration) had them written, to the rich and great, to force tickets upon them.

By such and a thousand other well-known practices, the family of the Chevaliers, it may be easily supposed, amassed great wealth. Lest I should be accused of exaggeration, I shall not venture to mention the value of the lady's jewels, nor the sums which her husband had, at different times, sent out of the country. M. L**o, the banker, who transacted his business, can give further information on this head; and, in fact, the whole town expected to see him compelled to make such declaration before the lady could have obtained permission to quit the country. The law

obliges foreigners to pay the Crown one-tenth part of the property they take out of the country, whatever the amount may be; and in the present case the defalcation might perhaps have amounted to some hundred thousand rubles. The generosity and clemency of the young Monarch, however, overlooked this circumstance. It is likewise well known that he ordered Count de Pahlen to inform Madame Chevalier, in a very polite letter, that she had leave to depart; and she took care not to stay to hear the intimation repeated.

The late Emperor, a few weeks before this event, had charged M. Chevalier with the honourable commission of engaging a party of comedians at Paris. For this purpose he had received upwards of twenty thousand rubles in money, and bills of exchange for as much more. During his whole journey,

he rendered himself remarkable by his insolence and rudeness; and the post-masters at the different stages still remember his insolent behaviour: the newspapers also recorded, that M. Chevalier, Counsellor of the College, and Knight of the Order of Malta, passed through such and such a town, &c. &c. I know not, indeed, whether he had the effrontery to assume these titles, but it would not have been at all unlike him.

It is owing to her husband, perhaps, that Madame Chevalier has acquired the reputation of being avaricious, which so ill accords with the softness and amenity of her personal appearance. Of her avarice many instances are nevertheless reported. The most shocking of all of them is the manner in which she has lately treated her aged mother, who lives at Lyons in the greatest indigence. The poor helpless woman wrote

several letters to her in order to solicit relief, but she could never obtain any answer. At last, a stranger arrived at Petersburg, who, having been eye-witness to her distress, had promised to represent her situation to her daughter. He called several times on Madame Chevalier, but was never admitted to her presence. Being, however, in no want of her interest, he grew impatient, and at last sent the lady word that he had a message to deliver from her mother, and that if she wished to be informed of it, she must have the goodness to send some one to him. She sent—but whom?—a servant! The stranger, provoked and ashamed at this unworthy conduct, refused to explain himself to a valet. Monsieur Augustus was then dispatched as Plenipotentiary from his sister. The stranger drew the most affecting picture of his mother's distress,

and Madame Chevalier sent him *two hundred rubles, in bank notes*, which he was, at his discretion, to supply her parent with. Two hundred rubles! The fiftieth part of what she has often received for a single box at her benefit! Madame Chevalier, who with a word could have caused her aged mother to have been brought in triumph to Petersburg, and supported there in ease and abundance; who reckoned her fortune by hundred thousands of rubles, sent her indigent parent *two hundred rubles*. For the sake of this lady, I sincerely hope she may be able to refute this anecdote; but hitherto, I am sorry to say, I have not had the least reason to doubt its truth.

Madame Chevalier has been handsome, and may still be considered so, though she is more than thirty, and is grown rather *en bon point*. She is a

charming singer, and as an actress peculiarly happy in artless and comic parts. Her smiling looks captivate the audience the moment she appears on the stage, and secures their approbation of her performance. She has sometimes ventured to appear in tragedy; but, in my opinion, she is in that line below mediocrity. In the part of Iphigenia, in which she so much delighted the Emperor, the actress was never, for one single moment, forgotten in the daughter of Agamemnon; it was still Madame Chevalier that figured on the boards; though, according to a copy of verses which were handed about Petersburg, Racine was placed at her feet; and the Muses and the Graces, in comparison with her, were represented as mere barrow-women.

How superior to this lady is Madame de Valville, the first tragic actress on the

Petersburg stage! Her person is agreeable, her declamation and action perfect. Nor is she a great actress only; she is likewise an amiable and virtuous woman; and the dignity with which she endured the many insults to which she was continually exposed, entitles her to the highest veneration. She is at the same time, the most tender of mothers, the best of wives, and the sincerest of friends. I entreat her pardon for this elogium, and beg she will impute it to a zeal, which at this moment triumphs over the fear of raising a blush on her cheek; on that cheek which has not yet forgot to blush!

Madame Chevalier was roused from her splendid dream, in a manner not the most agreeable to her. Two officers entered her house in the dead of the night, and insisted on speaking with her immediately. The saucy chamber-

maid, who had been long accustomed to see her mistress treated like a goddess, and to consider herself as a person of some importance, would fain have dismissed them with rudeness. The officers, however, despising her threats and outcries, rushed into Madame Chevalier's room, and appeared without any ceremony at her bedside. She started from her slumbers, and assured them her husband was at Paris! "It is not for him, Madam, we are looking," was their reply. Having learnt, in a few words, the events which had taken place, she was obliged to rise that very moment, and to listen to some railleries not of the most delicate nature.

I shall not enlarge upon the business of these officers, their visit was short, nor was Monsieur Augustus at all disturbed by them. What the lady felt during the rest of the night, and her

alarming prospect of the future, have perhaps, in some degree, avenged the multitude whom she had made unhappy, and the innocent whom she had ruined. Yet, in fact, she had nothing to dread. The delicacy of the young Monarch generously spared her. To considerations of a respectable nature she was indebted for that, which she could neither have ventured to hope, or to solicit: she was allowed to leave Petersburg without any kind of molestation. I saw her at Koningsberg and at Berlin, more brilliant and more lively than ever; and no sensations except those of *ennui*, appeared to give her the least uneasiness.

I dout not but that Monsieur Chevalier, with his accustomed impudence, will venture to deny the facts I have stated, the greater part of which relate chiefly to himself. He may endeavour to bring

my veracity and impartiality into question; but I here solemnly declare, that I have *personally* no subject of complaint either against him or his wife, and that I only partake of the general indignation of the public. I further declare, that I could have brought forward four times as many instances as I have given, had I been inclined to give ear to common report; and that I have designedly made choice of such as have been communicated to me by eye-witnesses of unexceptionable veracity. I have dispassionately administered the punishment of that notoriety, which sooner or later brands the forehead of the successful miscreant. But enough has already been said on the subject of these people.

The death of the Emperor again opened to me a happy prospect of returning to my own country; and as soon as I could venture to call the at-

tention of the young Monarch from the important concerns of the empire, to a subject of such small moment as my own private affairs, I took an opportunity of soliciting my discharge. On the 30th of March I presented a memorial to that effect, to Prince Suboff, the Emperor's Adjutant General. The 2d of April I received, through his hands, the flattering answer, that his Majesty wished me to continue in his service. Such distinguished goodness must naturally have rendered the resolution of persisting in my resignation extremely painful to me. Impressed with the warmest gratitude, I therefore declared, that I should be happy to remain in the service of a Prince so justly beloved; but that I was no longer able to superintend the German playhouse in its present situation; that if it pleased the Emperor to allow some reforms to take

place, to render it *really*, and not *nominally* a court-theatre, and placed in every respect upon a level with the French company, I would with pleasure exert all my efforts to render it worthy of his Majesty's approbation.

I received an order in consequence to draw up a memorial, in which I was directed to point out the means of reforming the German theatre. I instantly obeyed, and my plan, which it has pleased an ignorant and malevolent correspondent of the Hamburgh Gazette to call *gigantic*, was nevertheless calculated according to the rules of the strictest economy.

While the French theatre cost upwards of one hundred thousand rubles a year in salaries only, I undertook to support a company, that should rival it in every respect, for sixty thousand. It seems that the author of this paragraph

is no friend to the Germans, or he would not have termed gigantic a sum I had asked for the whole support of the playhouse, which amounted but to little more than one half of the mere *salaries* of the other theatre.

The Emperor commissioned the Court Marshal to examine my plan, and the latter approved of it.

"What will the German theatre cost according to this estimate?" said the Emperor.

"Sixty thousand rubles a year."

"And what has it hitherto cost?"

"Nothing."

This answer must naturally have astonished the Emperor. It was just however in one point of view. By dint of zeal, intense application, and unremitting efforts, I had made the winter receipts amount to thirty-two thousand rubles; and with this money I had been

able to defray every contingent expence: but the Marshal did not recollect, that during seven weeks of Lent the house would produce nothing, and during the summer months not much; that the theatre besides stood in need of great repairs and improvements. The Monarch himself could not be expected to enter into such particulars; and the more so, as the memorial did not specify any. It is therefore not at all surprising that he should have considered the sum too great.

I was too well acquainted with the disposition of the court in general towards the German theatre, and of course prepared (in case the Emperor should disapprove my plan) to reiterate my former request. My discharge at length was granted me in the most gracious terms, and I obtained at the same time the rank of Counsellor of the College.

I am fully convinced that the Court cannot keep up the German theatre, even in its present imperfect establishment, without disbursing thirty-seven thousand rubles annually.* Had it been observed to the Emperor at the time, that the improvements alone would have cost twenty-three thousand rubles, I have reason to believe, that his answer would have been different from what it was; especially as the young Empress is a great admirer of the German drama: but the word *nothing* could not well have produced any other effect.

Such are the circumstances of my discharge, respecting which the author of a paragraph in the Hamburgh Gazette had the goodness to observe, that it

*I am not uninformed, that Monsieur Miré, and a person of the name of Casazzi, have undertaken the business at a much lower rate, but *finis coronat opus.*

was not very clear, whether it was asked for or received. At Petersburg the matter was clear enough; but unhappily there are men in the world who are induced by envy to believe the contrary to what every one knows.

In speaking of the pension that was granted me, the same correspondent observes with equal malignity, and with a design to render the distinction less honourable to me, that I solicited it. He knew not that the Emperor Paul had secured the salary on his own privy-purse; and that pensions of that nature are frequently, and even commonly, continued after the resignation of the receiver; and that without having assailed the young Monarch with solicitations and entreaties, the favour was granted me on my mere request. I am too proud of this mark of kindness and benevolence in the young Emperor, and

too jealous of the reputation of an unassuming man, not to have placed the matter in its true point of view, even at the risk of fatiguing the patience of my readers.

On the 29th of April, I left Petersburg with my family, full of gratitude to the deceased Monarch, and to the reigning Emperor. We passed some weeks at Jesse, with M. Koch and his excellent family; from whence, accompanied by their best wishes, we proceeded to Wolmarshof, the country seat of Baron de Löwenstern, who had sent us the most cordial invitation.

My heart palpitated violently as I approached this abode of sincerity and truth: at length I beheld the accomplishment of the most ardent of my wishes: I was on the point of meeting a lady again, who, in the most terrible moment of my life, had sent me every

succour in her power. With what impatience did I long to press her hand to my lips and to my heart! I was also to meet the young man who had shed tears on my account, and who had strove to soften my afflictions with the tenderness of a brother. The first person I saw on getting out of the carriage was M. de Beyer. What varied emotions seized me as he approached! After him appeared Madame de Löwenstern. I was unable to utter a single word; my tears eloquently interpreted the feelings of my heart. I looked round for her worthy son, he flew to my embrace, and I pressed him with fraternal affection. How sweet is the remembrance of past evils in the circle of sympathizing friendship!

I here obtained some explanations of that part of my history, in which these worthy persons were concerned. The

letters I had written at Stockmannshof had been all forwarded by M. de Beyer to the Governor of Riga, except that intended for Count Cobenzel, which could not but have proved prejudicial to me. M. de Richter had dispatched them without the least scruple to the Emperor, who at first was much irritated at my escape, and replied to the Governor, that he must instantly summon M. de Beyer to Riga, and severely reprimand him for having suffered a state-prisoner to write letters in his house. This reprimand, which implied no small elogium of M. de Beyer's heart, was accordingly given, but it may be easily imagined how much the well known humanity of M. de Richter must have tended to soften the severity of it.

I learnt besides, that my Counsellor had communicated his instructions to

M. de Beyer, and that consequently he would have incurred great danger if he had espoused my cause more warmly than he did. M. de Beyer attempted to justify the cold and prudent M. Prostenius, and it is no fault of mine if my my own heart invalidated all his arguments.

The whole family had considered the Counsellor as a civil, kind-hearted man, and had placed great confidence in him. This mistake was very excusable in people of their excellent disposition; for never had I seen, in any instance whatever, so much *cruelty* united with so much *dissimulation*. He had waited on my wife, on his arrival at Petersburg, after having heard of my approaching deliverance, to give her joy. He told her that we were very intimate friends, and had lived together like two brothers during the whole journey. He even

paid me a visit, when he had heard in what a distinguished manner I had been treated by the Emperor, and meanly attempted to insinuate himself into my favour. I could not, however, bear the sight of him: he at length observed this, and discontinued his visits.

After having spent a few days very agreeably at Wolmarshof, we set off for Riga, where we were expected by our faithful friends. I had not the pleasure of finding the worthy Governor there; he was unfortunately ill in the country, but I found my kind friend Eckardt, and the learned Doctor Stoffregen, to whom I expressed all my gratitude. We accompanied the latter to his villa, a terrestrial paradise, at Graffenheyde, and we separated in a few days, bestowing on each other reciprocal benedictions and prayers.

Among other things, I learnt at Riga,

that a letter which my wife had written to the Duchess of Weimar, had been sent to Petersburg by the master of the Post-office, and had been read by the Emperor; that his Majesty had immediately returned it, with orders to have it sealed up again, and forwarded to its destination. Our friends augured something good from this incident; it is indeed certain, that the letter (a copy of which I possess) could not have failed to make a salutary impression on the kind heart of the Monarch. I therefore, perhaps, owe my deliverance, in some measure, to the very person, to whom of all others, I would most willingly owe it—to my own wife.

At Mittau the Governor of Courland was no longer to be found; he had been dismissed from his post. M. Sellen of Polangen, had likewise been discharged; I did not see him, but I found

the Lieutenant who had accompanied us to Mittau, and whose name is De Bogeslawski. He received me as an old friend, and compelled us to breakfast with him. On this spot, how did I run over the early scene of my misfortunes! How beneficent is nature, in causing the remembrance of past ills to produce an enjoyment equal to, and perhaps greater than that of past pleasures! I enquired after the honest Cossack, who had accompanied us on the coach-box: I wished to make him a present, but he was not in the way.

When we felt the carriage drive off—when we passed the guard-house—when the barrier was let down behind us—and when, a little further on, we beheld the Prussian eagle;—why should I blush to confess, that I burst into a flood of tears, that my wife also wept, and that we sunk into each other's arms? Not

that we had waited for this moment to give full scope to our feelings---No; the name of Alexander is every honest man's sufficient guarantee for his personal freedom; but it was a confused mixture of emotions, as powerful an inexplicable, that called forth these delicious tears. The view of the theatre of my misfortunes; the recapitulation of all the scenes through which I had struggled: the agony, which a year before I had suffered on the same road; the contrast of sensations; the happy and unforeseen change of circumstances; my gratitude to God, who had restored all that was dear to me; the delight at waking from my long and frightful dream;---all these considerations agitated every feeling of my heart, and forced the tears into my eyes. Thus impressed, I saluted the happy dominions of Frederic William III. The moment I set my foot upon his

frontiers, I considered myself as in my native country.

At Königsberg I found Count Kutaissoff, the favourite and confidential friend of the late Emperor. If any one could have given me information concerning the cause of my arrest, it was certainly he. I had long known him, but our acquaintance was during a period in which it would have been improper to have asked him any questions relating immediately to myself. But what I had not ventured to do at Petersburg could be done without any scruple here: I therefore hinted to him my wishes to be acquainted with the Emperor's reasons for having treated me with so much severity; and he replied, with the most unsuspicious frankness, "that his Majesty had acted from no particular motive, but that I had given him umbrage as an author. However," added

he, " you have seen with what readiness, and with what pleasure he corrected his error : he liked you ; he has given you proofs of it ; and had he lived, you would have received more."

Peace then to the ashes of a man, whose faults may be ascribed, in a great measure, to the nature of his education, to the extraordinary events that distinguished the period of his reign, and to the characters of the people who surrounded him ! a man, who might often have been mistaken with regard to the *means* he employed to do good, but whose invariable aim was to be *good* and *just* ; who scattered innumerable benefits around him, yet saw nothing but noxious plants spring up, whose blossoms pleased his eye, while their poisonous vapour tarnished and destroyed him !

I shall conclude with the insertion of

some French verses, which were circulated in Petersburg some days after the Emperor's death. I am unacquainted with the author, but his picture bears the stamp of truth.

On le connût trop peu, lui ne connût personne;
Actif, toujours pressé, bouillant, impérieux,
Aimable, seduisant, même *sans* la couronne,
Voulant gouverneur seul, tout avoir, tout faire mieux,
Il fit boucoup d'ingrats—et mourût malheureux!

APPENDIX.

An Examination of a Work entitled "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Russia."

I HAVE read the "Memoirs of the Court of Russia:" the book has made much noise in the world; more indeed than it merits. It has been, and is perhaps still, believed that the author drew his materials from authentic sources; it is therefore worth while to examine this work in detail. He has treated both the great and insignificant with such rancour, and attacked the honour and the virtue of the monarch and the nation with so much audacity, that I conceive I shall deserve the thanks of the Public by stripping off his mask, and openly contradicting him on several points, respecting which I have better

information than he could ever have obtained.

If, in imitation of himself, I were to derive my authorities from table-talk and the gossip of antichambers, it would be an easy task to refute every page of his book: being, however, averse to assume airs of importance, I repeat, that I shall only touch upon what my own conviction enables me to refute. If the *Secret Memoirs* should ever find their way into Russia, there will be no want of persons, still better informed than myself, to expose the falsehoods which they contain.

The author pretends, in his preface, to have held heaven knows what important post at Court; and the editor adds, that he had lived in the closest intimacy with people of rank and influence at Petersburg. Now, as it is the duty of every historian or compiler of

memoirs, who makes any pretension to public confidence, to shew how he has been able to come at the truth of what he asserts; let us say a few words concerning the author himself.

Monsieur de M * * * the younger, is a native of Switzerland *. The history of the early part of his life is here out of the question. He was received at the house of General Soltikoff, by whose interest he obtained the office of inspector of the stables of the Grand Duke Alexander, the present Emperor. The Grand Duke probably was familiar with him; but I do not see how his post could have procured him his *inti-*

* It is for the sake of his respectable brother that I do not give his name complete. He has, however, saved the reader the trouble of guessing it, for he has made himself so well known every where, that it seems he is not at all solicitous to remain in obscurity.

mate cannexions with the principal people of rank and influence in the empire.

He had made verses, and in his own circle may have been considered as a man acquainted with the fashionable world; but he may be assured, that there are many great people and men of influence at Petersburg, who are to this moment ignorant of his existence. Let the reader judge from hence, if he *could* have always spoken the truth.

But, supposing we grant him this point, it is very certain it has not always been his *intention* to speak it. He himself, however, has been frank enough to confess, that nothing less than the most justifiable resentment forces him to speak out. What can be expected from a writer, whose resentment speaks for him, and who is not ashamed to add, that it is the proper business of indignation to reveal what criminal gra-

titude might induce him to conceal. It is his indignation alone then, that breaks out through the whole book, and which is of so violent a nature, that he is forced to consider *gratitude* as *criminal* when it does not allow him to disburden himself of every thing that weighs upon his heart. What can be expected from a writer who has faith in *criminal gratitude?*

And what is it, in fact, that has irritated him to such a degree? He has been ill treated, I will allow; and I am inclined to believe that he was innocent. Certain suspicions, some unmeaning words, something said in favour of the French troops, had induced the too hasty Emperor to banish M. de M * * * and his brother out of his dominions; but his Majesty did this without any degradation of their honour: he did not seize their fortunes, nor refuse to allow

their families to accompany them. They had fallen into disgrace, and that was all: the Emperor had withdrawn his confidence, and would have them no longer in his service;—nothing more. It will be said, that this was enough, and that their case was very severe. I allow it, but not sufficiently so to justify the transformation of gratitude into a thing that depends on circumstances. Had M. de M * * * been satisfied with asserting his innocence in a calm and satisfactory manner, every impartial reader would have applauded him. But this mass of scandalous anecdotes, his evident solicitude to collect every thing that could render the Russian Court either atrocious or ridiculous, shew clearly, that the Emperor Paul did not act imprudently in removing a petulant observer, who examined every thing that came in his way with a jaun-

diced eye. M. de M * * *'s own book is, in my opinion, the best justification of the Emperor's conduct towards the author. Let him undertake, in the boasted French republic, to write the scandalous chronicle of the *French court of the present day*, and I am persuaded that he would think himself well off if he escaped transportation to Cayenne.

He says, I have written only what I have seen, heard, or experienced myself. This is very singular. I find nothing throughout the whole book but things which were *heard of*, and of which I, too, with a thousand others, have heard, though in a different manner. If it were sufficient merely to give ear to things, to enable a man to write memoirs for posterity, the historic muse may erect a temple in every antichamber! If M. de M * * * would have us believe what he has neither seen, nor felt, nor expe-

rienced, but only heard, he ought to name his authorities; in default of which, he will allow us to place no more confidence in an inspector of the stables of the Grand Duke, than in any other subaltern officer of the Russian Court.

In the preface, (page 4) he calls the Emperor a *revengeful tyrant*. Paul was not in the least addicted to revenge. In the first emotions of anger, he might have often committed injuries; but to rancour and vengeance his heart was a stranger. I could name instances of persons, by whom, whether right or wrong, he conceived himself to be offended, and whom he punished at one moment, and at the next raised to the first dignities in the state. It is, however, needless to bring forward these examples, as they are already generally known. Had the Emperor been re-

vengeful, and consequently rancorous, (for these passions never operate separately) the annals of history would probably have held out one horrid attempt the less to posterity. M. de M*** boasts of his *courage* and *frankness*, in uttering the words *revengeful tyrant*; but where is the honest man who does not consider, that he calls by too soft a name the wickedness he allows himself to commit?

One cannot help smiling at reading (page 5) that M. de M*** feels and experiences that he is followed whereever he goes. The Emperor, in fact, made no farther mention of him after his departure, nor even thought more about him. It is still more disgusting to hear him soon after impudently assert, that he has exercised great moderation in drawing up his memoirs. I should be glad to know how it were

possible to cram a greater quantity of horrid matter into the compass of two volumes.

He confesses frankly enough that his *bad* memory has been his only source, as he had committed all his materials to the flames. It is indeed requiring a little too much of the reader to expect him to confide in the *bad* memory of an inspector of the Grand Duke's stables, for an account of all kinds of state and family secrets.

M. de M * * * gives no quarter to the poor German authors. He calls them all *pickthanks*, without supporting the epithet by a single case in point. Ah! M. de M * * *, were I to publish some of your poetry, who would deserve the name of pickthank better than yourself?

M. de M * * * endeavours to represent every Russian subject as an abject

slave; he even pretends that the nation, by a kind of apotheosis, has changed the name of Catherine to Jecatherine, which, according to him signifies *Archcatherine*. A curious interpretation truly. *Jecatherine* is merely a name, and as little signifies *Archcatherine* as *agurke* (which in Livonia is used for *gurke*, a cucumber) signifies *archcucumber*.

In page 48, M. de M*** has the assurance to assert that the Emperor is the tyrant both of the empire and his family; and that he proscribes the dearest and most laudable feelings of nature. A more abominable falsehood than this was never uttered. I should fill a whole volume, were I to bring forward all the domestic incidents in which the Emperor Paul approved himself to be *a tender husband* and *a good father*; and I am only acquainted with the smaller part of that number. I do not pretend that he has

not often fallen into violent, though short, fits of anger, with his family, which have sometimes been attended with very serious consequences; but he is not on that account the less susceptible of the most tender feelings of nature.

It is unusual, for instance, to consult the inclinations of a Princess in the disposal of her hand; yet I know from the best authority, that the Emperor always left to his daughters the free choice of their husbands: in such cases, consulting the paternal feelings of his heart, rather than listening to motives of political interest, he entered into no promises with regard to an alliance, but on the express condition of its receiving his daughter's full approbation. I should be glad to be informed of many other Courts in which a like custom prevails!

When the deceased Grand Duchess Alexandrina took her leave of him, with what inexpressible tenderness did he fold her in his arms? How many tears did he shed upon the occasion? She was seated in her coach, when he again came down into the Court, and opening the carriage door, bestowed his blessing, in a broken voice, upon his darling child. Is this the conduct of a man who *proscribes the common feelings of nature?*

I could add many other instances, but I do not think, like M. de M***, that it is proper to print every thing I have been told. I shall, however, bring forward a case in direct contradiction to his senseless assertion, since it affords at the same time an example of the love and tenderness which the Emperor bore his family to the last moment of his life.

On the 11th of March, at five or six in the afternoon, a few hours before his death, when M. V———, an Aulic-Counsellor, who had been sent for by the Empress on business, was waiting her Majesty's orders in the antichamber, he observed, through a half-open door, the Emperor go to her. He appeared in very good humour, and said to her on entering the room, "My angel, I have brought you something that will give you pleasure." "As every favour does," replied the Empress, "which you confer." The Emperor then took a pair of stockings out of his pocket, which had been embroidered by the noble young ladies belonging to the institution, under the immediate patronage of her Imperial Majesty. After shewing this attention to his consort, he turned to his youngest children, who were playing about him, took them

in his arms, danced with them about the room, and, in a word, acted in every respect as the most affectionate father of a family would have done. M. V*** was deeply affected at this scene; it requires no comment, since it is to persons of feeling hearts alone that I address myself.

At page 79, M. de M*** makes a violent attack upon the principal nobility of the empire, during the last years of the reign of Catherine II. He says "they were without knowledge, without views, without elevation of mind, and utterly devoid of probity." He will not allow them even that vain honour, which, with respect to fidelity, stands in the same stead as hypocrisy does with regard to virtue. He charges them with "being as imperious as bashaws, as oppressive as tax-gatherers, as dishonest as lackeys, and as mercenary

as stage-waiting-maids;" in a word, he is not ashamed to call them, "the *rabble of the empire.*"

Let such a picture (which the most virulent passion alone could have been capable of sketching, and the most unbridled extravagance have finished) be placed beside the portrait of a *Repnin*, a man equally great in the cabinet and the field, of incorruptible integrity, and of the most generous liberality of sentiment:—of a *Romanzo*, a great general, who has bequeathed his virtues to his children:—of a *Besborodki*, who, though a man of pleasure, had the best of intellects, and was the most indefatigable of statesmen:—of a *Wasilew*, the treasurer of the empire, who without flattery might be compared with the great Colbert himself for talents and probity: of a *Soltikoff*, a *Markoff*, &c. and the indignant reader would then be tempted

to bestow on what M. de M*** is pleased to to term *courage* and *frankness*, epithets of a far different signification. And when he has the audacity to add, "that the nobility have pensioned their servants, their buffoons, their secretaries, and even the tutors of their children, out of the public treasure, of which they had the management;" the assertion is of so dishonourable and so calumnious a nature, that the man who has committed it at random to paper, unsupported by any kind of proof, deserves to be arraigned as a criminal at the bar of justice.

I request the reader further to remark how often M. de M***, under the influence of passion, contradicts his own assertions. He gives the name of rabble to the great people in the reign of Catherine II. and yet makes it criminal in her successor to have dismissed them on

his accession to the crown: and after allowing, that those by whom the Emperor Paul was surrounded, were people of less moral depravity than the discarded courtiers, he is nevertheless continually turning them into ridicule, and calling them *upstarts*.

At page 82, he repeats the hacknied assertion, " that Russia cannot boast of having any laws, but that it is merely governed by *ukases* or prescripts." It must be confessed that the legislative commission established by Catherine, had not done all that might have been expected from it; many more improvements, however, were made in the reign of that immortal woman than M. de M*** seems to have been aware of. Her incomparable *Instructions for the government of the Russian empire*; *her Instructions for the towns; for the nobility*; *for the trades*, *&c.* are not mere pre-

scripts, but form altogether a complete code of laws. During the space of ten years, I was myself in the habits of judging a multitude of suits by these laws, and I was seldom driven to the necessity of having recourse to a foreign code.

This is not the place to examine whe- the plan of the Empress to introduce a an uniform code of laws into her vast empire, was not rather a pious wish, than a measure at all possible. It would doubtless be a desirable thing to abolish that confusion, which cannot fail to result from the great number of customs and privileges which are continually at variance with each other. The tribunal, for instance, where I had the honour to preside, was a court of appeal from the inferior provincial tribunals, and all the litigious causes of Reval, Hapsal, Weissenstein, and Baltischport, were decided

there. But I was obliged to judge a Reval suit by the laws of Lubec, an Hapsal suit by the laws of Sweden, and a Baltischport one by those of Russia, &c. circumstances which rendered the administration of justice extremly complicated and troublesome.

M. de M*** (page 92) carries his love of paradox so far as to maintain, that the Empress Catherine, the friend and the favorite of the muses, did not patronise the arts and sciences, but merely purchased libraries and collections of pictures from motives of ostentation, and sent medals to German authors who dedicated their works to her. Such silly assertions are not worth refuting; they ought to be treated with a smile of contempt.

It is ridiculous enough to hear, in what a self-sufficient manner M. de M*** decides on all the literary pro-

ductions that appeared during the thirty-two years of the reign of Catherine. "Except a few works on Natural History," says he, "no book worthy of being known elsewhere, has honoured the Russian press." He was doubtless unacquainted with the greater number, and knew only the title pages of some of the others. *Euler*, for instance, has escaped his notice. On the other hand, he relates wonderful things of *intire libraries*, that had been discovered among the ruins on the banks of the Irtisch.

M. de M*** (page 110) says, "that the Germans at Petersburg are all *artizans*, principally *tailors* and *shoemakers*." The inspector of the stables might as well have added *saddlers*, who likewise are chiefly of that country. In this view he would not have comprised one half of the Germans who inhabit the city, the number of which exceeds thirty

thousand. Almost every *merchant*, and a great number of the *people in office* are Germans. M. de M*** also mistakes when he pretends, "that more victuals are consumed in the German houses than in others, and that the guests are overwhelmed with ceremonies and compliments." It is true indeed, that the plain Germans have no idea of the *courage* and *frankness* in which Mr. de M*** so eminently excels.

The circumstances which he states (page 117) of the colonels being the despots of their respective regiments, and of every thing relating to the economy of them passing through their hands, are not without foundation; but he should have added, "that these abuses were reformed on the accession of the Emperor Paul to the throne."

M. de M*** (page 131) charges the author of the Description of Peters-

burg with unpardonable negligence, in having confounded his important person as *a man of letters* with that of his brother. "Can any one, after this," says he, "depend on descriptions?" And why not? Is it of any consequence to the reader, to know the author of a few trifling verses? If the more interesting accounts are exact, he will readily overlook matters of such small import. Besides M. de M*** ought to be happy whenever he is confounded with his worthy brother. That unassuming respectable man lives on his estate near Erlangen, and has not been a little alarmed at the publication of the *Secret Memoirs*. Some people, not having known him personally, have taken him for the author of the book; but he has often explained himself to his friends on the subject, in a very earnest and serious manner.

At page 132, Mr. de M*** unjustly upbraids the Emperor with having left the most useful of his mother's public undertakings in an unfinished state, and with having erected nothing but barracks and exercise-houses. M. de M*** among these works mentions the quays and canals, and forgets that the Emperor had entirely banked-up the Moïka with free-stone. He has his reasons, perhaps, for not mentioning the hospital for the reception of military orphans, which owes its very existence to that Monarch; and in which upwards of eight hundred children of both sexes are boarded and instructed, and placed in suitable conditions when they have attained a certain age. This institution is directed by the respectable Colonel de Weismarn and his lady, who, has I have several times observed with great delight, is beloved by the children as a

mother. The Emperor frequently visited this asylum; it was one of his most favourite walks. He took the most tender interest in its welfare; laid aside his crown on entering the mansion, and appeared only as the father of the children; and never did he leave the spot unaccompanied with the benedictions of the innocent objects of his care. M. de M*** ought not to have been silent on matters of this nature; but perhaps his correspondents gave him no account of them, having enough to do to furnish him with the tattle of antichambers.

If we were unacquainted with the reasons which induced M. de M*** to spare the memory of Prince Potemkin, we should be surprised at the slight manner in which he touches upon the subject of that famous man. The insulting contempt he always entertained

for his fellow-creatures, whom he only considered as the instruments of his own grandeur, is but too generally known. Never did the Emperor Paul venture to go half the lengths in the indulgence of his caprices as that favourite had gone. Few people can be strangers to the anecdote respecting the honest Moscovite merchant, whom he ordered to be taken up by the police and sent to Petersburg, for having suffered a lady to see his long beard. The unfortunate man arrived at the capital, and Potemkin, having forgotten his beard, suffered him to languish six months in confinement. At length the satrap deigned to pay some attention to this famous beard: the merchant was sent back to Moscow, in a ruined state of health, and found that his wife had died with grief, and that his affairs were ruined. The Emperor Paul has committed acts of violence

from mere hastiness of temper, but never to gratify his caprice; and whatever he did, he always imagined that he was doing an act of justice.

No one, except M. de M***, has felt that the death of Potemkin had made *an immense void* in the empire. The story of the Empress having fainted away three times successively on hearing the news of his death, seems very improbable: at least there are well informed people, who pretend that his power having attained to a prodigious height, and grown superior to all kind of control, had become very troublesome to Catherine, and that after his death she acknowledged herself to be a much freer agent than before.

M. de Lanskoy, it seems, has found singular favour with our author. He styles him the lover of the arts, and the friend of talents. In truth, he was the

most ignorant man about the Court, and the Empress always blushed for him whenever he began to speak.

M. de M*** (page 164) observes, that Paul was more a Russian than his mother, and that he always maintained that a Count or Prince of the holy Greek empire, was preferable to one of the holy Roman empire. It is not my business to decide whether the mother or the son was in the right; I am, however, of opinion, that it becomes an Emperor of Russia to confer, with his own hands, the dignities with which he wishes to see his subjects decorated.

At page 157, the author speaks in a contemptuous manner of General Pistor, one of the most worthy Germans that ever served in the Russian army. He calls him a *Russian satellite*: A little farther on, he sneers at the barbarous names of *Kretschetnikoff* and *Cachowske*.

"Heavens! what names!" says he, "and the men who bear them, are still more uncouth!" He forgets, however, that the name of his hero *Kosciusko* is not more harmonious.

At page 173, M. de M*** speaks of a statue that the Duke de Feuillade erected at his own expence, to his master Louis XIV. and he adds, "that Potemkin had done nothing for Catherine that could be compared with the Frenchman's gallantry. All the actions of that favourite were, indeed, tainted with hypocrisy and cruelty: when the Empress travelled to the Tauride, Potemkin, supposing she might expect to see, as she went along, the towns and flourishing villages of which he had so often spoke to her, had ordered representations, in painting, of the fronts of the houses composing such towns and villages, to be erected on each side the

road. To a cursory observer the effect must have been very fine; and in order to enliven the landscape, it was necessary to summon all the peasants for twenty leagues round the country with their flocks, and to post them near these decorations. As the Empress went along, she beheld the meadows covered with sheep and horned cattle, attended by well clothed shepherds. She was struck with the showy painted houses, and imagined she saw the towns which existed in the calendar,* and which she found swarming with inhabitants. This gallantry was not in fact so durable as that of the Duke de la Feuillade, but it was at least more artfully fancied.

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* The Petersburg calendar, in the reign of Catherine, contained a list of all the cities either existing or planned in the Russian empire, with their respective situations and distance from the capital.

The author (page 224) endeavours to degrade one of the best institutions of the Emperor, or at least to lessen its merit: I mean the permission which all his subjects had to direct their letters and petitions immediately to himself. M. de M*** tells us, there was a kind of office upon the palace stair-case, where every one might deliver letters, but he adds, "that Paul finding, contrary to his expectation, more petitions than denunciations, grew tired of noticing them, and that every thing soon fell into its former chaos; that the secretaries employed to examine the letters became as heretofore the arbitrators of the unfortunate people who had had recourse to their master."

It is my duty to refute this accusation. From the moment of the Emperor's accession to the throne, to the last day of his life, every one of his

subjects were allowed to make application to him in writing, and they were sure of receiving a categorical answer in the course of a few days. The secretaries were in no respect the arbitrators of the petitioner's fate. The man who had dared to make a false extract would certainly not have escaped punishment: the Emperor frequently demanded a sight of the original, and ordered it to be read to him. An instance of this had taken place in my own case, and it was nothing more than a mere letter of thanks that I had written. The secretaries had always the letters in their possession, nor could they venture, under the inspection of so severe a master, to make unfair extracts, being never sure that the Emperor might not suddenly require a sight of the original, to satisfy himself as to the faithfulness of the report.

It is true, that the reporter had considerable influence, and that the success of the petition often depended on the manner in which it was represented. But was the Monarch to blame for this? It is natural that he should have confidence in the people he had chosen, and he could not employ more efficacious means to render them faithful, than by inspecting their proceedings occasionally and unawares. The Emperor could not possibly have read every petition he received; and in support of this assertion, I am enabled to relate an anecdote relative to the early part of the present Emperor's reign; who, as well as his father, allows every one to write to him, and even to present their letters in person; and may the choicest blessings of heaven reward him for this indulgence!

Whenever he went from the palace to the parade, he had to pass through a

triple row of suppliants, who held their petitions in their hands. The number of petitioners increasing, and the Emperor being unwilling to abolish the privilege, he usually sent out his adjutants some minutes before him to collect these papers. I have been several times present at their return to the anti-chamber; they were usually three in number, and each of them had a handkerchief filled with petitions in one hand, and his hat full in the other. "O God!" cried the Emperor one day, with a smile, when he saw them return thus loaded; and the exclamation was by no means improper, for there were upwards of three hundred letters in the hats and handkerchiefs. Every day produced as many; and supposing that the Emperor had devoted two minutes to the perusal of each letter, *he must have read ten hours a day!* Among these I do not include the num-

bers of letters which came by post, and which were sent to the Secretary of State. The Emperor, thus occupied, would have had no time for the most urgent concerns of life, much less for the great business of the empire. Every thing must have given way to the caprice of the petitioners, who often made the most absurd requests. A woman one day wrote to inform him she had lost a cow, and to beg another in its place.

The practice introduced by the Emperor Paul of inserting the refusals in the public Gazette was certainly a very harsh measure; but it might always have been evaded by personal application to the Secretary of State, who had the answers ready for the perusal of the respective petitioners. The Minister was, in fact, prevented, by the multiplicity of his avocations, from expediting written

answers to every letter that was received at his office.

M. de M*** (page 223) tells us, that dishonesty is inherent in the Russian Government, and connected with the national character, which is deficient in morals, probity, and public spirit. Happily, while he was penning this horrid description, his conscience seems to have stung him a little, and obliged him to add the following note, which he precedes by an emphatical exclamation. "Alas!" says he, "I little thought while I was writing these lines, to find the same infamous practices triumph in a republican Government, and in a regenerated country." If, therefore, he is convinced that neither national character nor want of public spirit are the real sources of corruption and rapine in populous cities, but that such disorders arise merely from luxury and ambition,

why did he not cancel his unjust assertion? His book would certainly have contained sufficient invective against the Russian nation without this charge.

Page 238, M. de M*** describes, simply from report, the prison of the unhappy Prince Iwan, at Schlusselburg. He calls it a dungeon, the windows of which, he says, were stopped up with planks, and scarcely afforded a glimpse of light. I myself visited this prison in the year 1782, when I accompanied General Bawr down the canal of Schlusselburg to its outlet in the lake of Ludoga. I found it, indeed, gloomy enough, but not to the degree M. de M*** represents it; I saw the chamber in which the Prince was confined; it was lofty and spacious, and sufficiently light. The ſky, however, could not be seen from the chamber, on account of the great height of the walls that inclosed the

court in which it was situated; but the Commander assured us that the Prince had permission to walk out into the area.

I shall pass over several anecdotes which M. de M*** scatters over his book, to shew his own importance and the extent of his connexions. At one time, it is such a one, at another, this or that person, who had patronized and provided for him. Supposing all this to be true, of what use is the display of so much vanity? what are those people to us, in whose favour he condescends to act the part of a *German pickthank?* and what concern have we with the flattering letters he had written to kept women to obtain a few hundred rubles, or a paltry place? The author ought to feel, that in relating such trifles, he weakens the impression he would fain make on his readers, by the display of his grand principles of liberty.

With all possible self-love, the writer is ever laying hold of opportunities of speaking of himself. At page 249, we are obliged to hear him recite a *pick-thank* business in verse, in which the honour paid to the memory of Catherine forms a singular contrast with the horrid things he relates of her in his *Secret Memoirs*. In these verses he speaks thus of that Princess:

"The north's fierce eagle cowers on the ground;
"Its bright ſtar beams no more, &c."

And at page 67, in the second volume, he calls this very star an *old fury*.

At page 265, and a little further on, the reader is allowed to recover himself a little from the effects of the multitude of caricatures with which he had been long pestered. We here find a description equally beautiful and just of the person and character of the Empress-mo-

ther. But this pleasure is of short duration, and as if M. de M*** were utterly averse to say a handsome thing of any one, he adds, in a note, " that it must be acknowledged her good qualities are not a little obscured by vanity."

Those who know that this Princess has been the great benefactress of the author, must shudder to observe the *frankneſs* and *courage* with which he had been able to stifle and suppress his *criminal gratitude.*

At page 271, he judges equally erroneously of the reigning Emperor; and if there were no other proof that the author was never in any situation about the Grand Duke, which could enable him to judge of the worth of that Prince, this alone would be sufficient. He thus expresses himself: " Alexander is of a happy but passive disposition; he possesses neither resolution nor con-

fidence sufficient to look out for men of merit, who are always modest and reserved.

One single day of his reign has been sufficient to refute this silly assertion. The choice he has made of the upright *Beklescheff* for Court-advocate; of *Count Panin*, *Prince Kourakin*, of *Troschinski*, for Ministers; of *Wasilieff* for Treasurer, &c. proves with what a penetrating eye the youthful monarch can distinguish real merit, and with what laudable eagerness he exercised his judgment. I shall not copy the ridiculous predictions of M. de M***, they do not merit refutation.

M. de M*** has done Count Nicolas Soltikoff the honour to say nothing about him. He is satisfied with having named him, and with putting four rows of points after his titles. It is probable that his sublime genius could not, in

the present instance, intirely triumph over the sentiments of *criminal gratitude.*

M. de M * * * (page 308) accuses the Emperor of having treated the old regiment of guards with too much contempt. "The severest thing," adds he, "this Prince could say to those officers with whom he was dissatisfied, was, that *they were only fit to serve in the guards.*" Supposing this anecdote to be true, the Emperor was far from wrong. The officers of the guards, during the reign of Catherine, were effeminate in their manners and their dress; they drove about the streets in whiskeys and four, were great men at the theatres, gamed deeply, and kept opera girls. I speak from my own observation. The guards at this period were very favourable to the advancement of young men of family and fortune. Any man who

had connections at Court, could procure his son to be enrolled in a regiment while he was an infant in his cradle; and his promotion took place as regularly as in real service. My eldest son, though a child, was appointed corporal of the guards, then *fourier*, and afterwards ensign, without ever having been at Petersburg, or seen the regiment to which he belonged. On this footing he would have advanced with four thousand of his little comrades, had not Paul, on his accession to the throne, suddenly dismissed every officer of the guards who was not capable of service. This regulation gave me some pain at the time, yet I could not but feel that it was perfectly just.

M. de M*** (page 312,) relates the story of the advancement of *Count de Rostopschin*, who was a considerable time minister of foreign affairs, and in high

favour at Court. I shall take this opportunity of adding the history of his disgrace; I have it from the best authority, and it reflects great honour on the Emperor.

It is well known that Count de Panin, a man of great integrity, had fallen a sacrifice to the dexterous jealousy of that Minister, and that the Emperor had exiled him to one of his country seats near Moscow. Some time afterwards, a gentleman belonging to the office of foreign affairs, whose name I forget, made a tour through that neighbourhood, and having written a friendly letter to M. de Murawieff, of Petersburg, he mentioned among other things *that he had visited Cincinnatus at his farm.* He likewise added the names of some relations he had been with, and entered into some family particulars of a very harmless nature. This letter fell into the hands

of Count de Rostopschin, who considered, or rather affected to consider it, as having a suspicious tendency. He laid it before the Emperor, and endeavoured to persuade his Majesty that Count de Panin was the writer, and had made use of another name to serve his own purposes; that Cincinnatus meant *Prince Repnin*, and the names of the pretended relations signified the friends and partizans of that Prince.

The Emperor had a great opinion of the discernment of his minister, and sent orders to Count de Soltikoff, the Governor of Moscow, to reprimand Count de Panin on the subject of this letter. The Count declared he had not written at all to Petersburg. The Emperor, blinded by prejudice, took his denial for mere obstinacy, and became extremely irritated against him. He sent the original letter to Moscow, in

order to convict the supposed writer of falsehood, and at the same time commanded him to remove to another of his estates two hundred versts farther off.

During these transactions the real writer of the letter, who happened to be still in the neighbourhood of Moscow, was informed of the whole business. He had the highest esteem for Count de Panin, who had formerly been his benefactor, and he was prompted by honour and gratitude to do every thing in his power to exculpate him. He was much alarmed at the mischief in which he had unconsciously involved him, and he immediately set off for the capital and explained the whole affair to Count Kutaissoff, referred to his own hand-writing, and confessed he meant by Cincinnatus, Count de Panin; that he had not called him so to disguise his

true name, but on account of the striking similarity which he conceived to exist between the character of the Count and of that worthy Roman. Report of this deposition was instantly made to the Emperor, and at the same time an account arrived from Moscow, stating that the letter was not the hand-writing of Count de Panin. His Majesty seemed much hurt on the occasion, and exclaimed with noble warmth: "He is a monster, and would make me the instrument of his secret vengeance! I must rid myself of him." Count de Rostopschin was accordingly dismissed from his service.

At page 315, the author pours out a torrent of abuse and invective against Baron de Nicolai, President of the Academy and Counsellor of State, a gentleman well known in Germany for his excellent poetical productions, adored

by his inferiors as a father, esteemed by his friends for his integrity and humanity, and respected by all who knew him for his talents and genius. He has doubtless had the misfortune of being blind to the great merit of our author, or perhaps he may have considered some of his verses to have been a little insipid; otherwise the writer of the *Memoirs* would not surely have said, that a man so generally respected as M. de Nicolai is, had received a few hundred souls (peasants belonging to an estate) to finish the corruption of his own, and that he was the tyrant of his village, &c. That M. de Nicolai had complained that his boors in Finland produced him scarcely any revenue, signified neither more nor less than if the proprietor of an estate in Germany should lament that it produced him but a trifle. A man must be possessed of a very malignant *frank-*

ness indeed to attack the reputation of a person of M. de Nicolai's worth, upon such vague grounds. But whose reputation is sacred in the eyes of M. de M***? What he likewise hints respecting the haughty reserve of M. de Nicolai, is equally false; I never observed the least symptom of it. It is possible, that he thought it necessary to be on his guard with M. de M***, and the event has proved that he was in the right.

M. de M*** adds, that the German scribblers treated M. de Nicolai as a Mæcenas. I foresee he will include me in the number, but this gives me no concern. I shall only add, that I have not the happiness to be particularly known to M. de Nicolai, and I consider that on the present occasion I am doing honour to my pen in making it subservient, without the least personal mo-

tives, to the elogium of virtue and talents.

At page 326, the author seems desirous of persuading his readers that he had succeeded the estimable La Harpe. He is always solicitous to join his name with that of some celebrated man, as the wren seats itself on the back of the eagle to approach nearer to the sun. La Harpe and M***, says he, who were about the young Prince. The expression was artfully chosen; the reader may naturally conclude they had filled the same post. He afterwards adds, that the old tutor of Paul was likely to experience the fate of Seneca and Burrhus. Of what use can such falsities be? It is well known that old Aepinus is out of his mind, and that he receives a considerable pension.

M. de M*** (page 340) says, that the Emperor, through a refinement of ven-

geance, forbad Mad. Huss to accompany M. de Markoff in his exile, while it is notorious that this lady left the stage, and immediately joined the disgraced minister, with whom she has remained ever since.

I now come to two passages which oblige me to go back and copy a few periods from the author's preface. "I shall not imitate those writers," says he, "who, under pretence of furnishing memoirs and anecdotes of the countries through which they have travelled, ransack the private concerns of individuals, and expose *family secrets*. *To asperse the characters of the inhabitants of a country is but a bad way of acknowledging the hospitality we have received from them.*"

Here M. de M*** has pronounced sentence against himself. Not content with having slandered, in the most shameful manner, the inhabitants of Russia and

their national character, he exposes *family secrets*, relates disgraceful anecdotes of Count Romanzo and his children; and would have his benefactor, Count Soltikoff, send his wife * * *. I am ashamed to copy his indecent language. What judgment, therefore, shall we form of a man who ostentatiously displays, in his preface, principles of honour and delicacy, and violates them in so flagrant a manner in every page of his book.

I now come to the end of his first volume, after having experienced no small degree of trouble and disgust, during the perusal of it, and I am very averse to go on with a task that must create me still more. If I lived in Russia I should remain silent, not only to avoid all suspicion of being influenced by improper notions, but because it would be absolutely superfluous to refute calum-

nies in a country where they are generally known to be such. As I live, however, in a distant nation, where I find, to my great astonishment, the falsehoods and calumnies of M. de M*** have met with some belief, I therefore consider it as a duty, which the love of truth and the feelings of gratitude impose upon me, to continue my refutation.

I shall say nothing of his ridiculous predictions at the beginning of the second volume, by which he endeavours to excite the Russians to revolt, in imitation of the French. Time has shewn that M. de M***, though a great compiler of anecdotes, is but a sorry politician. We see with indignation, what pains he has taken to stir up the principal nobility against their lawful Sovereign. Fortunately for Russia, M. de M*** is not a man whose machina-

tions are likely to do mischief; and the great families whose names he has so unwarrantably made use of, treat him with deserved contempt.

In a note at page 26, M. de M*** says, that in Livonia children are sometimes taken from the breasts of their mothers, to make way for puppies which have lost theirs. A shocking accusation! I have been long and well acquainted with Livonia and Estonia, yet I never heard of any such practices; and bad must be the heart of a man, who could advance such a charge without proof. Let M. de M*** name the place where this has ever happened. He who has *seen*, *heard*, *experienced*, and *felt*, every thing which he has recorded, ought, doubtless, to name the monstrous actors of such scenes, or the reader will be apt to take the story for one of the many fables that are crowded into his work.

M. de M*** (page 82) declares, "that theft is the prevailing vice in Russia. I doubt," adds he, "if any people upon earth are more naturally inclined to pilfer the property of one another than the Russians; from the first minister and general of an army, down to the lackey, or common soldier, all steal, and pilfer, and cheat. A stranger," continues he, "who travels with a Russian, of whatever rank the latter may be, will learn to his cost not to leave any thing on his dressing-table or desk."* However atrocious this accusation may be in itself, it becomes still more so on account

* The moment after I had written this, I read the following piece of intelligence in the *Clef du Cabinet*: "Plunder and robbery are so common in France, that many people consider themselves unfortunate, merely for want of opportunities of committing such crimes." Shall we form from hence a general opinion of the French?

of the reason which the writer alleges for this propensity. "Why are the Russians," says he, "greater thieves than other half-civilized nations? It is owing to *the immorality of the Greek religion.*" This is arrant nonsense! Every one knows, that the French were never more notoriously guilty of robbery and knavery of every kind, than at the very time in which they were paying homage to the *Goddess of Reason*, and overthrowing every other altar; consequently M. de M*** must maintain, according to his way of arguing, that such enormities were owing to *the immorality of reason.* He endeavours to support his assertion by the examples of several nations subject to the Russian empire, which are not of the Greek communion. He is, however, much mistaken; the Livonians and Estonians, whom he names among others, are as

much addicted to theft and drunkenness as the Russians; and the Tocheranists and Tunguoes, among whom I myself have been, have by no means a better reputation.

In general M. de M*** suffers himself to be drawn into the strangest paradoxes and most palpable contradictions. In support of this charge I shall mention the singular motive to which he ascribes the source of Russian hospitality.—"Their possessions," says he, "are so insecure, that they live, as it were, but from day to day, and therefore willingly dispense their precarious pittances." Never since Russia has been a country have such motives of hospitality prevailed. To this I may add, the disdainful and ludicrous manner in which he speaks of the Russian soldiers: "they are brave," says he, "out of cowardice." One would imagine M. de M*** had

belonged to M. Schleget's school, so ridiculous is his extravagance, and so extravagant his ridicule.

At page 113, it is the Russan ladies' turn to be ill treated, in order that neither sex nor condition may find any quarter with him. M. de M*** names three or four husbands, who, according to the family anecdotes he has heard, are ruled by their wives, and he concludes from thence, that petticoat-government prevails all over the empire. A man, who on every occasion names the French as models of perfection, should refrain from touching upon that point, as there is no country in Europe in which females have had, and still have, so much influence as in France. His anecdotes besides are not authentic. Where he asserts, that Count Puschkin, who commanded in Finland, dared not make a movement without having dis-

patched a courier to his lady for advice, I should be inclined to consider it as mere pleasantry, if he did not support it by the most serious assertions. It is likewise not true, that Madame de Merlin commanded the regiment of Tobolsk at Narva, as no Colonel of that name had ever been at the head of it. It had been for some time commanded by a Russian of the name of *Merlin:* the officers were chiefly Germans and French, and I never knew any of them mean enough to make their reports to Madame Merlin at her toilet.

At page 121, he observes, "I am not the first who has remarked, that in Russia the women are in general more barbarous and wicked than the men, in as much as they are still more ignorant and superstitious than they. They seldom travel, learn scarcely any thing, and never use their needle. They rarely

ever read, and are still seldomer employed in domestic concerns."

I know not whether M. de M*** has seen more good company in Russia than I have; but I can with great truth assert, I have every where found just the contrary of what he is pleased to advance. The ladies of Petersburg are not indeed free from the failings which are in general ascribed to those of all great cities, but they possess virtues for which we may look in vain in many other capitals.

The horrid things M. de M*** relates of Princess K---ky, prove nothing. Let the author read Klem's Annals of the Government of Prussia, and he will find the story of a woman still more execrable, who tortured her own daughter to death: it would, however, be silly to conclude from thence, that the Prussian women are cruel. It is besides remark-

able enough, that M. de M*** should conceal the name of this fury, and treat her in other respects with such apparent favour. Throughout his book he does not scruple to name at full length whatever worthy or distinguished person he wishes to defame, and this abominable woman is spared. His sympathy perhaps suggested this indulgence. He is also equally kind to another lady of the Court, who had shut up her hairdresser for three years together in a dark cage. Why does not the author, who names every one else, tell the world who this monster is? Why has she escaped his indignation any more than the worthy Baron de Nicolai, and a hundred others, who never shut up people in cages?

I beg leave to doubt the existence of the horrible *Club Physique*, said to have been discovered at Moscow. The re-

port indeed reached me, as it did M. de M**, but I have no better proofs of the truth of it than he has. Besides, if such club did exist, it is not more imperious to the reputation of the Russian women, than the associations of the same kind, which formerly administered their poison in Paris, and perhaps still do, are to the French woman in general.

At page 135, M. de M*** says, "it is not in Russia we must look for women like the Julia of Rousseau, as the land of slavery is not the scene of the tender and elevated passions. Yet he discovers in that very country much sensibility, and much interesting melancholy."—What contradictions!

At page 136, he says, "the Russian women rarely possess any of the *domestic virtues*. Those virtues are indeed uncommon in great cities. If M. de M*** had seen more of Russia than what he

could have seen at Petersburg, he would perhaps have held a different language. I say perhaps, for it is probable he would have surveyed every object with a jaundiced eye.

While the author treats the Russian ladies with such severity, he reserves all his panygeric for the class of preceptors, who, according to his account, have eminently contributed to civilize the country. I recollect to have heard that M. de M*** began his career in that line, and this accounts for his partiality. The Germans, as one might have foreseen, are made to serve as shades to the picture, and he takes care to ridicule their *pedagogical erudition.*

One of the most flagrant falsities in his book, is the assertion he has made, "that there are no public schools in the provinces of Livonia, Estonia, and Courland." The academy of nobles at Re-

val, the excellent public seminary of that town, the academy of Riga, and many other establishments of this kind in the same place, are so generally and so advantageously known, that we cannot tax the writer with ignorance, but must ascribe his assertions to more odious motives. The schools of these provinces are, in some respects, preferable to those in Germany; and it is well known, that the young Livonians, Estonians and Courlanders, who finish their education at German universities, are generally remarkable for elegant erudition.

At page 211, the author relates his own history; and with singular modesty he declares, that he rendered himself dear to his friends by the gentleness of his manners, and gained their esteem by his wit and good sense. He quotes, with much complacency, a kind of apo-

logy, which appeared in the name of his relations and friends in M. d'Archenholtz's Minerva, and which censured the too hasty conduct of the Emperor towards him. Of this piece he gives a literal translation in his memoirs. I am sorry, however, to be forced to convince him of his error; the author of this apology is no other person than myself. Among all his boasted relations not a soul stood forward in his behalf. I thought to have done him some service by publishing the paper. M. d'Archenholtz himself can confirm this fact, to whom I sent at the same time another piece, entitled, *On the Administration of Justice in Russia, in the German Provinces*, but without affixing any name. At that period I believed M. de M*** to have been entirely innocent. I should have been far from espousing his cause, had I known what

he has since given us to understand, (page 233) that he was concerned in certain political plans: I conceived him to be innocent of the charge, as his interest and influence were very low, and the pretended *Philadelphic Society* signified nothing at all. His pertness, however, shews that the Emperor Paul acted wisely in sending him out of his dominions. It is not true, that the Emperor sequestrated the fortune of the two Madames de M***. The elder brother conveyed his fortune out of the country, and if the younger did not do so also, it was because he had a law-suit at Petersburg, which enabled his adversary to claim and to obtain security.

At the close of these remarks I shall insert one of the most offensive passages in the memoirs relative to the slavery of the peasants, and to which I shall

freely add some observations of my own. Heaven be praised! the moment is now arrived in which it is not dangerous to speak, and in which likewise, a hint properly applied, may be attended with very salutary effects.

"The lower ranks of people in Russia," says M. de M***, "are averse to industry, because they never labour for themselves, and have in fact no idea of property. They are without country, laws, religion, morality, or honour; addicted to theft, to rapine, to knavery; and, on the other hand, they are hospitable, serviceable, lively, trusty, and courageous." (What contradictions! what incompatible contradictions!) "In order that a few thousand men should have wheaten bread, thirty millions of slaves must eat grass and gnaw the bark of trees, like beavers, which animals, in point of intelligence

are much their superiors. Should these wretched people have laid up a pittance, their masters take it from them, and render their captivity still more abject. Men with grey heads and patriarchal beards, prostrate themselves on the ground, and suffer themselves to be flogged like children. There are some masters who have even forced the son to scourge his own father. If the peasant is taken for a soldier, his lord has a right to give his wife to another; and if he has any children, they are so disposed of that he is certain never to see them again."

It would be superfluous to refute all these horrid assertions. Every atrocity which might perhaps have been committed one single time, is carefully collected by M. de M***, and transformed into a national custom or a fundamental law. Exaggerations only tend to make

bad worse, and counteract the good which might result from cool and impartial discussion.

For my own part, I have always found in my different journies through Russia, that the peasants are laborious and active, that they love their country, have distinct notions of right and wrong, are in general in easy circumstances, and that their habitations are clean and neat; their disposition gay, and that contentment is marked upon their countenances. They are not unacquainted with the nature of property and possessions; they are sensible that when they have saved a little sum, they can offer it to their master, and thereby obtain his leave to exercise their industry from the extremities of the empire to the metropolis. They know, and they have seen, that a hundred thousand of their comrades have obtained these benefits, and they them-

selves aspire to the same advantages. Their principal traffic consists in fish, wood, and vegetables, and their labour is employed in brick-making, tiling, masonry, carpenters' work, &c. In a word, the gloomy picture M. de M*** draws is, at most, applicable to the peasantry of Livonia and Estonia, and not at all to those of the empire at large.

I shall not deny, that the author is in a great degree right respecting these two provinces. I shall confine my remarks to Estonia, being better acquainted with it than with Livonia. There, I must confess, the peasant has neither property nor the prospect of possessing any. He is a slave in every sense of the word, and a negro in Jamaica has no cause to envy his lot.

Far be it from me to insinuate that all the nobles of Estonia are tyrants: there are many among them who respect the laws of humanity, and the following, I

have the pleasure to observe, from my own knowledge, come under that description: Meſſ. *de Toll* of Elz, *d'Essen* of Erras, *Wilkinson* of Chudleigh, *d'Ungern-Sternberg* of Linden, *de Sckilling* of Orsena, *de Krusentern* of Jerlap, *de Mayendorf* of Sallentack, *de Rosen* of Rackamois, *de Rebinder* of Kurtena, *de Klugen* of Schwarzen, *de Klugen* of Lodensee, *de Rennekampf* of Koch, &c. &c. I could considerably augment the list, but it would be useless while a part only of the rest are unlike them. A peasant may have the good fortune to live twenty or thirty years under a kind master; twelve months after, perhaps, the estate is sold. The new landlord, eager to make the most of his purchase, may remove whole villages into the marshes, and take possession himself of the cultivated ground. He will probably make contracts with Government for brandy, and by that means ruin all his peasants. He may

likewise grub up new land, build houses; in a word, destroy in the space of two or three years the prosperity and happiness that had been the growth of twenty.

I call upon the whole province to refute me, if they are able. What I am asserting is unfortunately too true; I have seen it. I have been a sad witness to such practices for the space of fifteen years. But notwithstanding this, I am far from exclaiming, like M. de M***, that the condition of the peasantry can never be bettered, except by tedious and painful measures. I am of a different opinion: I agree with him, that such reform must be *gradually* brought about. The best, and indeed the majority of the Russian nobility have made overtures in several diets, tending to such purpose, which were equally wise and humane; and the time, I trust, is not far distant,

in which the complaints of the peasants will be heard and their wrongs redressed.

I shall venture to propose four easy methods, which, without doing any real injury to either party, would secure a kind of property to the bondman, and restrain the despotism of his lord; and I must at the same time declare, that more than what I have to offer could not with safety be done for the peasant in the present order of things.

First. No peasant should be transported from one habitation to another.

At present, as I have already observed, the barbarous custom of removing the boor from the spot which he and his ancestors had cultivated, unhappily prevails. He has occupied a house, and had a little garden, perhaps, which he considered as his own property. On a sudden he receives an order to demolish

his house, abandon his cultured ground, and to remove with his family into a forest, or perhaps into the middle of a moor, to grub up new land, which the moment it becomes productive is again taken from him. In the mean while, his Lord sows and reaps the field which the poor peasant had been compelled to quit.

Hence the labourer being never certain of enjoying the fruits of his toil, is generally idle, and provides only from day to day. The most flourishing villages that have been transplanted in this manner, have, in a very short space of time, exhibited the most deplorable pictures of misery.

The Estonian nobles will reply to this, that a good landlord will make no such changes. I allow this, yet must add, that he ought not to have it in his power to make them. But it will be said, that

a good master will not make a bad use of that right; yet it may be still observed that he cannot answer for his heirs and successors, and that there is no reason why a duty, which every honest man considers as a law, ſhould not in fact become one.

Secondly. Let the soccage-labour, which hitherto has depended on the arbitrary will of the landlord, be in future regulated by fixed rules.

There is indeed a book in every lordſhip, in which the sum total of the soccage-work is inserted; but this labour is doubled during seed-time and manuring, and also during harvest, which, in other words, is during the whole summer; for a landlord who prefers his own interest, knows how to regulate the above-mentioned periods, so that scarcely any interval appears. The landlord has likewise another expedient at com-

mand, which enables him to elude the written ordinances. He has the right of imposing certain days of labour, independent of the soccage-days, on which the peasant, with his whole family male and female, must assist him. The peasant too is obliged to repair in person at every call of his Lord, to build for him, carry his produce to market, distil brandy, and, in short, to perform offices not at all comprized under the name of agriculture. The number of these extra-days is quite unlimited, and the peasant's own labour in the mean while is interrupted, his field remains untilled, his affairs are neglected, and it often happens that the snow covers his little crop before he is able to get it into his barn. In fine, the book contains no certain rules for soccage-work of any kind, as every new possessor is not obliged to abide by the stipulations sanc-

tioned by his predecessor: he makes new regulations, which he forms agreeably to his own will.

Thirdly. There should be no public-houses in the villages.

All the Estonian nobles complain of the drunkenness of the peasantry, and of their total want of morals. They universally agree that the principal cause of this evil must be ascribed to the public-houses, and that the villages in which there are none, are remarkable for the good order and easy circumstances of the inhabitants. Yet in spite of this conviction, the little profits they gain by the establishment of such houses, prevent them from abolishing so manifest an abuse. They have public-houses by the hundred along the high roads, yet they cannot come to a resolution to give up those in the by-villages, though they would eventually be gainers.

The inconvenience of public-houses in villages has been so generally acknowledged, that at a late Diet a motion was made to abolish them; but the result of the discussion was, that it was found the article of brandy must be raised a few copecks a gallon, in order to indemnify the distillers for its diminished consumption—a remedy which was thought worse than the evil itself!

Fourthly. The landlords should not be allowed to make more brandy than they can distil from rye of their own growth.

The speculations which are made in spirituous liquors, independently of the bad consequences which fall on the peasant, often ruin his Lord. He commonly makes a contract with Government for six years, in which he undertakes to furnish brandy at a stipulated price, which, at the time the business

begins, seems to promise much gain. Should a year of scarcity intervene, the markets rise, and he is obliged to buy grain at any rate; for the moment he fails in his engagements, the Crown lays his estates under sequestration, and purchases brandy at his cost, to supply the necessary consumption. Thus is the landholder liable to sink in one single year the gains of the other five; nor does it always happen that his profits are sufficient to make his losses good. I know not a single noble who has grown rich, but many who have been ruined, by such speculations.

The nobles of Estonia will observe in reply, that they should have no manure for their grounds unless they fattened oxen, and that they could not fatten oxen without the assistance of their distilleries. Let them be allowed then to distil, provided their own crops supply

the corn ; but let them give more attention to the breed of sheep, and less to that of horned cattle, and they will never be in want of manure. They may still reply, that the cattle sent lean from Petersburg to be fattened, produced them ready money (twenty rubles and upwards a-head) whereas in the other case, they would be incumbered with the milk of their flocks. It appears to me, that if they were to make butter and cheese, after the example of the Dutch, the Swedes, the Holsteiners, &c. they might find a quick sale at Petersburg, where the inhabitants are chiefly supplied from Holstein.

A second objection which these nobles may make is, that the landholders at a great distance from Petersburg, being inconveniently situated for brandy-contracts, would not know what to do with their grain if they did not sell

it to such as lived nearer the metropolis, who had contracts, and whose estates did not produce grain sufficient to fulfil them. Were they not to dispose of their corn in this manner, the markets, they will tell us, would be overstocked and agriculture in general much injured. This objection, however, is more specious than solid; for where grain is scarce, it bears a high price, and where it is had in plenty, exportation is always allowed, and Sweden, England, Germany, and other countries, are eager enough to purchase it.

These hints contain all that is necessary to be said on the subject, and I am fully convinced, that if the nobles of Estonia would agree among themselves to adopt the measures I have recommended, they would soon feel the salutary effects of them. Two hundred

thousand slaves would obtain a species of property, and transfer it to their children after them. They would grow active and laborious; moral sentiments would begin to influence their minds as soon as they should feel themselves no longer the victims to a more arbitrary despotism than that which the Emperor himself chuses to exert. They would no longer perish for want, were their soccage-labour properly regulated, as they would then have sufficient leisure for the tillage of their own fields. They would learn to love their lords, and their lords would have confidence in them; and at length be no longer considered by all Europe, as a class of petty tyrants and oppressors. After ten or twenty years adoption of such measures, they may venture to proceed further in favour of their boors, and at last raise them to a degree of moral improvement

which would not only repay their care in an interested point of view, but gratify the noblest feeling the mind is capable of enjoying; a consciousness of having fulfilled the sacred duties of humanity, and of deserving the multiplied benedictions that will fall upon their head!

The Estonian nobility are far from being insensible to such elevated kind of recompense: they have hitherto merely wanted resolution to adopt what they felt it their duty to do; but the reign of Alexander will act as a powerful stimulus to such benevolent propensities, and much happiness may be yet in store for their peasantry!

I cannot better close my work than with the extract of a letter which the present Emperor lately wrote to a nobleman who had solicited the hereditary possession of an estate.

"The Russian peasants are in general "no better than slaves, and I need not "enlarge upon the degradation and "wretchedness of such a condition. I "have made a vow not to augment the "number of them, and have therefore "adopted the resolution of never trans-"ferring them away as property to any "man. The estate shall be granted to "you and your heirs at a long lease and "quit-rent, which will prove equally "advantageous to you; and the only "difference will be, that the peasants "cannot be sold or alienated like brute "beasts. Such are my reasons, and I "am persuaded they will meet with "your approbation."

Glory and honour to this humane and compassionate Monarch! He will want neither brass nor marble to perpe-

uate his memory! The sentiments which the above short extract contains, will secure immortality to his name in the bosom of every worthy man!

FINIS.

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